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The Children's Book

EDITED BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

ASSOCIATES:

KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL

VIVIAN BURNETT

Illustrated by

FLORENCE E. NOSWORTHY, HARRISON CADY, HAROLD SICHEL,
TONY NELL, CULMER BARNES, KATHARINE GASSAWAY,
ALBERTINE RANDALL WHEELAN, EMILY DUNHAM,
LAETITIA HERR, DOROTHY FICKEN,
ETHEL N. FARNSWORTH, JOSEPHINE BRUCE, LOUIS WAIN,
AND MANY OTHERS

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK

THE BABY'S SECRET

OH! stupid grown-up people who think yourselves so wise,
If you only saw what *I* see—saw with a baby's eyes!

You think the baby's laughing at the sunshine on the floor,
But the baby sees the Little Folk dancing by the score.

(A baby's half a fairy and knows all fairy tricks,
But he has quite forgotten by the time he's half-past six.)

You wonder why I'm smiling when the dimples come and go;
I'm listening to the Little Folk singing soft and low.

They climb up on my pillow when I'm in my cradle laid.
When a Fairy sees a baby he's not a bit afraid.

They tell me tales of Fairyland which grown-ups cannot hear.
They make me coo and chuckle when they whisper in my ear.

You say, "Just watch him playing with his funny little hands!"
But I'm playing with the golden toys they bring from Fairyland.

You queer, big grown-up people who think yourselves so wise,
If you only saw what *I* see—saw with a baby's eyes!

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE STOLEN FOURTH

By ELIZABETH C. WEBB

ONCE there were thirty-seven children who thought they would like to have a Fourth of July picnic. The reason there were only thirty-seven children was because that was all the children there were in Brookville, where this story happened. They had planned to go down to Tuttle's Wood and take their lunch, and in the afternoon they were going to set off firecrackers and torpedoes, and in the evening they were going to set off more firecrackers and more torpedoes, and fireworks besides. For weeks they had been saving up their allowances, and had brought a great supply of nice, noisy, bangy things for the Fourth.

And on the third, all those thirty-seven children packed their lunch baskets for the picnic, and went to bed so excited they could scarcely sleep.

Bright and early the next morning Willie Pepper—he was one of the thirty-seven children—woke up, popped into his clothes, and ran down to the floor below.

"Father! Mother!" he called, "it's the Fourth of July, so I'm going to set off some firecrackers!"

"Willie Pepper," said a sleepy voice from the closed room, "it is not the Fourth of July, it is the fifth, and much too early to get up."

Willie Pepper thought his father was just teasing him. He frequently did. So he called cheerfully through the keyhole: "I know better! To-day is the Fourth of July."

Then he heard his father's voice again—it was more awake this time: "It's the fifth of July. Go downstairs and look at the morning newspaper, and see if it isn't."

So Willie, much worried, slid down the banisters, and there on the door-mat was the morning paper with "July fifth" printed right across the top. Willie had not been so astonished since the day he got to the head of the spelling class; that was the awfully rainy day when there were only two children in the class. He seized the newspaper and tore over to Billy Binks' house—he was another of the thirty-seven children—as fast as he could. Half-way there he met Billy Binks running to meet him, with an expression of dismay on his

"Billy!" cried Willie.

"Willie!" cried Billy.

"It's the fifth of July!" they cried both together. Then they simply looked at each other. The catastrophe was so great they couldn't think of anything else to say. Just then they saw another of the thirty-seven children running toward them.

"All the lunch baskets are gone!" she cried.

In a few minutes the rest of the children were assembled. They then all stood in a large circle and looked at each other sadly and solemnly and said: "The lunch baskets are all gone, and it's the fifth of July!"

"But where's the Fourth?" cried Billy Binks. Nobody knew.

"We certainly didn't sleep all through it," said a little girl, "and yesterday was surely the third. What has become of the Fourth of July?"

"Somebody must have stolen it," said Willie Pepper. "What shall we do?"

"Well," said Billy Binks, "I don't see why we can't set off our firecrackers on the fifth. They'll make just as much noise."

At this a smile rippled all round the circle, and the thirty-seven children clapped their hands and shouted with glee, "Of course we can set them off on the fifth just as well!"

Then Willie Pepper drew a package of firecrackers from his jacket pocket, and he drew a piece of punk and a box of matches from another pocket, and all the children smiled. Then he unbraided the pigtails of the firecrackers, separated one, and set it up in the middle of the circle of children. Then he lighted the punk with a match, and he lighted the pigtail of the firecracker with the punk, and the children all stood back and waited. The little red spark at the end of the firecracker's pigtail glowed and glowed, and the pigtail got shorter and shorter, till at last it got right down to the firecracker itself, and then—then it went out!

"Oh!" cried the children in disappointment, "it wasn't a good one!"

"I'll try another," said Willie, and he did. But again the same thing happened.

"You haven't left your firecrackers out in the rain, have you, Willie?" asked Billy. "Rain's very bad for firecrackers' health."

Willie sniffed scornfully. "Of course not," he replied. "Guess I know enough not to leave firecrackers out in the rain, even if I am two months and a quarter younger than you, Billy Binks."

"S'pose we try one of mine," said Billy, and he lighted one of his own firecrackers. But it went out, just as Willie's had done. Then the rest of the thirty-seven children took firecrackers out of their jacket pockets and their apron pockets, but they wouldn't bang. And they took torpedoes out of their jacket pockets and their apron pockets, and threw them down as hard as they could, but the torpedoes just broke to pieces as quietly as snowflakes. Then the thirty-seven children looked at each other again, and some of the littlest ones began to cry.

Then Willie Pepper drew himself up and folded his arms.

"Someone," he said severely, "has stolen our lunch baskets and the Fourth of July, and all the bangs out of our firecrackers and torpedoes. Who is it?" And the thirty-seven children cried too together:

"The gray elf of the mountain!"

Whenever anything went wrong at Brookville—when the currant jelly wouldn't jell, or the cow kicked over the milk pail—people always said "It's the gray elf of the mountain!" And gener-

ally it was. The gray elf was about as tall as a ruler, and he always dressed in gray velvet, so that's why they called him the gray elf. He lived in a cave on a high ledge of the mountain that overlooked Brookville, and whenever he came out of that cave and down to the village of Brookville things began to happen, and the people said, "Oh, that gray elf, that gray elf, that naughty, mischievous gray elf! What *shall* we do with him?"

Now this was a silly thing to say, for they never got a chance to do anything to him, because they never could catch him, although the Brookville County Council had handbills printed offering a reward of $3.70 for his apprehension and conviction. But on the fifth of July, Willie Pepper decided to do something.

"*I'm* going up that mountain," he said, "to the cave on the ledge of rock, and I'm going to make that gray elf give us back our lunch baskets and the Fourth of July and the bangs out of our firecrackers. Who's going with me?"

"We're going!" cried all the rest of the children.

So they set out, all thirty-seven of them, Willie Pepper marching at the head of the procession with the newspaper under his arm, the rest of the children walking behind, two by two, like a boarding-school. Up the mountain they marched, high up, till they came to the ledge of rock that spread out in front of the gray elf's cave like a piazza. Then Willie Pepper walked straight up to the front door of the cave, and knocked a good loud knock with his fist. The gray elf was very busy inside the cave. He had spread out all the thirty-seven lunch baskets in a long line and was just going to begin unpacking them when he heard Willie Pepper knock at the door.

"I guess that's the postman," he said to himself. "Slip the letter under the door," he called out, for he was so excited about unpacking the lunch baskets that he did not want to stop to open the door.

He had begun untying the first basket when Willie Pepper knocked at the door again, louder than before.

"Oh bother!" said the gray elf. "It must be the grocery boy." He was in such a hurry to find out what was in the first basket that he hated to stop, so he called out, "I don't want any groceries to-day. I have thirty-seven lunch baskets full of things to eat."

Thirty-seven lunch baskets! The children looked at each other. Then Willie took the newspaper from under his arm and rolled it up into a large cornucopia, and he called through it so that his voice sounded just as if he were a great big grown-up man: "I know you have our lunch baskets! That's what we've come all the way up the mountain for. You must give them back to us right away!"

"Shan't!" cried the gray elf in a great state of excitement, gathering the lunch baskets about him. "I want to keep them myself, and I never took them, and I don't know anything about them, and I'm asleep anyhow, so go away as quietly as you can or you'll wake me up."

"You must give us our baskets, and the Fourth of July, and all the bangs out of our firecrackers and torpedoes," repeated Willie.

"I didn't take them, and I won't give them back, and you couldn't possibly find them because you don't know where I put them," said the naughty elf.

"If you don't open the door before I count ten," Willie continued, unmoved, "we will break it down. One, two, three——" he began counting slowly.

"I'll open it. I'll open it!" cried the

"GRAY ELF," HE SAID, "YOU HAVE BEEN JUST AS NAUGHTY AS YOU COULD POSSIBLY BE"

gray elf in a great fright, and he tumbled all the baskets into the big hide-away cupboard in which he kept all the things he knew he oughtn't to have. Then he locked the cupboard door, put the key in his pocket, and opened the front door.

"Do you know," he said, "I *thought* I heard someone knocking. I hope I

haven't kept you wait——" But he didn't get any further, for just at that moment Willie clapped the big newspaper cornucopia over him, and there he was caught fast and tight, and he couldn't get out again. The gray elf kicked and the gray elf squirmed, but Willie held the cornucopia firmly. Then the elf tried to make a hole in the cornucopia, but Willie heard the paper tear, and he slipped his hand quickly underneath, caught the gray elf round the waist, and dragged him out. Then he held him at arm's length between his hands, but gently, so he should not hurt him.

"Gray elf," he said, "you have been just as naughty as you could possibly be, and the Brookville County Council has offered a reward of $3.70 for your apprehension and conviction"—Willie had read the handbills—"and that would be ten cents for each of us, so we will take you to them and get the $3.70 to buy new fireworks unless you give us back our old ones and our lunch baskets and the Fourth of July."

"I don't care," said the gray elf, kicking one heel carelessly, "I'd like real well to be taken to the Brookville County Council!" He just *said* that, he didn't really mean it, for he didn't know what an apprehension or conviction was; they sounded a little uncomfortable.

"Very well," said Willie, and he turned to go down the mountain.

"I guess," said the gray elf, clinging rather tightly to Willie's arm, "I guess—maybe—after all—I won't go to-day. The lunch baskets and things are in the hide-away cupboard. Here's the key." Then all the children went into the cave and unlocked the cupboard, and got the baskets.

"The Fourth of July is wrapped up in that pink tissue paper package," said the elf, "and the bangs are in that tin cracker-box. I wish I could keep them, because I haven't anything to play with and it is so lonely up here just by myself."

"If you were a nice, good gray elf you could play with us," said Willie.

"I'll be good! I'll be good!" cried the elf. "I'm only naughty because I haven't anything else to do."

"All right," said Willie. "We're going to have a picnic in Tuttle's Wood, and you can come to it," and he sat the gray elf on his shoulder.

So the children trooped down the mountain to the woods. When they got there it was late afternoon and the sun was getting low in the western sky. But as soon as Willie untied the string of the pink tissue paper package and the Fourth of July flew out, the sun jumped back to the east, and it was morning again—the morning of the Fourth of July.

Then the children opened the tin cracker-box, and as soon as the cover was lifted all the bangs went off one after the other—bang! bang! bang! bang!—so loud that Willie's father, way back in the village, woke up and rubbed his eyes and said, "Dear me! It *is* the Fourth of July after all!"

AN ILLUMINATION

THE moon was home
One summer night,
And made her house
So round and bright.

A little mouse
Who saw the sight.
Went back to bed
In great affright.

J. F. CROWELL.

VICTOR'S DRAGOON TROUSERS

By JANET THOMAS

ONCE upon a time, many years before Jackie or Mabel or Dorothy or any other child whose bright eyes are reading these pages were born, there lived across the big ocean in sunny France a very little boy, who at times was quite naughty. His poor mother was at her wits' end to know what to do to make him a well-behaved child.

Not that Victor meant to be a bad boy! Oh, no! What little boy or girl does mean to be naughty? But it did seem as though the little French laddie found very many things to do that his mother wished him not to do.

One day when she felt that he had been altogether too naughty, and had come in from play with his clothes badly torn (for it was one of his big faults to spoil his clothes), his mother said in a vexed tone:

"Victor! Victor! How shall I keep clothes on you, child? Now, I shall dress you again, and if these new clothes are torn I shall give you dragoon trousers."

"Dragoon trousers! And what are those?" thought Victor. Some new kind of clothes surely; perhaps made of some kind of cloth that he could not tear. He had never heard the word before, and it so lodged itself in his little pate that he repeated it many times to himself during the next few hours. "Dragoon trousers!" he would say thoughtfully. "If I tear these I have on, mother will give me some dragoon trousers."

It so happened, as he was playing about the garden that afternoon, that he heard a great burst of music and the noise of cheering. Hurrying to the wall, he climbed up and peeped over.

Such a surprising sight met his eyes. It almost caused him to lose his balance and fall back from the stone wall. There, almost opposite him, was a troop of French soldiers dressed in gay uniforms and mounted upon splendid, prancing horses. Such gay, beautiful clothes Victor had never seen before; and as the trimmings and firearms flashed in the sunlight, and the handsome soldiers marched to the beat of the drum, it was enough to awaken the soul of boys little and big.

Who were they, Victor wondered; and just as he was thinking this, an old Frenchman who walked with a cane hobbled by and as he reached Victor he said to his companion:

"Why are the dragoons out to-day?"

Then, in great amazement and without even hearing the reply, Victor did tumble off his perch and bumped his shins very hard against a stone. But he did not even notice the pain, for he was saying to himself:

"Dragoons! Dragoons! And such beautiful clothes with such beautiful trimmings! And if I tear my clothes mother says she will give me dragoon trousers! Surely it is worth tearing them!"

"INDEED, YOU SHALL HAVE DRAGOON TROUSERS!"

When Victor wanted a thing at all he wanted it very much and right away. And the more he thought of the splendidly dressed soldiers, the more he wished that he might think of some way to tear his clothes so that his mother would keep her promise. Being anxious to tear them, he had better luck than in a whole week of Sundays when he tried with might and main to get into no mischief; and not a rent appeared in his clothes. They stayed beautifully whole and neat. In vain did he run and climb. The more he fell the better his suit looked and he despaired of ever tearing his clothes; and the coveted "dragoon trousers" seemed very far away.

At last he could stand it no longer, and running into the house he took a big pair of shears from his mother's sewing table and slashed the trousers in many places until the suit was in rags. Then he ran to his mother, crying:

"Mother, mother, give me some dragoon trousers. See, I have torn my clothes!"

"What!" cried his mother, scarcely believing her eyes, "the new clothes I but just put on you, torn? And cut to pieces at that! Indeed, Victor, you shall have dragoon trousers! You deserve it, and it may teach you a lesson."

Thereupon she seized the little boy, took him across her knee and gave him the hardest spanking he had ever known. Then she led him to another room and put upon him an old pair of patched trousers. In his disappointment at not receiving the new clothes he expected Victor was very near to tears, but he managed to blurt out:

"But you said you would give me dragoon trousers, mother, and these are my very oldest that you had thrown away."

"Tut, child," said his mother, tried beyond all patience, "would you have me believe that a French boy does not know that 'dragoon trousers' means nothing but a good spanking? And that I have just given you."

Then little Victor's heart was like lead. Who would ever have supposed that "dragoon trousers" could mean those beautiful clothes of the gay soldiers and also a whipping?

Now if an old Frenchwoman should tell any little American boy or girl that he or she will be given "dragoon trousers," remember what is in store and be on your best behavior.

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP

By ARTHUR RENWICK O'HARA

TOMMY MORRIS sat in the manger of his father's stable while Biddy, his little white bantam, ate grains of wheat from his chubby hand.

"Just think, Biddy, you old dear," said Tommy, "to-morrow is Christmas and to-night I'll hang up my stocking, for Santa Claus is coming."

Just then the door of the adjoining stable opened, and through the cracks Tommy caught the gleam of a round red head of one of his young neighbors, Policeman Hennesey's sons.

Tommy sat very still. He and the young Henneseys were not good friends. He hoped that they would feed their pig and go away without knowing that he was there.

Pretty soon he heard the younger Hennesey say: "That was shure a fine letter ye writ to ould Santy. The worruk of it must have fair sprained yer head. Mickey, jist read it agin, won't ye?"

"All right," returned Mickey, unfolding a piece of dirty, crumpled paper, "but ye'll have to shell the pig's corn if I do, for my hands will be busy."

Tommy had been taught that eavesdropping was very wrong; so he closed his eyes and stopped his ears; but this is what he heard:

"Dear Sandy Claws, we air seven pore orflings that live in pleeceman henneseys stable an we hop youl bring us sum presents or me littul bruthers harts will be broke we like kandy toyes ornges an everthin cum erly before you goes annywears else so no more at presen from seven pore orflings."

"Are ye shure we can overpower 'im?" inquired Patsey, as his brother refolded the letter. "Ye see, he's bound to thrip over thim strings we'll have tied in front of the dure, an' sind his pack a tumblin' an' thin——"

And then—Tommy's round grey eyes grew yet more round with horror as he listened to the dark plot unfolded by Mick and Patsey. Good gracious! What villainy! Who would have believed that so much rascality and cunning lurked within those round red heads? Tommy could scarcely believe his ears—the Henneseys were going to decoy Santa into the stable by means of that letter, rob him of his pack, and—if he resisted—perhaps murder him.

Tommy put Biddy down and made for the house as fast as his fat little legs could carry him; and he shook his bank with all his might till at last he shook out the dime which was all the money he had, and then he hurried out and boarded a street car, for he felt that there was not a moment to be lost.

"I never did tell on them before," he reflected, "no matter what they did to me, for I don't like to be a tattler; but this is too awful to keep."

"Let me off here, Mr. Conductor," he said, politely, as he caught sight of Mr. Hennesey just outside of the police station, and rushing up to that astonished gentleman he told him of the crime contemplated by his sons.

"You know your two boys, Mr. Hennesey," he began, breathlessly "You know Patsey and Mickey—well, they've got up a plan to rob Santa Claus. They've wrote him a letter telling him they are seven poor orphans that live in your stable, so that he'll be sorry for them, and when he comes he'll trip over their string, an' if he don't give 'em his pack without any fuss I 'spect they'll kill him." And the tears rolled down Tommy's plump cheeks.

"The spalpeens! An' who would have belaved it of 'em?" cried their indignant father. "See here, Bub," he said kindly, as he handed Tommy a bright, new silver quarter, "jist do you go home an' rist aisy. I'll see that they don't harrum ould Santy, an' jis' kape yer eye on the stable this night an' see what happens."

. . . . . .

Christmas Eve Tommy retired early, but not to sleep. Wrapped in the bedclothes, with his small nose flattened against the frosty window pane, he watched the Hennesey stable; and this is what he saw: First, the two young Henneseys, heavily armed, stealing forth and entering the stable.

Soon afterward there came a tall, oddly dressed person carrying a pack. Tommy supposed that this must be Santa Claus—yet he did not look as Tommy had expected Santa Claus to look, neither did his bundle look like Santa Claus's pack, as he had seen it in pictures.

While he was thinking of this he heard ear-splitting howls, and he saw this strange Santa Claus throw aside his pack, gather up two frightened, red-haired boys, and spank them soundly and then roll them in the snow.

As Mickey and Patsey fled to the safe

haven of their mother's kitchen, Tommy saw Santa Claus pick up his strange pack and fling it in the Hennesey stable and go chuckling away.

. . . . .

The next morning, Tommy, peering through a crack in the Hennesey stable, noted, with astonishment, that the queer pack was only a large bundle of tough willow switches; but he told no one about them.

That afternoon, during their mother's absence, the two young Henneseys industriously chopped up these switches and burned them in the kitchen stove, but—they said nothing about them.

On Christmas morning, when Mr. Hennesey gave them a few toys, he remarked grimly: "Here's a few things yer mother bought for ye. I suppose old Santy was too busy lookin' afther poor orflings to think of yez," but—he said no word of switches.

Mrs. Hennesey knew naught of her son's wicked scheme, so she, of course, said nothing about the switches. So you see the secret of the Christmas Hold-up was pretty well kept—for a secret.

NONSENSE RHYMES
BY DOROTHY FICKEN

"History repeats itself"-I've heard my Teacher say,
Then why should she make me repeat it.
Nearly every day
?
D.F.

I've a Spanish fan
And a big French hat
And a Japanese umberell.
But I'm an American
for all that.
And I wear them to look swell!"

Now don't be long
my Mother said.
It really makes me laugh!
For how can I be longer
Than two feet and a half!"

Altho
I am too old for dolls
I know just what I'll do-
I'll plant my lovely
Susan Ann.
So she will grow up
Too!"

SLOWBOY AND THE BLUE GOBLINS

By W. H. AND S. W. WALLACE

LITTLE "Slowboy" Jones was eight years old, when he had a very odd adventure. He had earned the nickname of "Slowboy" by his bad habits, although in the main a good boy, bright at his studies and not given to telling stories. But Sammy—which was his real name—was lazy and quick-tempered. Why, when that boy was angry, which was too often the case, he would stamp on the floor, bang doors, tear off his collar and tie, or even burst off all the buttons of his shoes. As bad as was his temper, however, we are sorry to record that his indolence was even worse; for he was overfond of a soft bed, very often late to his breakfast, and would come down in a state of incompleteness quite shocking—his shoes half buttoned, face unwashed, or only washed on one side, hair in a whirl, buttons unbuttoned and strings in his clothes untied. But do not blame his fond parents, for they tried often to reform him, when he would be hurried upstairs and his toilet brusquely finished with what he considered unnecessary tortures. Or, at table, his mother would suddenly exclaim, on his reaching for a biscuit:

"Now, now, my dear, wait and things will be passed to you." Or, when he tried to get that last potato: "No, no, always remember to leave the last of a dish for Mr. Manners."

Mr. Manners, who never came, but was always expected, was a sore puzzle to Slowboy. Why did he not come and eat his dinner and be over with it, thought Slowboy.

But he did not improve at all; for his bad habits were very hard to lay aside.

One bright Sunday Slowboy asked his mother, after a severe reprimand at table, who this Mr. Manners was, and why he did not ever come to his meals, so constantly saved for him.

His mother looked over her eye-glasses at him and said, mysteriously: "You must not be too curious about Mr. Manners; he's a gentleman, sir, and would never, never grab at table or leave his face unwashed, or his clothes untidy—never. And," she leaned over, whispering, "he may call very suddenly some day, perhaps

to-morrow—he and the blue goblins. They are especially fond of calling on a blue Monday." Then mamma laughed and reassured him, for at the mention of goblins little Slowboy turned pale. "There are really no goblins, dear, excepting in your mind's eye," added his papa.

When dark came, and bed-time, poor little Slowboy felt nervous. Whom should he believe? And what was a 'mind's eye?' He retired in a very serious state of mind indeed.

ON THE BED STOOD A STRANGE BEAST, LIKE A BABY ELEPHANT.

The next morning Slowboy awoke, to find himself, as usual, in a deliciously drowsy state. He remembered that it was Monday, and that his father had often said, "Every Monday is a Blue Monday to schoolboys." With this thought came another—Mr. Manners was fond of calling on a Blue Monday. Oh, he felt scared, and peeped carefully over the coverlid! The clock in his mother's room struck eight, and someone called out, "Bustle, bustle, now! It's time for breakfast, and nearly time for school, Slowboy."

"I will not," said he sullenly, and he turned over for another nap. But he could not get over a feeling that something was about to happen, and peeping out, he was sure he saw little objects hopping in at the window and alighting on the footboard of his cot. They looked just like bright blue crows sitting on a telegraph wire. Slowboy now stared hard. Yes, he saw with fright a number of curious birds, the like of which he had never seen before. They were all made of blue tinware, surely, and covered with stiff feathers that rattled whenever they moved, like a lot of tin pans falling from a shelf. Their eyes shone like headlights on an autocar or a locomotive, while puffs of steam came from their open bills. O-o-h! He gazed in terror, and saw now that on the head of each bird was a huge brass whistle. Hardly had he noticed this, when all the birds emitted from the whistles several piercing shrieks, and then all flew out the window again.

Slowboy was certainly awake now, he thought, but as the moments passed and the blue crows did not return, he decided that he was deceived and dozed off again.

Plump! An object like a heavy pillow landed on the bed; and before Slowboy could turn to see what it was—bump, bump, bang! He was pushed right out of bed and landed on the floor. On the bed stood a strange beast like a baby elephant, only instead of a trunk it had a scoop on its nose. The boy thought it was a goblin. As he called loudly for mamma, the creature scuttled hastily up the chimney. Slowboy was no longer sleepy, and noticed his clothes neatly folded on a chair.

This was strange, for he usually tossed them in every direction when he retired. Very thoughtful and sober, he scurried into his clothes, taking scared peeps behind him, and omitting as much of his

nallway. He could not reach them no matter how fast he rushed after them. In despair he sat down to cry, but instead he buttoned up his shoes and waist. To his surprise the stairs resumed their usual

SLOSH—SLOSH—SLUZZLE—SLUZZLE-SLAP! CAME SOME SOFT WET OBJECT RIGHT INTO HIS FACE.

toilet as possible. Such ceremonies as washing and brushing his hair and tying his waist, he did not at this time consider necessary. Everything in his room looked out of place and excessively neat, and he was glad to scamper out of it.

In the hall, he found that the stairs had moved away and were far off down a long

place as soon as he had done this. So great was his hurry to get to breakfast now, that he slid down the banisters and entered the room as if running a foot race. But here his bewilderment grew apace. Mercy! What was going on there? Instead of his mamma and papa seated at the little round table, there sat a great num-

ber of boys at a very long table, with a strange man at the head. All these boys were neatly washed and dressed. Poor, scared Slowboy turned to escape, but the door oddly moved away just as the stairs had done, so that he could not get out; whereat all those boys laughed loudly, the man rapped on the table, and there was a dreadful din to be sure. Slowboy, seeing no avenue of escape, sat down in a chair at the table and gave up for the moment. He saw that on the back of every chair sat one of the blue crows.

The severe person whom Slowboy guessed was Mr. Manners, admonished him to eat his meal and not to talk so much, which he thought odd since he had not spoken. He also perceived that Mr. Manners spied and instantly corrected the slightest breach of table behavior; and if a boy did not eat what was placed before him, the food was gobbled up by the blue crow on his chair. Several boys were already in this predicament.

Very much grieved at these astounding changes in his mother's dining-room, Slowboy sat dallying with a plate of beans that was before him; he felt hungry, but was too angry to eat.

"You had better eat your beans quickly," whispered a boy next to him, "or they will all be gone."

"Mind your own business," shouted Slowboy angrily, "this is my dining-room, anyway."

He tasted the beans, however, and finding them good, he was on the point of devouring them, when Mr. Manners called out suddenly: "Master Jones is leaning his elbows on the table! That is very rude. Where could he have been brought up, except in the backwoods?"

Slowboy angrily put down his fork to answer, although the voice and remark sounded strangely like his mother's, when whisk! His beans were all gobbled up by the blue crow. This was too much. With a scream of rage, Slowboy dashed his empty plate at the blue crow (the plate went straight through a large glass cupboard door) and rushed toward the door. The door kindly stayed in one place, and he found himself in the street.

"I just wish I was a grown-up man," he sobbed. "I'd hit him!"

Where were his parents? Where all those school-boys he knew? Looking down the long white road, Slowboy saw the old red school-house with the boys and girls flocking in. There was a large number of boys and girls, not one of whom he knew, all hurrying to the brick schoolhouse. Some of these boys, he gleefully observed, were bothered by whole flocks of those strange blue birds, of all shapes and sizes, while the other children all laughed at the unfortunate ones.

Slowboy was just joining in the laugh, when suddenly—slosh-slosh-sluzzle-sluzzle-slap! came some soft wet object right into his face, actually washing him. It rubbed around his eyes, ears and nose, down neck and under chin, thoroughly and vigorously until he dripped miserably with soap and warm water. He tried to fight off this bird—it was a bird—and at last got a look at it. Something like a duck, it was soft and full of holes as a bath sponge. Its feathers oozed and dripped soap and water. Very soon Slowboy was as clean as a new pin, but before he could breathe freely, this bird gave place to another, that went sopp-soop, all over his face with clear and very cold water. This one had wings like two wash-rags. It was closely followed by a very large bird that completely covered his head up in soft folds, and resembled a bath

towel very closely. While being wiped dry by the Towel-bird, Slowboy felt two small birds hum up and bore out his ears; while as soon as he was dry, others attacked him, one pair rubbing and brushing and combing his tangled locks until his head burned; another, with a long taper bill, vigorously arranging his neglected tie; and still others buttoning up his clothes with violent yanks and jerks. My, what a dreadful ordeal that was! And when at last the fussy, annoying birds flew off to another bad boy, Slowboy stood paralyzed with fright and anger. A nice, clean, neat boy approached and smiled at him.

"Well, they fixed you up finely, didn't they?" he said to Slowboy. "That's the way I was treated once; I have been through it all, too. You've had the Soap-and-water Bird, the Sponge-him-off, Towel and Comb and-brush birds. Now look out for the Hurry-skurry; I guess you will learn, what's-your-name."

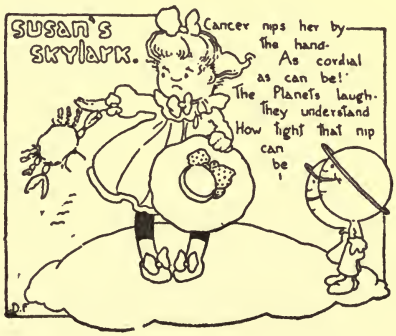
"Hush up!" screamed Slowboy, rudely. "You're a goody-goody." The other boy hurried off laughing, just as the school bell began to ring.

The bell was still ringing as he reached the door and every other scholar had gone in. A fear of being late seized him, and he dashed headlong through the door.

But O, what did this mean? Instead of the kindly schoolma'am, there sat Mr. Manners in the chair, prim and severe, gazing over his spec's. Before Slowboy could find his seat, which seemed to have moved away, a large thin bird with a very long flexible bill, attacked him, and began whipping him severely. The Rattan-bird was doing splendid work on poor Slowboy, whose howls grew louder and louder, when——

"Mercy sakes alive, child!" said his mother's voice in his ear, "don't scream so! Wake up, Slowboy or you will be late for school again." She was gently prodding him with a cane as he lay in his cot, and the clock stood at half after eight o'clock.

Perhaps it was but a bad dream after all.



FAMILY PRIDE

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

"My dear," one day remarked his spouse to Mr. Centipede,
"Tomorrow will be Sunday, and new shoes the children need!"

Slapping his brow groaned Centipede, "This recklessness must cease,
"Since children with a hundred feet need fifty pairs apiece!

"And since, boys, girls, they number ten if I do not mistake,
"Rights, lefts those fifty pairs all told ten hundred shoes would make!"

"True! Yet," the good wife argued "How in church do you suppose
"Could we hold up our heads above ten thousand holey toes?"

"'Tis so," assented Centipede "Therefore to save our pride,
"We'll call ourselves Mohammedans and leave
our shoes outside!"

DWF

THE STRIKE AT SANTA CLAUS' SHOP

By WILLIAM O. STEVENS

HE SAT DOWN AND WEPT

'TWAS a month before Christmas, but all round the Pole
Santa's Esquimo workmen had "struck," every soul.
All the workshops were idle, with toys scarce begun,
Which, unless something happened, would never be done.
Poor Santa Claus groaned, "Oh, just think how forlorn!
Not a toy in the stockings this next Christmas morn."
As he thought how distressed the poor children would be,
He sat down and wept so 'twas pity to see.

BLUBBER BILL

Now the trouble began in the impudent pate
Of a stranger whose badge bore the word "Delegate";
Though the fellow had started from Fargo for Nome
He had blundered instead up to Santa Claus' home.
There he said to the workmen, "To get what you like
All *you* have to do, my dear gents, is to strike.
Now suppose that instead of six candles a day
You ask ten long tallows for regular pay."
Their expression of joy was a wonder to see.
"Gluggy blob!" cried they all (and that means "we agree").
Blubber Bill, the fat foreman, was sent by the hands
To inform Santa Claus of their new-formed demands.
"Why, bless me!" cried Santa, "I have stored away
Only tallow enough for six candles a day;
I'd gladly give more if I had it to give—"
"Ten candles or nothing," said Bill, "as I live!"

So that's how it happened, as mentioned before,
That Santa Claus wept by his ice-covered door;
While his workmen were sleeping, or gone far away
To snowball the Peary explorers for play.
But old Mother Goose has a mind of her own—
(She is Santa Claus' wife, as perhaps you have known);
She had puzzled and schemed since the trouble began,
And finally hit on a wonderful plan.
"Eureka, old Santy!" she sung out in glee,
"We'll save Christmas yet,—you just listen to me!
While I know that your toys must always be made
By hands that are human, you have fairy aid

"I'LL GET YOU SOME HANDS"

In guiding their fingers, likewise, when you leave
The millions of gifts everywhere Christmas Eve;
From your list of bad children, the fairies and I
Will get you some hands in the twink of an eye."

That night naughty children were taken from bed
And whisked 'way up North to be workmen instead.
With the coming of dawn they flew back through the sky;
Each woke in his bed with a yawn and a sigh.
But none could remember the place where they'd been,
Or the wonderful things they had done and had seen.
Each night some more children were brought to the shops
Where they turned out tin soldiers, dolls, engines, and tops.
"It's making them better," quoth Santa Claus, "that's
The best of the scheme with these ill-tempered brats;
The trouble is, most of them always were drones;
Hard work takes the badness right out of the bones!"

EACH NIGHT SOME MORE CHILDREN WERE BROUGHT

THEY STARTED HIM RUNNING

When the Eskimos saw what had happened they stared,
For such an arrangement they were not prepared.
Then cried Blubber Bill, "Let's get back to our job."
Again all the workmen exclaimed "Gluggy blob!"
So when Santy prepared for his round-the-world ride
The toys were all finished, with plenty beside.
And the Delegate? Well, he got all he deserved;
They started him running; he never once swerved,
But he kept straight ahead till he crossed into Maine,
Where he told me this story one day on the train.

So when you awake with the thought "My, how queer!
I've been dreaming all night, but nothing is clear
When I try to remember." It's likely that *you*
Have been busy with Santa Claus' toy-makers too.

THE LITTLE ONE'S LAND

Beyond the broad river and far, far away,
Over the hills so sombre and gray,
There's a place where the sun shines all of the day,
And that is the Little One's Land.

There Noah's Ark animals wander about,
And little girls' dollies can talk, sing and shout,
And the hairy toy dogs that run in and out
Are alive in the Little One's Land.

The soldiers of tin, and the wooden ones, too,
Go marching along, down the roads, two by two,
They drill and they camp, and what don't they do
In the wonderful Little One's Land!

You may walk through the forests as far as you please,
But you'll find only gayly decked Christmas trees
All loaded with playthings that swing in the breeze
Which blows over Little One's Land.

The fences are built up of peppermint creams,
Sweet lemonade flows from the springs to the streams
And chocolate bubbles from caverns, it seems,
In the hills of the Little One's Land.

But the best thing of all the good things that are said
Of the fairy-like land, where plum-cake is bread,
Is that children are never sent early to bed
In that wonderful Little One's Land.

How I wish I could think of some practical plan
To find the lost road! I will if I can,
I think I shall ask the geography man
The way to the Little One's Land.

A POEM FOR ARBOR DAY

WHAT TREES SPEAK?

MY bark is rough, my wood is strong,
My prickly burrs enclose
The fruit which children love to find
When frosty tempest blows.

I build the ships so stout and strong,
I live unto great age;
I feed the Yuletide mistletoe,
And shine on history's page.

O'ertopping high the lordly oak,
In green I always stand
And, trimmed with lights at Christmas time,
Send joy throughout the land.

The sap that runs along my trunk,
Is plenteous and sweet,
And turns into a sugar brown
When warmed by woodfire heat.

I'm noted for my stately grace,
My bark is ashy gray;
My wood is hard and closely grained,
The wheelwright owns my sway.

In Solomon's temple I was used,
The Arabs love me well;
My red wood is most durable,
My grandeur all can tell.

Pale-faced and restless are my leaves,
Alert to lightest breeze.
Of rapid growth, I soon outstript
The more deliberate trees.

The sabots and the wooden shoes
Which peasant children wear
Are made, in France, of my stout wood,
Which holds no moisture there.

I am a forest beauty and
My form is straight and slight
And many an Indian's swift canoe
My light bark covers tight.

The archers looked to me of yore
To make their mighty bows,
And plucked me from the windy dales
Where hard wood often grows.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ODD COLLECTION

By MILLICENT OLMSTEAD

WHEN Genevieve started to England last year with her mother and two brothers, she felt quite distressed because she had not planned anything to collect. Bob, you see, was collecting stamps; and Alfred post-cards. On being interviewed about collecting, mother said that Genevieve might collect anything she liked, provided it did not cost more than her own pocket money could buy and did not take up more room in the trunks than the stamp and post-card albums.

So you may imagine that the little girl felt rather discouraged. Foreign dolls, souvenir spoons, pretty bits of china—all such things were clearly out of the question.

It was the stateroom steward on the steamer who decided for her finally, when he was busy in their room one day and found Genevieve sitting dejectedly on the edge of the steamer trunk, considering the subject of collections.

He began to chat with her and at last they exchanged names and residences. "Mine's Genevieve Alicia Palmer, Cleveland, Ohio, United States of America," she announced.

"Mine's Gotobed," said the friendly steward.

Genevieve promptly demanded the spelling of it, and when he spelled Go-to-bed very distinctly, she could not help laughing and commenting quite rudely: "*What* a queer name!"

Mr. Gotobed was not in the least offended by the exclamation, which he evidently expected. "But that's nothin', miss, to what you'll find at 'ome—in England, I mean. You'll find many other queerish names if you'll only look out for 'em. Now I knows a man whose name is Cakebread, and 'is father's a baker,—been bakers for generations. And there's Portwine, the butcher; and Dr. Coffin, who practices in Peopleton, where I was born. You just keep your eyes open, little lady, and you'll see."

"Oh, thank you!" said Genevieve.

Upon arriving in London, Genevieve's first purchase was a pretty little note-book, bound in red Russia leather, with a place for a pencil in the side. Each night she wrote down in it the names she had collected that day, and when she came home the little book was nearly full. She declares she had more fun with her collection than the boys had with theirs. It cost people nothing to tell the little girl the odd names they knew; in fact, it amused them to do it. The top of a London 'bus was a grand place from which to spy all the signs; and every newspaper and book afforded her material, so that Genevieve pursued her hobby with zest.

She thought the name of an organist, Mr. W. Field Flower, very quaint, and classed it with that of Miss Pansy and A. W. Poppy. Everybody who goes to London knows the odd firm of Giddy and Giddy, real estate agents, and the frivolous title does not seem to have imperiled their success in business. "Strong-i'-th'-arm" is a famous goldsmith's house in London, too.

The Messrs. Cutbush proved to be a firm of landscape gardeners who displayed various figures of cocks, hens, lambs, peacocks, etc., cut out of box-bush.

A grocery shop that Genevieve collected somewhere had the sign "Dear & Sons" over the door, and as "dear" in England means expensive, Genevieve felt little confidence in the justness of their prices; but another grocery conducted by Losemore was even less to her liking. She kept her pennies to buy chocolate and sweet biscuits from the shop of Mr. L. Greatbatch.

In a little old, old volume where every *s* was an *f* she discovered this quaintly humorous advertisement of a book: "'The Beauties of History; or Pictures Drawn from Real Life,' by the Rev. Mr. Stretch," and wondered if anyone had ever called it a "stretch of the imagination."

One of her greatest favorites was the name of a widely known surgeon-dentist near Banbury, Mr. J. Shipley Slipper. She loved to get the boys to say it over very fast, five times running, and hear their tongues trip over the Slippery Shipley. She also especially liked Mr. Frederick Steptoe ("I think he must be a dancing teacher," she confided to her mother), Mr. C. Yells, and Mr. Finefrock.

On her way down the Thames she found that Mr. Bossom was in charge of the sand scows dredging at different points. And have I mentioned Mr. Gosling the poulterer, and the shop of Rabbits & Sons, that Genevieve also added to her collection?

Some interested friends assured her that a Dr. Death had once been a physician at St. Mary's Hospital, and these same friends had been attended by Mr. Jaw, a dentist.

Pinecoffin is the name of a well-known old family of Devonshire. Mr. Voice is a watch and clock maker at Evesham. A. Trout was a school manager; and a Miss Wiseman, very properly, a schoolma'am. At Ventnor, on the Isle of Wight, Mr. Digweed was a photographer.

Samuel Guest, Mr. Household, W. Salmon, Mr. Sidebottom, Mr. Such, Mr. Cattle, and Mr. Sarah were other names that went in between the red leather covers, and when Genevieve pulled forth her little book to give us specimens from her collection, no one doubted that she had enjoyed every minute spent in making it.

"It cost me only one-and-six, and I can put it all in my very own pocket, mamma; and that is more than the boys can say," she crowed exultantly.

THE FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

ONE time there was a foolish girl,
Who worried all the day
For fear the sun should come too close
And burn the earth away;
For fear the stars should leave their homes
And tumble from the sky;
For fear the moon should draw the tides
A little bit too high!

And while she thought, she never heard
Her busy father say:
"I wonder if there's anyone
Could mend my gloves to-day?"
And dreaming of the stars, she stood
Nor heard her mother call,
"Oh, daughter! fetch the broom at once
And come and sweep the hall."

She quite forgot to feed the cat
And shut the pantry door,
Because she was so occupied
In worrying some more.
And then she worried dreadfully
For what she hadn't done,
While thinking of the sea and stars
And bothering 'bout the sun.

And wasn't she a foolish child
To worry all the day,
When, if she hadn't worried so,
Her fears had flown away?
For if she'd left the skies alone,
She might have swept the hall
And mended gloves and fed the cat,
And had no fear at all.

The Crocodile Pagoda

BY SUI SIN FAR.

WHEN the father of Chung and Choy returned from the big city where lived their uncle, he brought each of his little girls a present of a pretty painted porcelain cup and saucer. Chung's was of the blue of the sky after rain, and on the blue were painted a silver crane and a bird with a golden breast. Choy's cup was of a milky pink transparency, upon which light bouquets of flowers appeared to have been thrown; so beautiful in design, form and color that there seemed nothing in it to be improved upon. Yet was Choy discontented and envied her sister, Chung, the cup of the blue of the sky after rain. Not that she vented her feelings in any unseemly noise or word. That was not Choy's way. But for one long night and one long day after the pretty cups had been brought home did Choy remain mute and still, refusing to eat her meals or to move from the couch upon which she had thrown herself at sight of her sister's cup. Choy was sulking.

On the evening of the long day little Chung, seated on her stool by her mother's side, asked her parent to tell her the story of the picture on the vase which her father had brought from the city for her mother. It was a charming little piece of china of a deep violet-velvet color, fluted on top with gold like the pipes of an organ, and in the center was a pagoda enameled thereon in gold and silver. Chung knew that there must be a story about that pagoda, for she had overheard her father tell her mother that it was the famous crocodile pagoda.

"There are no crocodiles in the picture. Why is it called a crocodile pagoda?" asked Chung.

"Listen, my Jes'mine-flower," replied the mother. She raised her voice, for she wished Choy, her Orchid-flower, also to hear the story.

"Once upon a time there was a big family of crocodiles that lived in a Rippling River by a beach whose sands were of gold. The young crocodiles had a merry life of it, and their father and mother were very good and kind to them.

But one day the young crocodiles wanted to climb a hill back of the beach of golden sand, and the parents, knowing that their children would perish if allowed to have their way, told them 'Nay, nay.'

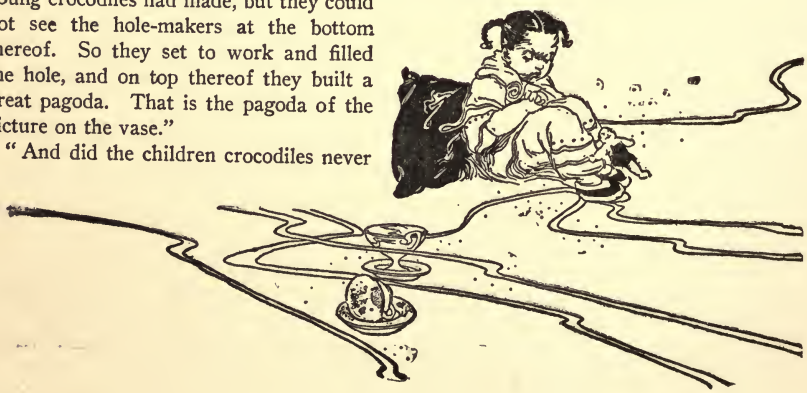
"The young crocodiles thereupon scooped a large hole in the sand and lay down therein. For half a moon they lived there, without food or drink, and when their parents cried to them to come out and sport as before in the Rippling River, they paid no attention whatever, so sadly sulky their mood.

"One day there came along a number of powerful beings, who, when they saw the golden sands of the Rippling River, exclaimed, 'How gloriously illuminating is this beach! Let us build a pagoda thereon.' They saw the hole which the young crocodiles had made, but they could not see the hole-makers at the bottom thereof. So they set to work and filled the hole, and on top thereof they built a great pagoda. That is the pagoda of the picture on the vase."

"And did the children crocodiles never get out?" asked Chung in a sad little voice.

"No, daughter," replied the mother. "After the pagoda was on top of them they began to feel very hungry and frightened. It was *so* dark. They cried to their father and mother to bring them food and find them a way to the light; but the parent crocodiles, upon seeing the pagoda arise, swam far away. They knew that they never more should see their children. And from that day till now the young crocodiles have remained in darkness under the pagoda, shut off forever from the light of the sun and the Rippling River."

"Please, honorable mother," spake a weak little voice, "may I have some tea in my pretty pink porcelain cup?"



THE SUPERVISOR'S MISTAKE

By LOUISE OCTAVIAN

"I'M coming into your room this morning, girls," said the School Supervisor to his twin daughters.

"O, *please* don't, papa," said Rena.

"O, *please* don't, papa," echoed Lena.

"Why, children," said mamma, "I should think you would love to have papa visit your school."

"Well, mamma, we would," said Rena, "if only he could tell us apart. But he always calls upon *me* when he means *Lena,* and looks at *Lena* and says '*Rena.*'"

"And then all the children laugh, and Miss Francis laughs, too, and it's dreadful exbarrassing," added Lena.

"But you must remember, girlies," said papa, "that I'm very near-sighted, and when you look exactly alike, and dress exactly alike——"

"O, papa," interrupted Rena, "haven't we told you, and told you, and told you that *Lena* sits next to the window, and *I* sit beside the red-headed Murray girl!"

"Well," said papa, "I'll make one more effort to remember."

"I've been thinking," said Rena on the way to school, "we might change seats to-day, and then if papa forgets, it will be all right."

"But what will Miss Francis say?" asked Lena.

"She'll never know," said Rena. "But, O, Lena Wells, be sure you answer to my name!"

Just then papa whizzed past them in an automobile.

"Let us see, girlies," cried he, "it's *Lena* who sits beside the red-headed Murray girl, isn't it?"

"There," sighed Rena, "I knew he'd get it wrong! So we'll change seats, and you answer for me, and I'll answer for you."

Just before recess Mr. Wells came in, and all the other children sat up very straight and kept very still. To them he was the rather stern Supervisor of

Schools, but to Rena and Lena he was just papa—an absent-minded, near-sighted papa, who was always getting them into trouble.

The class was reading selections from "Hiawatha."

"Some of the songs from 'Hiawatha's Childhood' have been set to music," said the Supervisor. "One of my little daughters knows them."

He looked around the room in search of the two curly heads adorned with red bows, and for once he remembered that Lena sat beside the window! He walked down the aisle, and patting the little girl on the shoulder, said:

"Stand up, Lena, and sing 'Hiawatha's Lullaby.'"

Poor Rena, who couldn't sing three notes correctly, squirmed desperately in Lena's seat. O, *how* did papa happen to remember! And, O, why, *why* had they changed seats!

"I can't, papa," she whispered.

"Perhaps you would like to have your sister accompany you," said Mr. Wells. Then he walked down the next aisle, and stopped in front of the other little twin. "Rena, go to the piano, and play for your sister," said he.

"I can't, papa," said Lena.

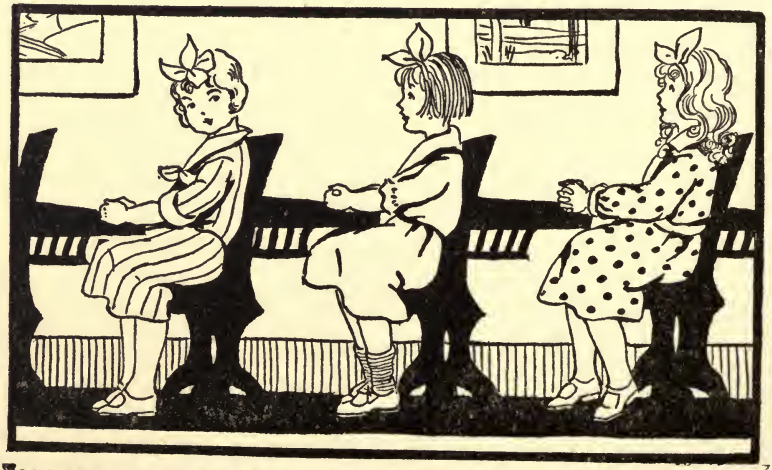
"Go to the piano, my daughter," said the Supervisor of Schools very sternly; and the little girl hastened to obey.

"Now, children, begin the song," said the Supervisor.

Then Lena, who hated piano practice, and whose playing was really disgraceful, struck two of the wildest, most horrible discords, and poor Rena, who was unable to carry even the simplest tune, began in a funny, quavering voice, two tones off the key—"Wah-wah-tay-see"—then both broke down.

Then Miss Francis began to laugh.

"Mr. Wells," said she, "if you will send *Rena* to the piano, and ask *Lena* to



"ALL THE CHILDREN SAT UP VERY STRAIGHT."

sing, I think the result will be more satisfactory"

How everyone laughed!

Then Rena went to the piano, and from her flexible little fingers the accompaniment rippled gently, and Lena, in her sweet, clear soprano, sang:

"'Wah-wah-tay-see, little fire fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'"

After school Rena and Lena told Miss Francis why they had changed seats.

"It's dreadful to be twins," said Lena.

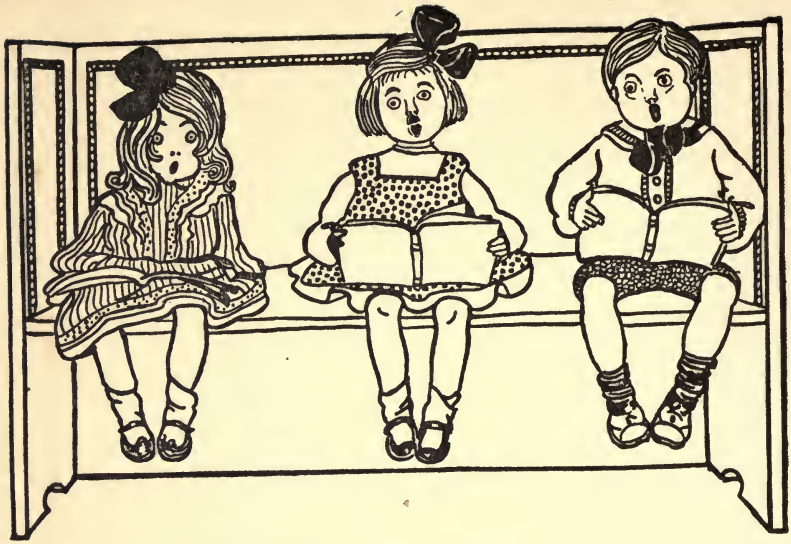
"It's dreadful to have your papa a *Supervisor,*" said Rena.

"I think it must be!" laughed Miss Francis.

THE SONG.

HER REASONS

Sometimes when folks would say, "Don't touch!" "Don't listen, run along!"
Or, when I had been naughty and everything went wrong,
I'll whisper you a secret—I used to really wish
I wasn't born a little girl, but just a bird or fish.
Or else a little kitty-cat, with one black coat or fur
(For when I'm all dressed up so clean, I'm most afraid to stir).
But when I think about it now I really don't wish *that,*
I truly wouldn't like to be the daughter of a cat!
I used to wish I was a bird, so I could fly and sing,
And never be obliged to dust, or sew, or anything.
But then, I just remembered what the birdies feed on, ugh!
I really couldn't live on worms, or even bugs, could you?
To be a fish would be as bad; I've thought of flowers, too,
But, surely, they can't have much fun, just staying where they grew.
And I can run, and jump, and laugh, and eat the nicest things!
Then there's the doll and playhouse; the rowboat and the swings.
So I say, "'Member, Helen," when I'm feeling cross or sad,
"'Cause you were born a little girl, you'd better just be glad!"



CHRISTMAS SONG

SING a song of Christmas, the good time is here;
Welcome, cheery Yule-tide, once every year:
Trees bright with candles, stockings full of toys,
Boxes full of bon-bons, hearts full of joys.

Let the happy bells ring! Blow, bugles, blow!
Let the nimble bob-sleds glide o'er the snow;
Set the Christmas table, cut the Christmas pie;
Tell the Christmas story 'round the fire, by and by.

Don't forget the poor folks who have less than we;
They love the good things, too, we must agree;
Share your toys and candy, pudding and the rest.
On a jolly Christmas, sharing is the best.

THE STORKS, THEY KNOW

ONCE a jolly and wise old stork, they say,
Flew out of his nest in the far-away,
And traveled on wing for a week and a day—
This jolly and wise old stork.

And turning his sensible head askew,
He gazed and he peered, as a stork will do,
To discover what place he was coming to—
This sensible, queer old stork.

Then he circled around, now high, now low,
For grandmas will tell you that storks they know
Just as well as folks where they ought to go—
These curious, wise, old storks.

Now that dear old stork had a big surprise,
As you might have guessed from the look in his eyes;
He said not a word, but he did look wise—
That long-legged, dear, old stork.

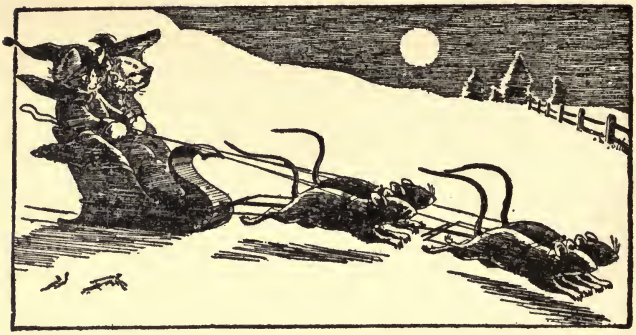
He flew past the mansion upon the hill;
The night was dark and the air was chill;
And the locked iron gates were cold and still.
"No children in here," sighed the stork.

A cottage he passed where the roof was low;
"They are happy in there," said the stork, "I know,
For I brought them a wee one a month ago.
Ah me! I'm a happy stork."

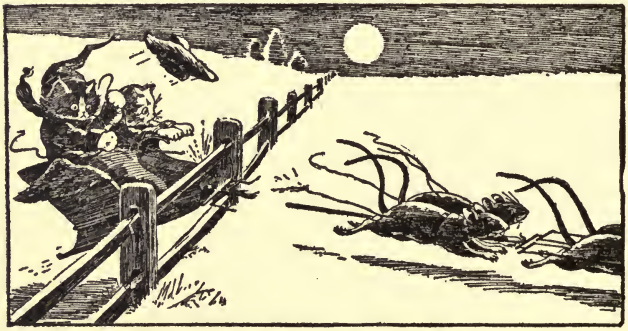
Then he sailed right down to our chimney-top,
He bounced to the ground with an easy hop,
For he knew, he knew where he was to stop—
This welcome, delightful stork.

BEAU GRIMALKIN'S SLEIGH RIDE

By CULMER BARNES



BEAU TAKES MISS PUSSYKIN OUT IN HIS CUTTER WITH HIS SPIRITED NEW TEAM OF MICE

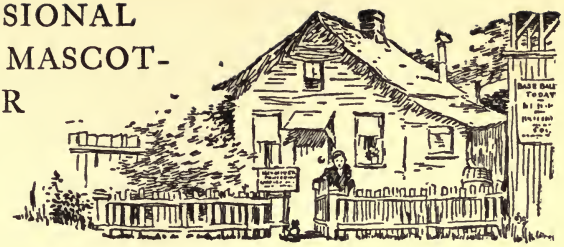


BEAU FINDS THEM NOT SO EASY TO HANDLE AS HE THOUGHT

AND BEAU HAS TO DRAG THE CUTTER—AND MISS PUSSYKIN—HOME

THE PROFESSIONAL UMPIRE AND MASCOT-KEEPER

By
LEE McCRAE



BASEBALL was the chief delight of Max Oliver's life, and Pepper was his chief comfort. It was not at all queer that he should love the ugly little dog so much, for Max had a bad knee that kept him from walking, and Pepper, strangely enough, had been born with only three legs instead of four. But it was queer that he should care so much for baseball when he had never seen a real game in his life.

Max and his mother lived all alone in a two-room house with a "lean-to," almost in the shadow of the grand-stand of the city baseball park. Almost every day during the season throngs of people came crowding past, hurrying into the park to get good seats, and hurrying out again to get any sort of seats in the street cars.

Mrs. Oliver was too busy to pay much attention to them. She sewed for the government, and the piles of coarse cloth that came in, and the dozens and dozens and dozens of overalls that went out, took all her time and thought.

But Max had plenty of time, more than he knew what to do with, when it wasn't a baseball day. When it was, he and Pepper would crawl close to the fence where a broken paling made a fine window for their small faces. To watch the people going in was *some* fun; to see them standing up on the top row of the bleachers, waving hats and umbrellas, and to hear the glorious yelling—*this* was better still. At such times Max would "holler" as loud as he could, and Pepper would bark joyfully, for then they knew that the home team was ahead. Best of all were the brief moments when the crowd surged out and past the fence corner, for by listening intently Max could usually hear which side had won, and how and why.

Max was no greenhorn. Although he had never seen the game played except when the neighbor boys played in the street before his house, he had asked questions until he thought he knew all about it.

There was one thing he did not know, however: that a boy could get inside by carrying in a "wild ball"—one that had been batted over the fence. Since he seldom went outside his yard he had never seen it done, and there were some things the neighbors forgot to tell him.

One day when the crowd was immense, a ball came flying over the grand-stand straight toward his fence corner. It fell with a dull thud within a few feet of him. The two cripples crawled eagerly to the spot and seized it with reverent curiosity. IT was theirs! Theirs to keep for always. But the game would have to stop if IT wasn't there! No doubt all the people inside the park were hunting for IT that very minute! Max tucked IT tight under his arm as he thought these troublesome thoughts, and tried to make himself be honest. At last he decided to give up the treasure.

Just as fast as he could he squeezed himself through the broken fence—Pepper got through without any difficulty—and laboriously, "on all threes," they made their way to the door through which Max always saw the players go. Too tired and excited to speak when he reached the doorkeeper, Max simply held up the ball.

"Well, that sure lets you in," said the man pleasantly. "Push to the front if you'd like to see."

"Like to see!" Think of it! They pushed to the front so far that they stood outside the benches of the home team, who happened at that moment to be out in the field. Scarcely had Max settled himself on a bench with the trembling Pepper close in his arms, when a great shouting rose in the air.

"Out! Out! Out!" screamed the fans.

In a moment the big red-uniformed men came trooping toward the benches, laughing and clapping a certain curly-haired one upon the back.

"Here! What are you doing here?" said one man gruffly, as he stumbled over the newcomers.

As the two started to creep away he noticed their helplessness and added more kindly, "Oh, you can stay."

The men were all too happy to be cross; they had just had their "first streak of luck" during the game. In the next inning there was great excitement—Max did not see why exactly—and nobody noticed him or Pepper. Toward the last of the game, however, one of the team saw the comical face of the little black dog peering out from under his master's arm, and seized him playfully, exclaiming:

"Why, hello! What's the matter with your pegs?"

"He never had *that* leg," explained the proud owner, pointing to the place where the leg ought to have been. "Both of us cripples have to go on all threes, only he's got a front one missing, and my back one's bad," slapping the crooked knee

"WELL, THAT SURE LETS YOU IN," SAID THE MAN PLEASANTLY

LING MADE A FINE WINDOW FOR THEIR SMALL FACES

MAX HELD UP HIS HANDS IN TERROR, CRYING "OH, HE'S MINE! HE'S ALL I'VE GOT!"

"Too bad," said the man absent-mindedly, his eyes intent upon the player at the bat.

Soon there was hurrahing and hurrahing. The home team had won and the fans were wildly happy. Even the men themselves joined in the jubilee, for it was the first good playing they had done in some weeks. Everything had seemed suddenly to turn against them, and now, just as suddenly, to turn in their favor.

"Here's the mascot that did it!" cried the man they called Rusty, probably because of his red hair. "See the three-legged puppy! He hopped in here just as Oily made the scrumbumptious play that set us all hopping!"

With that the poor little dog was tossed recklessly from one to another until Max held up his hands in terror, crying, "Oh, he's mine! He's all I've got!"

"What's his name?" asked the manager.

"Pepper Oliver."

"Pepper all over! Well, he looks it! And Pepper's just what this team needs. We put pepper and hot shot into those other fellows to-day, and we've got to do it to-morrow. You and Pepper can come."

So Max was obliged to explain how they got in. The men looked at one another, and their faces took a friendlier look as Max innocently revealed the limitations of his life, and its great longing.

"Well," said the manager, "we'll have Pepper for our mascot and you for head-rooter. Show us where you live. Oh, over there. Come, boys, let's carry them home."

And so with great ceremony Max and Pepper were carried home to the wondering mother, who dropped her work for once and came to the door to see what the noise was about.

Thus it was that Pepper became a valued member of the National Baseball League. Of course in his high position he had to "go on the road" with the red men, and at such times Max had to play alone in his fence corner. But every now and then he would put a fat pay envelope into his mother's lap, the salary Pepper earned, and what the owner was promised for his "keep." Max often wondered how Pepper could earn that much, but of course the baseball men knew more about such things than did he.

Best of all, when Christmas came Santa Claus sent Max a pair of crutches with red bands painted on them in honor of his team, and while crutches are fine things to walk on, they are finer than any umbrella to wave when your men win. Proud as he was of them, he was prouder still of the shingle sign which Rusty made and nailed upon the gate-post. In big red printed letters it said, "Max Oliver, Professional Umpire and Mascot-Keeper."

THE SUNSHINE MEADOW

ON Grandpa's farm there is a sunshine meadow,
And broad and bright against the hill it lies;
The brown bees know it and come swiftly flying
To find such sweetness under summer skies.

Sometimes the dark clouds gather, rain drops patter,
A saucy wind runs whistling up the lane;
Yet brave and cheerful smiles the upland meadow,
Come shine, come shadow, scorching heat or rain.

I like to wander in this happy meadow,
And pick the sunshine, all my hands can hold,
Then hasten home, a Midas * with my treasure,
With airy buttercups like purest gold.

ALIX THORN.

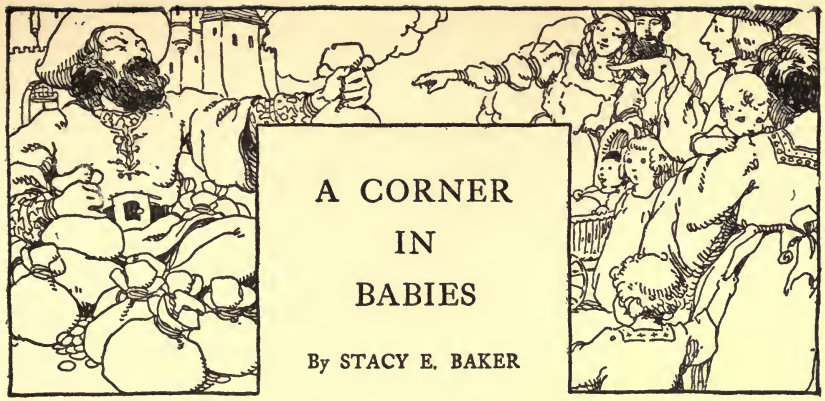
TROUBLE IN THE TREE-TOP

"LITTLE Bird, Mother Bird, why in such a flurry?"
"We must move, Father Bird,—move right in a hurry!"
"Mother Bird, Mother Bird, what can be the matter?
Are not all our children daily growing fatter?
Has a cat discovered us? Tell me, now, pray do!"
"Did you hear Miss Betty? Wouldn't tie her shoe!
Said: 'I won't! I won't! I won't!' O, Father, Father Bird,
I cannot have *my* children learn such a dreadful word!
Yesterday my little ones heard Miss Betty cry!
Spoke about the 'funny noise,'—they'll be sure to try!
All my little darling birds say 'I won't' and cry!
Truly 'tis enough to set my feathers all awry!"
"Tut, my little Mother Bird, teach them how to sing!
They'll find it sweeter far, my dear, to make the bird-notes ring.
Foolish little Mother Bird. Now whoever heard
Any little singing bird say a naughty word?"

ELIZABETH JAMISON.

* Midas was the king who loved gold better than anything on earth.

NOTHING TO DO!



A CORNER IN BABIES

By STACY E. BAKER

AND, once upon a time, in the long, long ago, O Little Tot, there was a Great Monstrous Man who had more pennies than you—even *you,* O Little Tot—have in your Great, Monstrous Bank, and he shook his lots and *lots* of pennies in the faces of the Other People, and he said, "Lo and behold! I have cornered all the Bright and Handsome and Good-looking Pennies and you have none left with which to buy All-day Suckers—and what are you going to do about it?"

And the Other People jeered and said: "*Huh!* You may have all your Bright and Handsome and Good-looking Pennies, O Great and Monstrous Man, but you haven't any Babies!"

And he thought, and thought, and *thought.*

And then, O Little Tot, nobody heard from the Great, Monstrous Man for days, and weeks, and months, and years; and they were just glad, I can tell you.

But "bimeby" Someone went to the Medicine Man and said, "O, Medicine Man, I am badly in need of a Baby, and you let me have the Other Ones so Most Awfully and Exquisitely Cheap that I have come back to you for a Girl-baby that will not Bite nor Growl at Strangers."

And the Medicine Man he gave a sad, slow shake of his head, and all his gray hair fell 'round and 'bout his feet, and he told him, "Alas, and likewise alack, and other things, but I have no more Girl-babies, for the Great and Monstrous Man came, and gave one half of his Bright and Handsome and Good-looking Pennies, and took them *all* away."

And "bimeby" Another Person came to the Medicine Man and said, "O, Medicine Man, I am badly in need of a Baby, and you let me have the Other Ones so Wondrously and so Outrageously Cheap that I have come back to you for a Boybaby that will not Snap nor Snarl at Company."

And the Medicine Man gave a quick, sharp shake of his head, and his whiskers, which were done up in little curl papers, fell 'round and 'bout his feet, and he said, "Alas, and alack, and other things, but I have no more Boybabies, for the Great and Monstrous Man came, and gave one half of his Bright and Handsome and Good-looking Pennies, and took them all away to his Nice and Starshiny Castle."

WHERE ONCE HE USED TO HAVE HIS BREAD-AND-MILK SERVED ALL STILL AND QUIET, NOW IT WAS SERVED MOST ROWDYISH AND AWFUL

And " bimeby " Other People came, and 'cause the Medicine Man hadn't any more Girlbabies who wouldn't Bite nor Growl at Strangers, or any more Boybabies who wouldn't Snap nor Snarl at Company, he gave them Each and Every One a double handful of Pennies, and Everybody went away all Smily-like.

For you see, O Little Tot, that they all had more or less Boybabies, and they all had more or less Girlbabies, but none of them had any Bright, and Handsome, and Good-looking Pennies.

And the Great, Monstrous Man in his Nice and Starshiny Castle laughed, and laughed, and *laughed*. And " bimeby," he thought, and thought, and *thought*, for you see, O Little Tot, that where once he used to have his Bread-and-Milk served all Still and Quiet, *now* it was served most Rowdyish and Awful, and where he used to have, O, lots and lots of Cake and Pie, *now* he couldn't have one Weeny, Teeny bit, for Cake and Pie, O Little Tot, is most sudden and fearsome for Girlbabies and Boybabies.

And so he thought, and thought, and *thought*.

And " bimeby " Somebody was going down the street, and they stopped and read this which was tacked to a tree:

" TO THE OTHER PEOPLE

On, or about, as soon as I can, I agree to deliver one Boybaby or one Girlbaby (which are most shocking rude and eat with their knives and forks most horribly!) to anyone who wants them. And when shall I bring them? "

And the Great, Monstrous Man's name was signed at the bottom.

And Everybody took Wheelbarrows, and Bushelbaskets, and Ice-tongs, and went and got all the Boybabies, *and* the Girlbabies; and 'cause the Great and Monstrous Man didn't have to bring them around, he was just glad.

And the moral of this, O Little Tot, is " Don't believe all you hear! "

MOTHER RABBIT DYES THE EGGS

WHO'LL GET THE PRETTIEST ONE?

The world is gay
With crocus guests;
In purple, gold,
And white they're dressed;

Come out, come out
And see the show—
All a-peeping
Through the snow!

AMANDA BARRIS.

Too early, Robin
Built her nest,
And then what
Think you? O,

Instead of warm,
Warm little fluffs,
Inside were—
Flakes of snow!

AMANDA BARRIS.

Worrying over his troubles.

THE MERRY MARCH HARE

By LATIMER J. WILSON

ALVIN was playing out in the yard one March day when Big Breeze came along, and without saying "by your leave" whizzed him this way and whirled him that way until he was as dizzy as a Junebug. Finally Big Breeze set him down in a large field where the grass was so tall that he could not see the direction of his home, and so could not find his way back. Just then the Merry March Hare came along and exclaimed:

"Mad Hatters! What's wrong, little boy?"

Alvin was a bit frightened at first, but the Merry March Hare was so polite and pleasant that Alvin could not doubt his kindness; so he related what Big Breeze had done.

"Don't you care," said the Merry March Hare. "Mount me and hold fast to my crazy ears. I'll leap you home—it's leap year, you know. All aboard!"

Alvin mounted his steed cautiously, and away they leaped and bounced and bounded until he was safe at home, when the Merry March Hare disappeared.

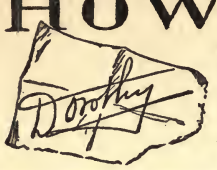
See if you can find the route they took over the field to the house in the distance; it is shown by one of the white spaces in the grass, starting at the Merry March Hare's right fore foot, and is not interrupted by any black lines.

HIS WISH.

If a good little fairy should come up to me
And give me a wish, I just know what I would be.
I'd wish 'stead of one little boy I was three,—
One English, one Chinese and one just me.

That's what I'd wish, and do you know why?
'Cause 'stead of one best day that seems to just fly,
I'd have three of those days in the year, oh my!
Guy Fawkes' day, and New Year's, and Fourth of July

HOW THE BABY NAMED ITSELF



By ETTA ANTHONY BAKER

THERE lay the dear little baby in her pretty white crib, just like a bird in its nest. Her big blue eyes looked up at the family as if she wondered why they were all so slow. And slow they surely were—for the baby was two months old that very day, and was still without a name—just think of that! Of course she was called by ever so many names: "Baby," "Sweetheart," "Lovey," "Princess Pretty Girl," "Comfort" and "Blessing," but these were not real names; not "for good," you know.

"We will always be calling her 'Baby' if we don't name her pretty soon," said grandma. But it was very hard to choose among so many names. Grandpa wanted "Kate" after grandma, while grandma herself liked "Mary." Papa chose "Alice," because that was dear mamma's name.

Big brother begged for "Mabel." You see he was very fond of a lovely young lady with that name, and he wanted to please her. Sister asked for something "real stylish," like "Araminta," or "Seraphina." Two of her very best dolls had those names. Little brother wanted "Kitty."

"'Cause then I can call: 'Here, Kit! Here, Kit! Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!' when I want her to bring me things," he said.

Mamma herself said nothing except to nurse; but deep down in her heart she longed for "Dorothy." That was her own dear mother's name.

At last big brother declared that they never would agree with so many names to choose from, and it was useless to argue about it any longer, so he said: "Let us each write the name we like best on a slip of paper and drop the papers into a hat. Then mamma can shut her eyes and choose one. That will settle the whole matter."

They all liked this plan, and each one set to work to write the best-liked name. Little brother took a big piece of paper for his so that mamma would feel it first, but big brother said, "No, sir! all the papers must be the same size, or it will not be fair!"

Soon they were all written (only little brother had to *print* his), and then the papers were folded and dropped into the hat which nurse brought. Papa shook the hat hard, to mix the papers thoroughly, then he put it down on baby's crib, near mamma's hand, and said to the baby: "Now, young lady, we're going to settle you this time!"

Baby looked up in his face with a smile on the little rosebud mouth, just as if she were saying: "Such a *fuss* over such a little thing! Why, *I* could have settled it long ago!" and the dimples showed in the pretty cheeks.

Then the tiny mouth puckered a bit, as the baby thought of some of those names which might be given to her. She did not like "Araminta"—certainly not! No, nor "Seraphina." They were all very well for *dolls*, but she was a real baby. As for "Kitty," that wouldn't do at all; it was entirely too easy, for little brother would be calling her all the time. He liked people to wait upon him. You see, *he* had been the baby before.

Yes, it certainly was time for her to take a hand in the matter. It was her name, so it was more her business than anyone's. The little dimpled fist waved about in the air for a moment, then it shot straight out. Over went the hat, and out bounced one little folded paper!

"Baby's choosing! Baby's choosing!" shouted little brother, dancing up and down. "Oh! I *hope* it's Kitty!"

Slowly papa picked up the paper, slowly he unfolded it, while all the others held their breaths. Papa looked carefully at the paper, then held it closer and looked again even more carefully.

"Well, I declare!" he said in a puzzled tone. "That is queer!"

"What, oh, what?" said the others. "Is it Araminta?" "Is it Kitty?"

"No," said papa slowly, "it isn't either of those names, nor Alice, nor Mary, nor Mabel. It is—Dorothy!"

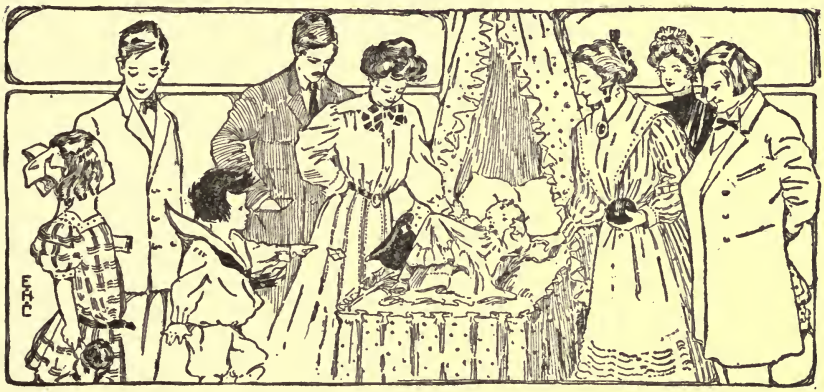
"Oh!" said mamma in surprise, while her pretty face flushed all over with pleasure, as she repeated the name she loved so much. "Dorothy! I'm *so* glad!" Then she stopped short and said: "But—I don't understand it—I didn't put *my* name in at all!"

"Are you sure?" asked papa quickly.

"Yes, truly," said mamma, showing her own pretty dimples. "I tried not to be selfish, so I kept my name out."

"Now isn't that funny!" said little brother to nursie, who was busily folding pretty white dresses and tiny blue sacques, and putting them away in the baby's own basket. "How *do* you suppose that name got in the hat, nursie?"

But nursie only smiled to herself wisely, and said, "Ask Dorothy!"



"BABY'S CHOOSING!" SHOUTED LITTLE BROTHER, DANCING UP AND DOWN

TO MY FRIEND, THE BLUEBIRD

GURGLE sweetly,
Soft and low,
Dearest bluebird,
Breast aglow;
Hieing,
Flying,
To and fro;
Thrilling,
Trilling,
As you go.

Friendly ever
To my home,
Dearest bluebird,
Build your own;
Resting,
Nesting,
In this tree;
F' tting,
Sitting,
Nearer me.

'Tis the sweetest,
Gentlest note
Rises from thy
Little throat;
Winning,
Cheering,
And caressing;
Restful,
Peaceful,
Like a blessing.

JOSHUA F. CROWELL.

THE MAD MARCH WIND

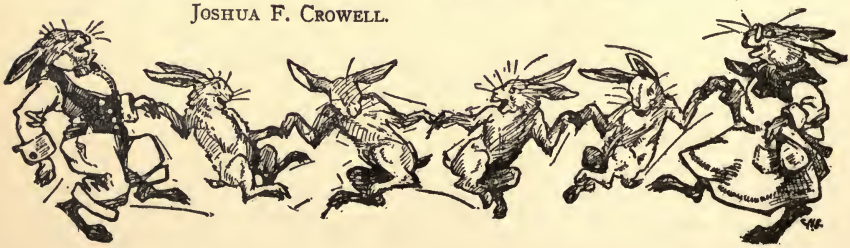
I RUSH and I blow:
Then I lull for a moment:
Then grow,
Ho! Ho!
How I grow,
Till I roar!
More and more,
Till I scream!

Then a growl,
And a grumble;
A rumble;
A howl!
And again I go wild,
Like an unbridled child;
My locks I shake out,
I leap and I shout
As I run!
What fun!
Ho! Ho!
For I am the merry, mad March Wind!

MICHAEL BERA.

AFRAID OF A WETTING

A PRETTY little trout
Was eager to go out,
But dearie me! the sky was very black;
So I heard his mother say,
"You may go a little way,
And if it rains, be sure to hurry back."



TWO BOYS AND A BABY

By JULIA KYLE HILDRETH

RAY sat on the library step-ladder and read from a book on his knee:

"The great green waves broke with a hissing roar as the castaway seized the line that the rocket had brought to his feet from the Lapwing, and springing from one high boulder to another, wound it about the blackened ribs of the half-buried wreck. Glancing over his shoulder he muttered, 'Now I know why he cut the sail, he is going to make a cradle or hammock.'"

The door slammed loudly. Ray looked up and around the small book-filled room.

"Why, Tom must have gone," he said to himself, and was soon completely absorbed again in his reading. Someone came along the hall, turned the key in the library door and shuffled off, whistling, but Ray did not hear and still read on. The light from the one window grew fainter and fainter, and finally the boy lifted his head and closed the book.

"There!" he yawned. "I forgot where I was." He thrust the book back on the shelf, put several other volumes carefully in their places, jumped from his high perch, and took a general survey of the room.

"Mr. Preston will be pleased—he wanted it finished to-day," thought Ray. Then he ran his eye carefully over the regular lines of books. "I am glad he gave Tom and me charge of the library. Tom says there is not a better school library in the city, though it is small." All this time Ray was tugging at the door.

"Why, it's locked," he said aloud, giving it a hard shake.

Ray knocked and shook and even kicked the door at intervals for more than an hour, then concluded that everyone had left the building.

"No one will miss me until after nine," thought Ray disconsolately. "Then the folks will be frightened and I shall be dreadfully hungry." He turned to the window and glanced out. The view was very limited, for a long row of tall tenements shut out everything else. Though the houses were not quite finished, one floor just opposite the library evidently was occupied, for a boy with a baby in his arms jogged about the room, while a woman prepared something at the stove.

Somehow this sight gave Ray an additional pang of loneliness, and seating himself on a low bench he watched the darkening sky and the very tall clothes-pole silhouetted against it.

This pole with its swaying lines brought to his mind the story that he had been reading, and that was responsible for his imprisonment. Presently he stood up and reached out of the window. Yes, he could easily touch the line. He drew it slowly toward him, then stopped, for the boy in the opposite house called out, "You just let that line alone—that's ours."

Ray sat down again and once more leaned against the wall. He was calculating how many hours must pass before he could hope to be released, when his eyes closed and he fell fast asleep.

Something startled him wide awake, just as the guns boomed across the city.

"Nine o'clock," said Ray, springing to his feet.

"NOW I'M GOING!" SHOUTED THE BOY, WHO WAS ALREADY STANDING ON THE WINDOW-SILL

"Fire! fire! fire!" shouted a voice from the opposite house.

"Hallo!" answered Ray, "where's the fire?"

"In the bed," replied the voice. "The baby pulled the lamp over, but *she's* all right!"

"Say," shouted Ray, "run down to the next corner and tell the watchman to send in an alarm; he's got a key."

"I can't; mother locked me in. You go—quick!"

"I'm locked in, too, by mistake," answered Ray. He could now see a bright light flashing up and down the wall behind the boy and the baby.

"It is getting awfully hot," shouted the boy, holding the little one close to the window. Then he added: "Say, if you will cut the rope at your side I can let her down into the yard."

"The rope won't half reach," answered Ray. "Why don't you throw water on the fire?"

"There's no water in the room," howled the boy, and again he lifted up his voice and called, "Fire! fire! fire!"

"There's no use crying," shouted Ray; "no one lives around here. The houses are all new."

"Mother will half kill me if baby's burned," sobbed the boy. "I wish you had her. What shall I do? The fire's climbing up the wall. Fire! FIRE! FIRE!"

"Stop that noise," commanded Ray, who had been thinking. "Have you got a sheet or a blanket or a tablecloth?" he called out after a moment.

"The sheets are all burnt and so is the blanket—but hold on! Here's a tablecover."

"Pin it on the pulley-line and send it over to me," ordered Ray. The boy quickly obeyed, and Ray soon fashioned the tablecloth into something like a hammock.

"Now stop your noise and listen to me," called Ray sharply. "When I send this hammock over to you, be sure to fasten the baby in strong. If you don't she will fall out. The extra piece of line is in the hammock."

"Do you think I am going to put my baby into *that* thing?" shouted the boy, as he hugged the little one close.

"Yes," returned Ray. "There's no danger; they sent three men ashore that way from the Lapwing in a piece of sail, through a great storm, with the waves dashing mountain high against the rocks."

As the boy in the flat examined the tablecloth doubtfully, a dense column of black smoke rolled from the window, and the baby began to cough and choke.

"I guess I'll have to give her to you," gasped the boy, fighting the smoke away from the dear little face, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Fasten her strong," warned Ray, "she looks like a regular kicker." Great blinding tears chased each other down his cheeks, too, as the boy slipped the laughing, crowing baby into the tablecloth, wound the piece of rope around and around the bundle and over the clothesline, and sent it from him with shaking hands. It was a moment to make even a strong man cry.

A tiny white hand and arm showed for a minute above the improvised hammock, and the boy in the flat smothered a cry of fear that rose to his lips. Even Ray's stout heart gave two or three quick thumps, but he kept on pulling the line carefully until he had the little human parcel safe in the grasp of his two hands.

"Got her all right?" shouted the boy in a trembling voice.

"All right," answered Ray, holding the little creature high up in his arms as proof.

"Now *I'm* going," shouted the boy, who was already standing on the window-sill enveloped in smoke.

Ray watched him scramble out on the window-sill, lay himself flat against the house, and stretch out his foot until the tip of his toe touched the next window-sill and the ends of his fingers grasped the bricks at the side. Then he disappeared through the window.

At last a shrill whistle, accompanied by the tap-tap of four fast flying feet, sounded through the quiet street.

"The fire marshal," said Ray to the baby, and he thrust his head from the window. Close behind came the great fire horses pounding the earth with their big hoofs. In a moment more the opposite room was filled with firemen.

The baby laid her small head on Ray's shoulder, and Ray whispered, "Well, I'm glad I was locked in the library."

Then came the rattling of a key in the lock and the door was flung open.

"My baby! my baby!" cried an excited mother.

"There she is, as safe as can be!" shouted the boy from across the way.

The fire was soon extinguished. Ray received as modestly as he could the praise and thanks of a thoroughly grateful mother, who seemed to think his rescue of her baby the cleverest and most wonderful thing in the world. Then he saw that the library was properly locked again —with no one inside—and trudged on his homeward way, hungry but happy.

HOW KITTY USED HER UMBRELLA

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

FORGETFUL Uncle John didn't know what to do. When he had stepped from the train he had been certain that his valise contained presents for everybody where he was going to visit; but as he walked along the street his troublesome memory began to wake up.

"Dear me," said he, "I've forgotten *somebody!* There are seven persons in that house and only six presents in my bag. If only I could remember which one——"

But Uncle John couldn't. In the house to which he was going there were two boys, two girls, a father, a mother, and a jolly little grandmother. In buying presents for these relatives whom he had not seen for a long time he had somehow overlooked one, but which one he could not recall.

"I'll have to buy something," said he, "that will fit a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl."

But there were no shops. Uncle John looked up and down the street. Then he peered around the corner. A man with an armful of umbrellas was striding toward him, crying loudly: "Umbrellas to sell—umbrellas to sell!"

"The very thing," said Uncle John. "*Anybody* can use an umbrella. Here, my man, I want one of those—this one with the plain wooden handle."

So this was the reason, when all the other presents had been handed around to the other persons, why chubby, seven-year-old Kitty received a really grown-up umbrella.

"Oh!" cried Kitty, "a whole numbrella for just me? I've *always* wanted to belong to a numbrella."

"Well, now you do," said Uncle John. "But suppose you say 'an umbrella.'"

"A numbrella," said Kitty, obligingly. "Thank you, Uncle John; I like it very much."

"You'd better look out," warned Grandma. "The wind may carry you and that big umbrella over the tree-tops some fine day."

"I do hope it'll rain soon," said Kitty, running to the window to look at the sky. "Can't *anybody* see any clouds?"

But nobody could. The spring had been such a rainy one that perhaps there was no rain left for the summer. Day after day the bright blue sky was all but cloudless.

"Oh, *such* blue-eyed days," mourned Kitty. "Does n't anybody s'pose it's *ever* going to rain?"

One Monday afternoon in August everybody was out of the house except Kitty and Hannah, the maid, who had some starched clothes drying on the line, and was keeping a watch on the weather.

"My!" said Hannah, going to the kitchen door and glancing at the sky, "how dark it's getting. I do believe it's going to rain on my clean clothes."

"Oh, *do* you?" cried Kitty, joyfully. "I'm sorry about the clothes, but if it *does* rain I shall go for a walk with my own numbrella—I guess I will, anyway."

"Well," warned Hannah, "you mustn't go off this street."

A moment later Kitty, feeling very im-

portant indeed with her really truly umbrella under her arm, was walking toward Bessie Bailey's house, which was six whole blocks away, on Kitty's own street.

Bessie was a kind little girl with five kittens. Bessie's brother Bob, also a very kind young person, owned a whole cageful of little fuzzy rabbits. Both children were delighted to see Kitty.

"Don't you want a kitten?" asked generous Bessie. "They're just big enough to be given away. You can have *two* if you like."

"*Could* I?" cried Bessie, "I'd *love* to have two."

"Will your mother let you?"

"Yes, she likes little cats—our old one ran away."

"Perhaps you could have some rabbits, too," said kind-hearted Bessie.

"Yes, indeed," said Bob. "Take any two you like—we have eight of this size."

"I'm *so* glad I came," breathed Kitty. "But how can I carry four—four nanimals and a numbrella?"

"I'll fix it," said Bob, pulling some long grass and dropping it into the umbrella where it made a soft green cushion. "Now give me the rabbits—that's right—now the kittens. There! They can ring-around-a-rosy round the handle, and you'll have only one thing to carry."

"But," objected Bessie, "the numbrella will fall open—they'll all jump out."

"Give me a string—yes, your hair ribbon will do, Bess. There! Now you *are* all right, Madam Kitty."

Before Kitty had reached the corner, however, the rain Hannah had predicted suddenly burst from the clouds. Such a rain! Kittie, with her precious umbrella tied up, was drenched. By the time she had reached her own door there was hardly a dry thread on her.

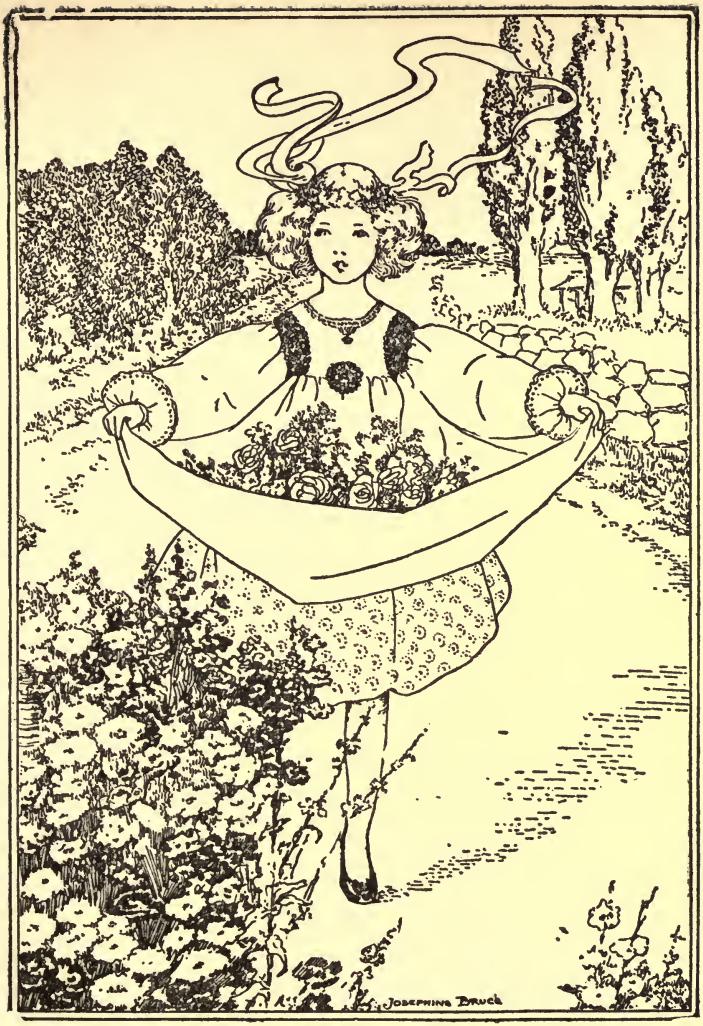
But do you think she cared? Not a bit, for snuggled safely inside the big umbrella were four perfectly dry little "nanimals."

Uncle John opened the door for his dripping niece.

"I've used my numbrella," said beaming Kitty, proudly holding it out for inspection.

"I notice," said smiling Uncle John, "that you either wear your umbrella upside down or else you walk on your head. Which is it?"

"Just kittens and rabbits," explained Kitty.



GOING A-MAYING

THE MOON TABLE

By LOUISE OCTAVIAN

ITTLE ARDIS sat disconsolately at the piano. Such a miserable old piano! Such rattling, yellow keys! Such cracked and jingling tones! One was reminded of the piano in "Cranford," which the writer said "must have been a spinnet in its youth."

Ardis turned the leaves of her music sadly. The chords in the "Don Giovanni Minuetto" rang out discordantly, offending the correct ear of the little musician. "Twilight" was completely spoiled by a broken E-flat string. Two bass notes stuck hopelessly, marring the melody in the "Song of the Peasant," and Ardis was almost in tears.

Then papa rushed into the room. His face was radiant, and he seized Ardis and whirled her off the stool.

"What would you say to a new piano, sweetheart?" he cried. "A brand-new, upright piano, with a beautiful rosewood case, and shining black and white keys; with a perfect action, and a bell-like tone?"

Ardis was simply unable to say anything at all, but she threw both arms around Mr. Lindsay's neck, and the enthusiasm of her embrace was answer enough.

"Well, I have ordered one for you," continued papa, still whirling her dizzily around the room. "It will be here tomorrow, so play a farewell tune upon this awful old box."

Ardis hugged papa still more rapturously, and then mamma and Millie and Elsie and Dick came hurrying in to assist in the rejoicing. Ardis went back to her practicing, and played the "Minuetto" jubilantly. "The last piece! The last piece! The last piece on this old piano forever, and ever, and ever!" she chanted joyously.

All night she dreamed of the coming treasure, and in the morning was too excited to eat her breakfast.

"What time will it be here?" she asked.

"Oh, it will take several hours to come out from Boston," said mamma. "I should not begin to look for it before eleven."

But long before nine Ardis was perched upon the gate, straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of the team as it rounded the curve at the foot of the long hill. Millie and Elsie were seated upon the fence, and Dick had climbed into a pear tree in order to be the first to announce the arrival.

At last the town clock struck ten.

"Here it comes! Here it comes!" cried Dick, nearly falling out of the tree in his excitement.

"Let's run and meet it," said Ardis, and all four started pell-mell down the hill.

But alas, and alas! It was only a tin peddler's wagon after all!

They trooped slowly back, and another hour passed with no sign of the piano.

At last Elsie cried, "I see it! I see it!"

"Yes, Ardis, no mistake this time," said Mollie, and down the hill they all dashed again. But it was only an empty furniture van.

After dinner the younger children grew

tired of watching, and Ardis was left upon the fence alone.

"Be patient, dear," said mamma, "it will come very soon now, I am sure."

At last Ardis curled up in the hammock, a little tired after the long hours of waiting. "The first piece on the dear new piano shall be the 'Song of the Peasant,'" she said to herself happily.

Then she heard the clock chiming four. "Perhaps 'Twilight' would be better for the first piece, if it comes so late," said she.

Just then a boy came up the steps with a note from papa. Mrs. Lindsay read it very soberly, and then came to the hammock, and put her arms around Ardis.

"Can my little girl be very brave and cheerful?" she asked. "Papa met with a business disappointment this morning, and was obliged to countermand the order for the piano. Will Ardis wait patiently a little longer, and not trouble papa by fretting?"

Ardis was beyond speech, but she nodded quickly, and breaking away from mamma's arms, ran into the house and up to the attic, always her refuge in times of trouble.

Old soldier suits, worn and faded; rusty swords, and battered muskets hung solemnly here. Old furniture, discarded clothing, broken toys, trunks and boxes, littered the dusty spaces. Ardis crept into a favorite nook beside a gable window, and throwing herself upon an old sofa, sobbed as though her heart would break.

At last she sat up and tried to fight back the tears. The late afternoon sun poured warmly through the cobwebby window, and shone full upon an old table just behind her.

Such an old, old table! A "moon table" she had heard her father call it. It had belonged to his great-grandmother, and had come from over the sea. It was made in the shape of a half moon, of solid mahogany, and had slender, tapering legs. It had been richly inlaid with rose and lilac woods, but now the delicate pattern was only faintly discernible, and the whole thing was scratched, and worn and shaky. Mr. Lindsay was fond of antique furniture, and Ardis had once heard him speak of having this old heirloom repolished and put in order. But mamma had laughed at the idea. Mamma hated anything old-fashioned.

"So do I," said Ardis, looking through her tears at the moon-shaped relic. "Horrid old piano! Ugly old table! I should just like to make a bonfire out of the dingy old things!" And she gave the poor old table a vindictive kick.

Then she perched upon the arm of the sofa, and began to drum carelessly upon the worn inlaid work of the table.

"Oh, the dear new piano!" she sighed. "Oh, the dear, smooth, shiny, white keys!"

Slowly the fingers of her right hand picked out "Fingertwist" upon the moon table. Suddenly something flew out with a snap and a jerk. She had touched a concealed spring, and a tiny, secret drawer lay open before her. In the wildest excitement Ardis slid off the arm of the sofa, and began to examine this mysterious hiding-place. It contained only one article, a small leather bag, tied up with a faded red ribbon, and smelling faintly of musk.

With trembling fingers Ardis untied the worn ribbon, and then, O wonder of wonders! treasures undreamed of poured forth from the bag. A beautiful string of gold beads, of quaint design and for-

eign workmanship, glittered in the sunlight. Next came a queer old brooch, richly set with glowing rubies. Then an ancient thumb-ring fell into her lap; and last of all a roll of gold pieces slipped from their crumbling wrapper, and rattled and jingled upon the attic floor.

Ardis gathered her treasures into the skirt of her dress, and dashed down the two flights of stairs, a wild little figure, with flying curls, and face all dust, and tears, and smiles. Papa had come home and was sitting at his desk. Ardis fell upon him like a baby whirlwind.

"See what I found in the moon table drawer! See what I found in the moon table drawer!" she cried, swinging the string of gold beads before his eyes.

"The moon table! What moon table? What are you talking about?"

"The funny old table up in the attic, near the gable window," explained Ardis.

"But a moon table never has a drawer," said papa.

"This one has! This one has!" cried Ardis. "See the pin with the red stones! See the gold pieces! Oh, *do* come quick and see the moon table!" And she started atticwards, closely followed by papa, and mamma, and Mollie, and Elsie, and Dick. And everyone had to admit that there certainly was a drawer in the battered old table.

"You shall have the piano, after all, sweetheart," said papa. "These rubies alone will more than buy it. And it will be a present from your great-great-grandmother Lindsay!"

"And the moon table shall be restored to its former beauty," said mamma.

"It shall have the place of honor, close beside the new piano," said papa.

"The blessed old moon table!" cried Ardis.

THE CORN POPPER MAN

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

THE Corn Popper Man is the children's delight,
And they watch for him faithfully every fine night.
It's his lamp they first see, like a bright little star,
It shines from the front of his red-painted car.
But the Corn Popper's face is a serious sight
As he looks to the left and looks to the right
Until someone calls him or waves a small hand,
Then his face grows as bright as a little brass band,
And he grins *such* a grin, and bows *such* a bow,
And flips off his hat as no other knows how;
So the children save pennies and smiles all they can
For the nice Mr., dear Mr., Corn Popper Man;
And if they've just smiles and no pennies can find,
He acts most as pleased, which I call very kind,
And calls out, "Hello! how you children to-day?"
Then trudges along on his corn popping way.
It's a great thing to do just the best that you
can,
So blessings upon you, dear Corn
Popper Man!

ROSALIND AND THE TURKEYS. BY LOUISE OCTAVIAN.

"NEXT Wednesday is papa's birthday," said mamma. "What shall we send him, Rosalind?"

Rosalind shut her eyes and wrinkled up her forehead and thought and thought and thought. She and mamma were at grandfather's farm in Maine, and papa was in Chicago. What should they send him for a birthday present? Suddenly she clapped her hands.

"Let's send him a picture!" she cried. "A picture of *me!*"

"I'm sure that would please him very much," said mamma.

"A picture of me," continued Rosalind, "in my new white dress, and my daisy hat, and my widest sash, and my shoes with the silver buckles!"

"I will take your photograph, Rosie," said Uncle Kent.

"Oh, no, no," objected Rosalind, "I want to go uptown to the photograph-man in the funny little house on wheels."

"Uncle Kent can take very fine pictures," said grandfather.

"But he isn't a really, truly photograph-man!" cried Rosalind. "This is for papa's birthday, and is very importment!"

"That settles it," said Uncle Kent. "You must certainly go to a 'really truly photograph-man.' I didn't realize quite how 'importment' it was."

afternoon Rosalind put on her white dress, and daisy hat, and blue sash, and buckled shoes, and started for the photographer's.

Grandfather's turkeys were strutting grandly around the yard. There were twelve in all—one large, handsome gobbler that had taken a prize at the County Fair, and eleven fine turkey-hens. Rosalind loved to feed them, and even the fierce-looking old gobbler would eat from her hand, and follow her all around the yard. She had named them after the months of the year. She called the gobbler "January," and the hens after the other months.

"*Gobble, gobble, gobble,*" said January, stepping forward quickly, as Rosalind came out of the house. April pecked at her hands, and July and August pecked at her skirt.

"No, my dear turkey friends," said Rosalind. "No more corn to-day. Go away, January. I'm going to have my picture taken. *Shoo-shoo-shoo*, my dear turkey friends!"

Rosalind skipped happily down the long lane, and, turning out upon the state road, started toward the village.

Soon a team came along, the driver of which looked at her curiously.

"I wonder if he sees the buckles on my shoes?" thought Rosalind.

Then she met the rural delivery wagon, and the postman looked at her and smiled.

"I think most pro'bly he likes my hat," said Rosalind

Then she passed a cottage, and several people came to the windows, and they, too, were smiling. At the railroad crossing the old gateman grinned broadly, and from an automobile whizzing by in a cloud of dust came peal after peal of laughter. At last she reached the village, and here, too, everyone looked at her, and everyone was smiling.

In front of the post-office about twenty men and boys were waiting for the mail. When they saw Rosalind they laughed loudly, and nudged each other, and pointed —pointed at something *behind* Rosalind.

Then, at last, Rosalind turned, and there, close behind her, marching proudly along in single file, were the prize gobbler and his eleven wives!

"*Gobble, gobble, gobble,*" said January solemnly, and the crowd shouted with laughter.

Poor Rosalind! She gave one look at the turkeys, and one look at the crowd, then turned and started for home, forgetting all about the picture for papa.

"*Gobble, gobble, gobble,*" said January, turning also, and leading his flock after her.

Rosalind reached home at last, hot and tired and dusty, and told the story tearfully.

"It was so exbarrassing," said she. "I never want to go uptown again, not even to get my picture taken for papa. I'm never going to the post-office again nor past that old gateman. And, oh! I'll never, never give those horrid turkeys any more corn!"

And for two days the barnyard fowls looked in vain for Rosalind.

The third morning Rosalind found a package beside her plate at breakfast time. What could it be? She opened it eagerly, and there, in a red leather frame, was the prettiest picture! A picture of a little girl in a white dress, with a hat covered with daisies, and a sash, and buckled shoes! *And behind this little girl were twelve handsome turkeys!*

"Oh! oh!" cried Rosalind. "It's *me!* and January, and February, and March, and all the other months! Who could have taken it?"

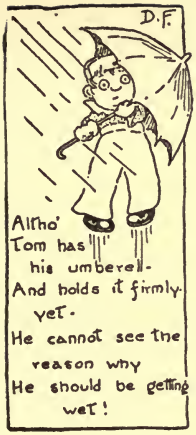
"Well," said Uncle Kent, "I happened to be near the post-office when you came along, and I happened to have my camera fixed for a snapshot."

"It's the loveliest picture!" said Rosalind. "And I know papa will be so interested in grandpa's turkeys!"

"Take it right up to the post-office," said mamma, "and it will reach Chicago in time."

"Yes, I'm going to," said Rosalind, "just as soon as I've given my dear turkey friends some corn."

"*Gobble, gobble, gobble,*" said January, loudly, when he saw Rosalind coming.



NONSENSE RHYMES

1

THE sun was up,
The day had come;
Miss Buttercup,
(The pretty one,)
Put on her cap
Of yellow silk,
And filled her lap
With buttermilk.

2

A LADY bug
Who had no home,
Was very snug
In honey comb.
The Buzzy Bee
Who owned the place,
Stood at the door
And made a face.

J. F. CROWELL.

3

FROM ridge to ridge
There swung a bridge.
Whose work, a thousand men?
Nay, in the night
A busy wight
Spun cross, again, again!

J. F. CROWELL.

4

MOTHER Moon,
Has on to-night
Her softly ruffled cap,
And her little
Children stars
Fill her broad blue lap.

AMANDA BARIS.

KEEP AWAY

THERE is a land of Grumbles,
And in Disagreeable Town
The children just do nothing
But grunt and scowl and frown.

I shouldn't think it pleasant
To live there long, should you?
Where grunting, scowling, frowning
Is all that they can do?

So if ever you should travel,
And stop at Grumble City,
And not come back, I think 'twould be
A most amazing pity.

HARRIET NUTTY.

THE CIRCLETS

THE Circlets celebrated
Just as loudly as they could,
The birthday of our nation,
As all loyal children should.

FIRST, they read the Declaration,
And "My Country, 'Tis," they sang,
Then they fired off their crackers
With a BANG, BANG, BANG!

FREDERICK WHITE.

Two Little Pairs of Shoes.

BY SUI SIN FAR.

ONE little pair was made of purple velvet bound with red and stitched at the toes with gold thread and little pieces of velvet to look like butterflies. The soles were made of about half a dozen layers of white cloth, and the whole had been put together and made comfortable and snug by the mother of San Kee, the little wearer.

The other pair was of scarlet satin, the toes elaborately embroidered to resemble a tiger's head, with beaded ears and eyes. The soles of this pair were similar to that of the other, and she who had made them was the honorable grandmother of Wing Sing, who wore them.

Wing Sing and San Kee were two little boys, each five years old, who were attending school for the first time.

"Silence!" commanded the teacher. And the fifty boys, who had been reciting their lessons at the tops of their voices for the last two hours, silenced.

In the midst of the quietness and stillness the two little pairs of shoes pattered from the back of the room to the front.

"Now, unworthy sons of most worthy parents," said the teacher, adjusting the blue goggles on his nose, "what is your dispute?"

"Oh, great and wise teacher!" exclaimed the owner of the scarlet satin shoes, "the little puppy dog, who is called San Kee, says that his shoes are superior to mine."

"Most honorable and learned one, the worm, Wing Sing, declared that my shoes were unfit to stand beside his," indignantly cried the boy with the purple patterns.

The teacher's blue goggles looked very severe.

"Your own words condemn you," said he. "You have both neglected the forms of politeness when addressing each other. That is plain. You shall both receive two strokes from the rattan."

"But, gracious and great one, declare which are the superior shoes?" impatiently cried the red satined one. His father rattaned him every day, and the promise of the two strokes disturbed his mind but slightly.

"Yes, honorable master, deign to declare the superior ones," pleaded San Kee, to whom the rattan was also familiar.

"'Tis not what a boy looks like that proves his superiority," remarked the teacher. "'Tis what he has done or has not done. 'Tis the same with shoes. What have these shoes done since you have been to school?"

"I know what the shoes of Wing Sing have done!" cried San Kee. "They kicked mine."

"Did San Kee's shoes return the kick, Wing Sing?" asked the teacher.

"No, honorable sir."

"Then, Wing Sing, your shoes are the inferior pair."

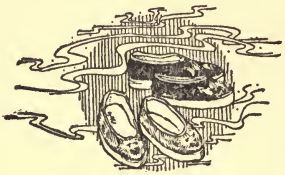
"But San Kee's shoes only did not

return the kick because your honorable pupil-teacher, Tai Wan, restrained them."

"Is that so, San Kee?"

"'Twould be impolite to contradict Wing Sing."

"Very well," said the teacher, pushing his blue goggles above his forehead, "your shoes, San Kee, also are inferior. You shall both recite your lessons for one hour after school—Wing Sing, for what his inferior shoes have done; and San Kee, for what his no less inferior shoes have not done."



DISCIPLINE

IN summer when I go to stay at Grandpa's farm in Maine,
The folks begin to talk to me soon as I leave the train
'Bout what they call good "dis-cer-pline," an' argue an' explain;

For Grandpa says if I were his, I'd be a better child;
An' Grandma says my saucy ways most nearly drive her wild;
An' then they both tell what they'd do if I should get them "riled."

But when my Grandpa catches me a-lying late in bed,
Or shooing off the guinea hens that come near to be fed,
Or knocking all his tools about, an' messing up the shed;

What do you s'pose my Grandpa does? He calls me straight to him,
An' says next time he'll "trounce me well," an' that I am a "limb,"
Then slips a nickel in my hand, an' says, "Don't tell her, Jim."

An' other times when I have been an' lost my Sunday hat,
Or peeked when there was company, or run an' hollered "Scat!"
Or tracked mud all about the house, or called my uncle "fat";

My Grandma leads me to her room, an' says she hopes I'll grow
To be a better boy some day, an' holds my hand just so,—
"An' take this piece of pie," she says, "but don't let Grandpa know."

An' so for all their scolding-talk I do not care a pin,
Though, 'course I never tattle tales, for that would be a sin,
But don't you s'pose I understand about their "dis-cer-pline"?

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

A NICE LITTLE GIRL

I HATE a nice new frock;
I'd rather not be clean;
I want to play some more,
I think it's awful mean
To have to be dressed up;
I'll cry out both my eyes,
I want to go out doors,
And make some nice mud pies!

HARRIET NUTTY.

MASTER TOM: "MERCY! IT'S A DOGFISH!"

A FIGHT WITH DRAGONS

By RUTH MERWYN

AUNTIE MAY had been telling her little nephews about the Faerie Queene and of the knights she had sent forth to do some brave deed. The children were especially interested in the story of how the Red Cross Knight had killed the great dragon when it tried to kill him.

"Oh, Auntie," cried Donald, his eyes shining with the marvel of it all, "how I wish there were dragons alive to-day and that one would try to wind himself about me. I'd just draw out my sword and fight until I had killed him deader than a door-nail."

"There *are* dragons alive to-day," said Auntie May, "and do you know, Donald, that one of them is winding himself about *you*. If you don't look out, by and by he will have you bound so tight that you cannot get free."

"Why, Auntie May!" Donald's eyes opened wide. "You're just fooling."

"No, I am not."

"Then what *do* you mean?"

"Well, I will tell you. This morning I sat sewing near the window when you children were playing out-doors, so I couldn't help hearing all you said. When someone suggested a race, you said, before the race began, that you *knew* you could beat them all. Then in the jumping match, whenever one of the other boys would jump, you said, 'Oh, *that's* nothing, I can do better than that.' So it was in all of the games, you *boasted* each time before you had a chance to play, and you kept telling what wonderful things you could do. A dragon called BRAG is winding his coils around you, and if you don't kill him, he'll conquer you. In the olden times the true knight did not *boast* of what he could do. He *did* the brave deed, and the people who saw it praised him. When a boy gets into the power of this dragon BRAG the other boys always dislike him, and do not give him credit even for what he *has* done."

Donald looked sober. At last he said, "Auntie May, I'm going to fight that dragon. I didn't know before that he was winding his coils around me."

"All right, dear," said his auntie, "I will be the Faerie Queene and send you forth to kill him. You must report to me from time to time about the battle."

"Can't I fight a dragon, too, Auntie?" asked five-year-old Robert.

"Yes, Robert, you have one to fight, but it is not the dragon BRAG. *Your* dragon is named SELFISHNESS. You know, dear, how *hard* it is for you to share your goodies with the other children. That's because of this dragon; so I will send you forth to fight him. The next time you have something to share,

do not stop to think how much you want it yourself, but think how much the other boy will like it. And, Donald, whenever you feel like bragging, you must *make* yourself keep still. Each time you do this, you will be wounding the old dragon, and by and by he will *die*."

For many days the children reported to the Faerie Queene. Sometimes they told of a victory, and sometimes it was of a defeat. The Queene praised and encouraged the knights and sent them forth again to renew the struggle.

Finally, one evening Donald said: "Oh, Auntie, I haven't bragged a single bit this whole week; and do you know, it isn't half so hard to keep still as it was at first. When I began the words would fly out almost before I could stop them, but they don't do that way now."

"Auntie May," reported little Robert, "to-day I gave more than *half* my candy to Charley Sift, and it didn't hurt me a bit."

The Faerie Queen kissed the children.

"My noble knights," she said, "you have done your work *well*. I'm sure you both will soon have the old dragons so dead that they will *never* come to life."

A SMALL SEAMSTRESS

A LITTLE girl went to a
sewing-bee;
She was scarcely more than half-
past three.
But she worked so well, for one
of her size,
That the needles stared with all
their eyes!

MARTHA BURR BANKS.

THE CHERRY TREE

By DORIS WEBB

ONE afternoon Louis came over to the big white house. "Let's take a nice long walk and have some 'ventures," he said to Eunice and Phyllis, who were sitting on the piazza steps.

"Oh, let's!" cried Phyllis; so she ran to get her sunbonnet and Eunice's sunbonnet, and told her mother they were going for a walk with Louis.

The three children started down the road and then turned into a field where the daisies came almost to their waists. It was a field they loved to play in, and where they often went to gather flowers, but this day they wanted to do something more exciting. So they went on, through another field and along a road, quite a distance, till they came to a large barn. It had a pointed roof and a shed at one side, but what interested the children was a big cherry tree near the shed—a lovely tree, just filled with delicious red cherries.

"Oh, I wish we could reach them!" said Eunice, and she stood on tiptoe, but her hand was a long way below the bobbing fruit.

"Well, I know how we can," said Louis. "There's a ladder, and we can climb on top of the shed and pick some cherries just as easy!"

So Louis climbed up, and Phyllis and Eunice followed. They crawled onto the shed, and found themselves within easy reach of the tree. So they started picking and eating the delicious red cherries. Suddenly they saw two men coming from the distance, and somehow those three children began to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Perhaps those men own the tree," said Louis. "I never thought of that. They may be angry because we're eating the cherries."

"Hide here," said Eunice, "and maybe they won't see us!" So they all crouched together under the eaves of the barn and kept very still. Pretty soon they heard two voices beneath them.

"You have some fine cherries there, farmer," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "and if I find anyone picking them, he'll be sorry."

THE BROKEN DOLL

"The cherries *do* belong to him!" whispered Eunice.

"Be very quiet," said Louis, "until they go away."

The three children felt very much like three mice who hear a hungry cat near by. After a while the voices grew more distant and then ceased. The two men had evidently gone away. Louis crawled carefully to the edge of the shed to see, but in a moment he crawled back again, looking puzzled. "The farmer's gone," he said; "but he has taken away the ladder. We can't get down!"

Then dear little Eunice, who always saw the funny side of things, began to laugh. "It's very funny to be left up on a roof!" she said; "I feel like a pigeon."

They kept as quiet as they could for a long time, because they were afraid the farmer would come back and find out that they had eaten his cherries. It began to grow late, and they were all tired and hungry, and wished they were home for supper; but they ate no more cherries. At last they heard a patter of hoofs, and looking up, saw the Darcys' pink pony and the Darcys' pony-cart coming down the road. And in the pony-cart were Louis' brother and sister, Joe and Helen.

"O Helen! Joe!" called the children, waving from the roof. The pony-cart stopped at once, and Helen and Joe climbed out. They ran up to the barn.

"How did you ever get there?" called Helen.

Three eager faces looked down at her over the edge of the shed. "Sh-h! Don't talk too loud!" said Louis, and he told them all about the cherries and the farmer.

"Mother sent us here to buy some cherries from the farmer," said Joe. "Here he comes now! Hide quick!" So back the three children scrambled to the eaves, and Helen and Joe waited for the farmer.

"Hello, youngsters!" he said, as he came up. "What do you want?"

"We—we want to buy some cherries, p—please," said Joe. He was *so* afraid the farmer would discover Louis and Phyllis and Eunice.

Then the farmer did a very surprising thing.

"Hello up there!" he shouted. "Do you children want to come down from that roof yet?"

"Yes, please," answered Louis in a quavering voice. "How did you know we were here?"

"Oh, I saw you," said the farmer, "and I thought I would give you a little scare, so I took the ladder away. You came after my cherries, did you?"

"Well, we didn't exactly do it on purpose," explained Phyllis; "we didn't know they belonged to anyone."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the farmer. "Well, come on down," and he brought the ladder out of the barn and put it up against the shed.

Louis and Phyllis and Eunice climbed down, and they were certainly glad to find themselves on the ground again. They found that the farmer was really very kind-looking, and he had a jolly way that made them feel quite happy again.

"They're friends of ours," explained Helen, "and the boy is my brother."

"Oh, are they?" said the farmer. "Well, suppose you all come up to the house and have a drink of milk. You are the Darcy children, I guess."

"Yes," said Helen, "and the others are Phyllis Murray and Eunice Wayne."

"Oh yes, yes," said the farmer. "I've heard of all of you. I used to play with Mr. Wayne when we were both boys."

Then he took them into the house. In the kitchen was the farmer's wife, a nice old lady, who was very kind to the children. They found it was not so late after all, for the time on the roof had seemed much longer than it really was. The farmer's wife gave them each a glass of milk and some rye bread and butter spread with honey, and they sat and ate it in the nice bright kitchen, while Farmer Mead told them a story of the time when *he* was a boy and a farmer caught him up a cherry tree and spanked him with a shingle.

When they had finished the bread and milk, the farmer went off to gather the cherries, and Louis and Joe went with him, while the three little girls walked through the garden with his wife. It was beautiful there in the garden in the late afternoon sunlight, with the dear old-fashioned flowers around, and the air cool and fragrant. The farmer's wife gave each of them a bunch of sweet flowers, and then all the children said good-by and promised to come again.

As they drove down the road behind the pink pony, Louis said: "Well, we've had our 'venture, and it ended very nicely, because I *do* like that nice farmer and his wife."

THE CIRCLETS

THE Circlets at the ocean
Were pleased as pleased could be.
They had often seen a sea-saw,
And now they saw the sea.

OF course, they went in bathing
And learned to swim and float,
While the kitten studied sailing
In a kind of catterboat.

FREDERICK WHITE.

Squirrels

THE WOE-BEGONE WIGGLE-DEE

A WIGGLE-DEE sat on the top of Peaks Pike,
A-wearing two hats on his head, just alike;
His hats were all covered with pop-corn and lace,
With rosettes of cabbage to add to their grace,
While a bow of green ribbon fell over his face.

He sported a pompadour twenty feet high,
While a cute little curl nestled o'er his left eye;
His wings were of leather and dyed baby-blue
While out of his tail seven white feathers grew;
And he carried an ivory cane when he flew.

His gloves were of brown tissue-paper, and they
Were washed, starched and ironed, three times every day.
He carried a dress-suit case, filled with pink pills,
A mince-pie or two, and a bottle of squills,
While in other spaces were stuffed doctor's bills.

On the top of Peaks Pike, as he sat there each night,
Presenting a truly magnificent sight,
The folks who passed by were astonished to hear
His words of complaining just when they drew near;
So they deemed him ungrateful and verily queer.

"O, dear!" he would sob aloud; then he would cry,
"I haven't a herring to eat with my pie!"
And then he would wail in a tone low and sad,
"I haven't a tooth-pick, and that is too bad!—
And no teeth to pick, if a tooth-pick I had.

"Now what I need most are the tooth-picks, you see;
And if I could have them I then would agree
To do without any red-herring. Dear, dear!
I'm self-sacrificing—O, very! That's clear.
Has anyone tooth-picks to sell, around here?"

Meandering by was a gay Muley-Cow;
Said she, "Lovely Wiggle-Dee" (this with a bow),
"I've ordered some tooth-picks; I hope you can wait,
For the car sprung a leak, so they'll not come till late,—
A very large invoice—ten bales to a crate."

The good news so worked on the poor Wiggle-Dee,
He cried such a flood that he barely could see.
The tear-drops continued to fall to the ground,
And there they piled up till they formed a high mound,
In which Wiggle-Dee and the Cow were both drowned!

S. VIRGINIA LEVIS.

THE THUNDERSTORM GIANT

By ELIZABETH C. WEBB

THE Thunderstorm Giant lived inside a great big huge mountain. Below it on all sides stretched a wide plain, planted with fields of corn and potatoes and cabbages, and dotted with little red-roofed houses. The mountain had once been a volcano, which is a very high-tempered sort of a mountain that spits out fire and smoke, but it had given up being that long before this story happened, and it was just a good meek mountain, covered with green forests, with a beautiful lake near the top. And the whole mountain was hollow inside. And in the hollow inside lived the Thunderstorm Giant. And he was hollow inside too.

If you have never seen a Thunderstorm Giant I'll tell you what he was like. He was very large, and he was all made of soft gray clouds. Most of the time he lay comfortably asleep, but whenever he woke and saw the blue sky through the hole in the mountain, he would jump up in a jiffy and cry, "My goodness gracious me! How late it is!" and he would climb out of the mountain, and sitting down on the rim of it, would begin shaving in a great hurry. He had a shaving brush as big as a tree and an enormous stick of shaving soap. And he would dip the shaving brush in the beautiful lake that was near the top of the mountain, rub it on the soap, and begin shaving in such a hurry that the lather would fly off into the air in all directions. Then the people away down on the plain would look up and shake their heads and say, "I'm afraid we're going to have a thunderstorm! Just look at all those great white clouds piling up over there!"

When he had finished shaving the giant would draw a long breath and fill himself so full of air that he stretched out and grew four times bigger than he was before. He was hollow inside, you remember, just like a rubber doll. And when he opened his mouth wide and blew the air out again, all the people down on the plain would hold on to their hats and run as fast as they could for home, and cry, "Oh, me! Oh, my! What a thunderstorm there's going to be!"

The giant when he saw all the people run so fast would shout with glee, and seizing his shaving brush would splash it in the lake till the water sprinkled down on the plain. And all the people would put up their umbrellas and run the faster.

Then the giant would shout with glee

again, and leaping down from the mountain, would rush over the plain, and blow and blow and blow till he blew all the people's umbrellas away, and blew all the wash off the lines, and sometimes he even blew the roofs off the houses. All these things the Thunderstorm Giant would pick up in his arms and then rush on over the fields, whirling round and shouting for joy; and he would carry them with him away to his home in the hollow mountain and play with them till he fell asleep. And when he woke and saw the blue sky through the hole in the top of the mountain, he would jump up in a jiffy and do the same thing all over again.

But one day he went just a little too far. He blew away Jack Robinson's new express wagon, handsomer than any express wagon you ever saw.

Now Jack Robinson was not the sort of boy to let such a thing as that happen without saying something about it. So bright and early the next morning he put his soap-bubble pipe in his pocket, and taking a paper bag full of cookies to eat on the way, he started off for the great big huge mountain to tell the Thunderstorm Giant what he thought of him.

He walked along the road whistling Yankee Doodle and eating cookies till he came to the foot of the mountain. Then he had to stop whistling, for he needed all his breath for climbing. About lunch time he reached the lake near the top of the mountain, where the giant used to shave.

"Now," he said, "I'll have a drink." And he stooped down and took some of the water up in his hands. But he didn't like i a bit. "Soap!" he cried in disgust.

Then he thought a minute. "Wherever did the soap come from?" he said.

He began looking about him, and by and by he found the giant's shaving brush and stick of shaving soap lying by the edge of the lake. When he saw how big they were and thought how big the giant must be who could use them, he began to be a little bit nervous. But he thought of Jack the Giant Killer and Jack and the Bean Stalk, and cheered himself up by telling himself that people named Jack seemed to be lucky in their dealings with giants, till he felt quite brave again. Then he crawled to the rim of the mountain and looked down. It was all full of soft gray cloud. That was the Thunderstorm Giant.

"Hello there!" called Jack.

The sides of the mountain echoed the words so that they sounded very loud, just as it does if you shout when you are going under a bridge. The Thunderstorm Giant woke up in a hurry and bounced out of the mountain. He thought he was late. He always thought he was late. So he caught hold of his shaving brush and began shaving as fast as an express train.

Jack walked up to him. "I said 'Hello,'" he remarked severely, "and you never answered me. Don't you know it's very rude not to answer when you're spoken to?"

The giant was so astonished that he put down his shaving brush and stared at Jack. He had never been so spoken to in all his life; and by a mite the size of Jack, too!

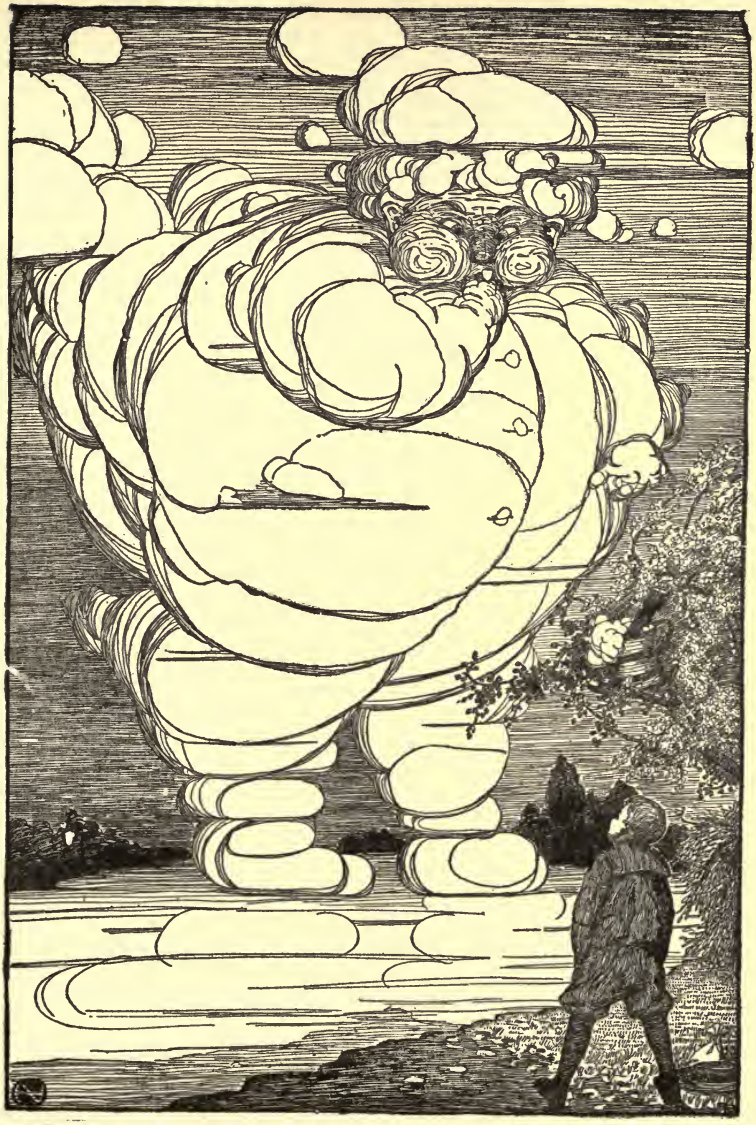
"It's not polite to stare," said Jack calmly.

"Who are you?" gasped the giant.

"Please," prompted Jack patiently.

"Well, who are you, please?" repeated the giant obediently, for he thought Jack must be a very powerful magician to dare to talk to him in that way.

"I'm Jack Robinson," said Jack in his grandest manner. "Perhaps you have heard of me?" he added carelessly



"'WHO ARE YOU, PLEASE?'" REPEATED THE GIANT OBEDIENTLY

"Why no," said the giant, "I don't believe I have."

"Is it possible!" said Jack. "Why, I'm the strongest boy in town!"

"You're not stronger than me!" cried the giant, quite forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"What can you do?" asked Jack.

"Oh," said the giant, "I can blow the roof off a house."

"Pooh!" said Jack. "That's nothing! Can you blow a soap bubble?"

"A soap bubble?" repeated the giant.

"You don't even know what a soap bubble is!" said Jack. "You're not nearly strong enough to blow one. Watch me!" And he took out his soap-bubble pipe, made a lather with the giant's shaving soap, and blew a large soap bubble.

"You see I do it quite easily," he said.

"Now let me try!" cried the giant.

And he dipped the soap-bubble pipe into the lather, filled himself full of air till he was four times bigger than he was before, and blew with all his might. Of course he broke the bubble all to pieces.

"Told you so!" cried Jack. "You're not as strong as I am. You don't blow nearly hard enough!"

The giant set his teeth. "I was just practicing," he said. "I can blow much harder than that."

"You'll have to," said Jack, "if you want to blow a soap bubble." So the giant filled himself cram-full of air so that he was four and three-quarters times larger than he was before, and he blew with all his strength and main. And he blew so hard that he blew himself right inside-out like a glove!

The inside of him was all lined with silvery clouds, but though it was very pretty Jack didn't stop to admire it. Before the giant could say "Jack Robinson!" he ran up and poked him full of little holes with the stem of his soap-bubble pipe! It didn't hurt the giant because he was just made of clouds.

Jack left him lying on the grass while he climbed down into the mountain and brought up his express wagon. Then he turned him right-side-out again.

"Dear me," said the giant in a dazed voice. "What happened?"

"You blew yourself inside out, that's all," said Jack. "I've poked you full of holes so that it can't happen again, only you won't be able to blow the roofs off the houses either, for when you try to fill yourself full of air a good deal of it will rush out through the holes."

"I'm very much obliged to you," said the giant. "I shouldn't like to blow myself inside-out again. Must you go?"

"Yes," said Jack, picking up his express wagon and starting down the hill. "I'm late for lunch now. Good-by," he called back, "told you you couldn't blow a soap bubble!"

OUR BABY

IF you have a little brother or sister, you know just how cunning our baby is—and how mischievous, too, perhaps.

Our baby would fill a whole book with funny things—and the cutest part of it is that she does not know she is a bit funny. She isn't three years old yet, and some people say she was slow in beginning to talk. But she talks now like a steam engine and never seems to tire of it.

What do you suppose she did the other day, the dear little mischief?

Well, it was Saturday afternoon, and she had just been freshly dressed in a beautiful, clean, starched white frock, and her hair brushed and curled, and a little curl at each side of her forehead tied out of her big blue eyes with pink ribbons. Then the water was turned on in the tub for Katharine's bath (Katharine is eight), and sister was told to play quietly until the expected company should arrive. Well, just as mother was twisting up Katharine's hair in a little top-knot and fastening it with a pin from her own hair, there was a terrible noise and cry from the baby, and we thought surely she had fallen down a whole flight of stairs.

We all jumped and ran. Grandma dropped her work-basket upside down on top of Rollo's head, which most frightened him into convulsions; and Uncle Ted, who had just come in with several bundles in his hands, dropped them and ran. And the poor baby—there she was in the bathtub! Her pretty fresh clothes were soaked with water, and she was sobbing as if her dear little heart would break. We fished her out, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to the nursery, where we found she was not a bit hurt, but only frightened. She had climbed up to get the nice, soft, slippery soap (which mother had forbidden her to touch). We thought that her fright was punishment enough, and begged mother not to make her stay upstairs the rest of the afternoon. Finally mother said all right, so we all tripped down; for Cousin Cecil was having a tea, and we wanted to meet her friends and show how sweet and orderly we looked when we were cleanly dressed.

Baby put her fingers in the cream dish when no one was looking, and spilled the whipped cream all over herself and the rug, and before we could get to her she had eaten almost all of it!

"O, sister!" cried mother, in dismay. "You shall go straight upstairs and to bed!"

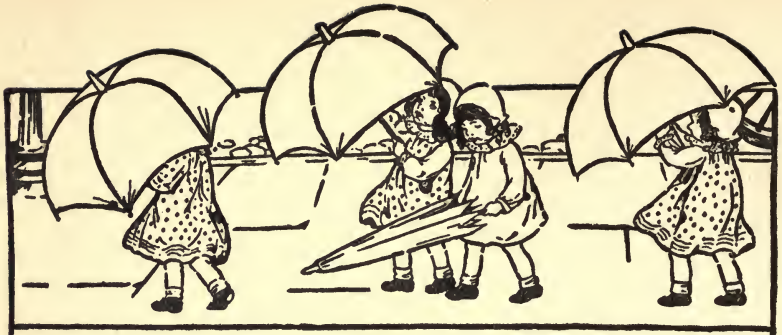
"I des helpin'," said sister, as well as she could for the cream in her mouth.

But mother was stern. "Take her up, Katharine," she said. "I will be up in a few minutes. You may undress her."

Then sister's lip began to tremble and her eyes filled with tears; then she saw father in the doorway. She calls him "Pops," and the two are great cronies.

"I des want to pug my Hops!" she sobbed with her little twisted tongue, and Pops carried her upstairs.

O, our baby is more fun, as the boys would say, than a barrel of monkeys.



HOW ALFRED SOLD HIS TEARS

By ANTON F. KLINKNER

ONCE upon a time there were three boys, and they each went to market. Fred took a basket of potatoes. The merchant was well pleased with them. Besides paying him in money he gave Fred an orange and told him to be sure not to lose the money on the way home.

Charlie took a chicken which his mother had prepared for him. The butcher was well pleased with the fowl, and besides paying him in money gave Charlie a pear and told him to be sure not to lose the money on his way home.

Alfred, the youngest of the boys, wanted to go to market also. He took a jar of milk, and on his way to the baker's he stumbled on a stone. The jar was broken and all the milk spilled.

Alfred felt very sad about it. When he reached the end of the street he found Fred and Charlie, who had waited for him. Because he had spilled the milk they teased Alfred. They could run much faster than he could, and so they left him to walk home alone.

Pretty soon a man came by, and seeing Alfred crying, he stopped and asked him what was the matter. Alfred told him and the man said:

"There is no use crying over spilled milk. Come, be a little man. I will buy the tears you have already shed."

Besides giving Alfred enough money to pay for the milk which he had spilled, he gave him a twenty-five-cent piece.

When Alfred got home he found Fred and Charlie crying. On the way home they had fought about carrying the money and had lost some of it. Papa gave them a lecture for quarreling.

Mamma was surprised to find Alfred smiling when he came in. Fred and Charlie had told her of the mishap in spilling the milk, and she expected he would be crying.

Alfred told her how the stranger had been so kind to him. Papa said:

"He laughs best who laughs last."

IT SNOWS AND IT BLOWS

By ADA B. STEVENS

SWISH! Swish! came the snow against the window. "Wo-o-o!" called the wind in the chimney. Elsie and Bob drew their chairs nearer to mamma, in her seat by the open fire.

"Now, mamma," they said, almost together, "tell us the story that grandma used to tell when you were a little girl."

So mamma began:

Once there was a little boy who lived all by himself in a house at the foot of the hill; and once there was a big man who lived all by himself in a big house at the top of the hill.

One day the man went to the little door, and knocked.

"It snows and it blows and it cuts my nose, please let me come in and warm my toes, and light my pipe and off I goes."

The little boy said, "No, I'm afraid you will carry me off."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

And so the little boy let him in.

He sat down by the fire and warmed his toes, and lit his pipe, and popped the little boy into his bag, and off he went!

But the boy was heavy, and the man dropped the bag behind a rock while he went to get a drink.

When he had gone the little boy climbed out of the bag, filled it up with stones, and ran away home.

When the man reached home and saw the trick which had been played upon him, he was very much vexed. The next day he went again to the little boy's home and knocked at the door.

He said, "It snows and it blows and it cuts my nose, please let me come in and warm my toes, and light my pipe and off I goes."

"No, I'm afraid you'll carry me off!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

So the little boy let him in.

He sat down by the fire and warmed his toes, and lit his pipe, and popped the little boy into his bag, and off he went!

But the little boy was heavy, and the man put the bag down behind a stone while he took a little rest. Pretty soon the man fell asleep.

As soon as the man was asleep, the little boy slipped out of the bag, filled it with sand, and ran away home.

When the man reached home and found no boy in the bag he was very angry. The next day he went to the little boy's house, and knocked at the door.

"It snows and it blows and it cuts my nose, please let me come in and warm my toes, and light my pipe and off I goes," he said.

"No," said the little boy, "I'm afraid you'll carry me off."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't."

So the little boy let him come in.

He sat down by the fire and warmed his toes, and lit his pipe, popped the little boy into a bag, and off he went!

This time he did not stop on the way home. When he reached the house, he put the little boy into a room, and locked the door.

When the man had gone, the little boy looked around for a way to escape. Finally he espied the fireplace; but just as he was climbing out of the top of the chimney, he heard the man coming after him.

"Ah, ha!" said the man, "I have you now, my fine fellow; how will you get down?"

"If you throw me up a rope," said the boy, "I can tie it around my waist, and you can pull me down."

So the man threw the rope, and the boy caught it. Quickly he tied it about the chimney.

"Now pull!" he called.

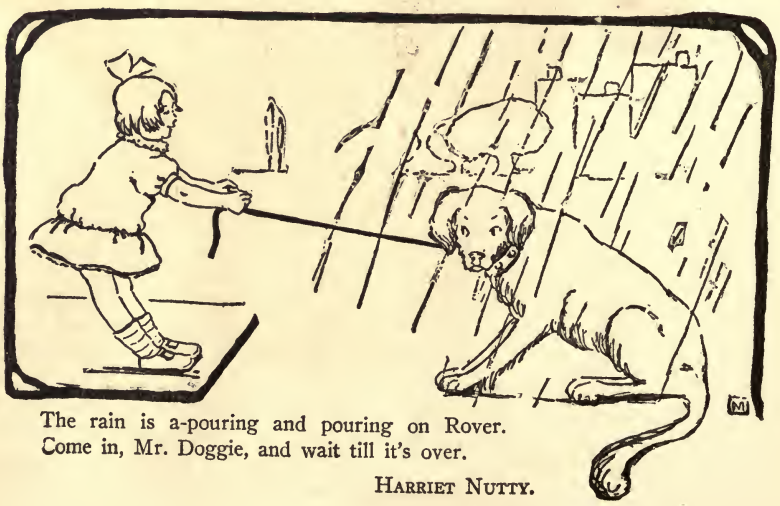
The man pulled, and the chimney came down on top of him; then the little boy climbed down and ran home.

Elsie and Bob each gave a great sigh of relief.

"Tell it again," said Bob. But mamma laughed and shook her head.

"Was he really hurt, mamma?" asked Elsie.

"No, dear," said mamma, "I think he was only frightened, so that he did not meddle with the little boy again; and so they lived peacefully ever after."



The rain is a-pouring and pouring on Rover.
Come in, Mr. Doggie, and wait till it's over.

HARRIET NUTTY.

THE MOON'S TEARS

By LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

I

NCE upon a time, a kind shepherd lived with his wife in a cottage on a hill. He spent each day from dawn till dark with the sheep on the green hillside, so he never knew what it was to feel lonely. But his wife had no one to keep her company, for the cottage stood far from any other dwelling, and she had neither neighbor nor child. In lambtime, it often happened that the poor sheep-mother died, and then the shepherd would bring the woolly orphan to his wife. Therefore, all the dark winter through, she looked forward to the spring.

One March evening, as she was hanging the pot over the fire, she looked at the snug chimney-corners and said aloud:

"A boy to the right, a girl to the left; that is what I want to see here."

The words were still upon her lips when there came a loud knock at the door.

"Open, open, wife!" cried the shepherd, "here are two lambs for you!"

She lifted the latch, and the cold wind blew in behind the shepherd, who was smiling as he held the lambs closely wrapped in his plaid.

"Give them to me, give!" cried the woman. She bore them to the hearth, and lo! when she unrolled the bundle it held no lambs, but two fair little children, who sat up blinking and spread twenty cold fingers to the blaze.

Imagine the woman's happiness! The shepherd had found them asleep, cradled in a mossy hollow between the roots of a tree. They had curly heads, and were so much alike that no one would ever have known which was which, if the girl had not worn a little green petticoat, and the boy a small pair of green breeches.

The shepherd's wife took the foundlings in her lap and covered them with kisses; then she gave them a good supper of bread and milk, made them a soft warm bed in the old oak chest, and sat beside them until they fell asleep smiling.

For many days the foster parents expected some rich stranger to appear and carry off their treasures; but nobody came within sight of the cottage; and before the next lambtime they had almost forgotten that the children were not their very own.

The two were always hand in hand. Bud and Sis they called each other. They were given the tenderest love, and the shepherd and his wife believed them to be happy.

II

One day Bud said to Sis:

"I know that great kingdoms lie beyond the meadows."

"No, Bud," she replied; "the woods lie beyond the meadows."

"We are very unhappy," said Bud then. "The cat can roam where she pleases; you and I must always keep within sight of this cottage; yet there are things in the world besides shepherds and sheep and green fields."

The SPRITE·STEPPED·OUT·OF·THE·FIRE·

That night when Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd were asleep, Bud helped Sis to climb out of the chest, and they went and sat in their nightgowns by the hearth. The fire was not quite out, the embers cast a red glow through the room. Puss was asleep close to the warm ashes, with her eyes shut tight and her paws neatly tucked in.

"If I were the cat," whispered Bud, "I know what I should be doing!"

One of the smouldering logs here fell asunder and a little flame darted out of the hollow. It looked like a flame, yet presently the children saw a tiny arm come out of it, and cling to the log; then a small face appeared, and there in the midst of the fire stood a whole little being, the smallest and the brightest they had ever beheld.

"Good-evening!" cried the sprite. "Where is the little boy who wants to be a cat?"

"It's I am the little boy," answered Bud. "I should be glad to be a cat."

"Then I must be a cat too, please, sir," said Sis, "for he's my brother."

The sprite stepped out of the fire, dragging behind him a string of blue transparent beads.

"Once in a thousand years," said he, "the moon cries over the world, and I gather her tears. Each tear cast into fire or water will make of you a different being. But first you must say:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, and frizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire!"

Sis bent forward, putting her hand down for the pretty beads, which the sprite, standing on tiptoes, held up; and the children had hardly thanked him before he stepped back into the fire and was gone.

"I shall let you wear the beads, Sis," said Bud, "for boys don't wear such things." But he first took one bead off the string, and holding his little sister's hand, said:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, and frizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire!"

Then he threw the blue bead into the hottest part of the fire.

"Cats, cats!" laughed he; "we shall be cats now!"

The moon's tear frizzled in the fire, and the children, crouching on the hearth, felt that they were shrinking.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "look down at your hands! They are growing black and furry."

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "look at your eyes! They are growing round and green."

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "your whiskers are tickling my face!"

"O, Sis," cried Bud, "curl your tail round the other way!"

Alas for the shepherd's wife if she had waked! There were no pretty children by the hearth now, but two strange cats sat purring side by side.

Presently Bud got up and stretched himself.

"Come," said he, "I am hungry!" and with one bound he leaped to the larder shelf, and began to lap up the milk.

"Don't, don't!" miaued Sis; "that is to-morrow's breakfast!" But Bud was a greedy cat and took his fill before he jumped again to the floor.

"I shall just wash my face a little, then we can be off," said he.

There was an old rat-hole in the back door, and they soon wriggled out into

the yard. The moon shone, the stars twinkled, the earth was dry and cold with frost; gaily the children capered off into the meadows and began to play about, springing head over heels and darting after each other's tails, like the two mad kittens they were now.

of the frozen leaves beneath their stealthy feet.

"Does no one live in the woods?" asked Sis. "I thought there would have been a nightingale."

"I believe," said Bud, "that you are afraid."

YULP! YULP! WENT·HIS·JAWS ::

"O," cried Bud, "I am glad to be a cat, I shall be a cat forever!" Then he bounded away to the woods with his tail in the air, and his little sister after him.

The woods were dark and silent; the only sound they heard was the crackling

"O no, I don't mind the dark," answered the little sister, "but is there nobody at all here?"

They paused and pricked up their soft ears: they stood quite still peering into the dark with all their might: yes, it was a

footstep they heard—a footstep *different* from their own. The little cats began to shiver. Among the rustling leaves a large strange creature was creeping toward them, whose eyes, like little lanterns hovering side by side, grew larger and greener and brighter: closer and closer they came, until a great gray wolf stood before them, breathing in their faces.

"Yulp, yulp!" went his jaws, but with a loud screech the two cats sprang away, right and left, scrambling up two tall trees. The only thing Mr. Wolf got for supper that night was the tip of Bud's tail; and he presently went back to sulk in his den.

It was long before the children dared to speak.

"Miau!" cried Sis, "where are you, Bud?"

"Miau!" cried Bud, "where are you, Sis?"

"Bud! shall we go home?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Bud. So home they crept. The beads were still round Sissy's neck; they took one, and threw it down the well.

> "Moon's tears, moon's tears,
> Wait again a thousand years—
> Water drown, and frizzle fire,
> Give me now my heart's desire!"

As Bud spoke the last words, their furry coats began to disappear, and they felt that they were growing.

"Quick, Bud!" cried Sis, "or we shall be too big for the hole in the door."

They were too big already; and they spent the rest of that night shivering behind the woodstack in their nightgowns, with their arms around each other.

When the shepherd found them there next morning, he fetched a birch rod to whip them for having tried, as he thought, to run away; but his wife stayed his arm.

"They are not ours," she cried, "they are but lent to us awhile. How do we know what their needs are? Perhaps we have not loved them enough."

So she forgave them her heart's pain, warmed them well, fed them, kissed them, and put them into the chest for a good sleep; but first she mended a funny little tear there was at the back of Bud's nightgown, just below his waist.

III

The next night, when Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd were fast asleep, Bud said to Sis:

"We made a mistake. I don't really care about being a cat. Squirrels are happier; they can jump from tree to tree and need never run on the ground at all."

So saying, he took one of the beads and burnt it.

What would the shepherd's wife have said, had she waked and seen those squirrels sitting up quite at home by the fire? She never could have said they were not pretty. They had sunny coats, large dark eyes, and beautiful furry tails folded right along their backs.

Bud fetched two nuts from the crock in the larder, and they ate their supper comfortably before starting for the woods through the hole in the door.

"I am glad to be a squirrel!" cried Bud as he ran ahead in little leaps, his outstretched tail just lifted off the grass. "I shall be a squirrel for ever!"

But they had not gone half way to the woods when their teeth began to chatter.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "I am so cold!"

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "so am I!"

A wise old sheep, the wisest of the flock, heard them.

"B-a-a-a-a!" said she. "Come here

and warm yourself in my wool. What are you doing out of doors at this time of year, eh?"

Bud and Sis curled themselves up beside her; they felt too cold to speak, but she went on talking all the same.

"Don't you know, stupids, that squirrels ought to lie asleep all the winter? A warm hollow tree is the proper place for you. What are you going to do now, eh? If you don't make haste and hide yourselves, the hawk will have you both; I heard him cry out just now that he was hungry."

"Bud," whispered Sis, "shall we ask the kind lady to see us home?"

"No, no," answered Bud, "for I dare say she tells the shepherd everything. Come along with me."

So they just said "Thank you," and bounded homeward as fast as ever they could; their freezing limbs could hardly carry them, yet they managed to creep in at the back door, and Bud, seizing his sister's tail in his teeth, dragged her to the fire and rubbed her warm again.

"O!" said Sis, "I thought that I was dead!" And presently when the bead was burnt, and the children lay huddled together in the chest, Bud said: "Of course it was very nice to be a squirrel; but I think we shall be birds next time."

IV

For a month or two the children were so good and gentle that the shepherd's wife loved them more than ever. But one spring morning they hardly touched their porridge at breakfast, and she thought they were fretting; so with many a kiss she sent them out to play in the sunshine, and hastened through her scrubbing so that she might cook them a good dinner.

At midday they were both behind the woodstack, watching the cottage roof. They were waiting for the first swallow; and behold he came that very morning, bringing his wife with him. The weary birds, flying low, swooped up to the chimney stack and sat still awhile; then they began to twitter, and to preen the brave wings that had brought them over seas. Thereupon Bud stood up, took off his sister's necklace, and dropped a bead into the water bucket. He had not forgotten the words:

> "Moon's tears, moon's tears,
> Wait again a thousand years—
> Water drown, and frizzle fire,
> Give me now my heart's desire!"

"We shall be swallows soon!" cried he

"Bud! Sis!" called the shepherd's wife, "come to dinner, my lambs! There are dumplings full of currants, and treacle pies." But the children never answered. When she went out into the yard to fetch them, she saw the blue shimmer of two birds that rose from the woodstack and flew right away, over her head. She remembered all her life that she had lost the children the day the swallows came back.

Bud and Sis flew away in silence, over the meadows, over the woods; they had *never* been so happy The sun was upon them; their wings beat the soft air; they were not far above the earth, yet they seemed more than half-way between the earth and the heavens. Beyond the woods came a valley, and they saw a river wind its way towards a distant city. The air grew warmer and warmer as they flew down from the heights.

For seven days they flew, and rested seven nights; the glittering vision seemed

THEY WERE WAITING FOR THE FIRST SWALLOWS

to fly before them, yet they were still happy. At last one day they found themselves perched upon the city's tallest tower; and a wonderful sight it was they gazed upon. The roofs of the houses were all of gold and silver, the walls were of jasper, of onyx, and of jade; the windows were of crystal, the doors of ivory and scented sandal-wood; and precious stones glistened and shone on every nail.

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "we need never see the shepherd's cot again!"

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "I shall stay with you, always."

Then they flew down to the king's palace. The king and queen were walking in the garden; their clothes were so rich and heavy that they could not carry them alone; there were pages all around them, train-bearers, mantel-bearers, sleeve-bearers, chain-bearers; they walked solemnly, slowly, amid the loveliest flowers; but they were pale, and they never smiled. On either side of them, in stately rows, walked the ladies and gentlemen of the court. Bud and Sis had never looked upon so many people before.

Presently a band of dancers was seen coming along a side alley roofed with roses; the king and queen and all the court sat down upon the green grass and watched the dancing. When it was ended, they took off their rings and threw them at the dancers. Then the whole court rose and went indoors.

"Sis!" said Bud, "you and I will be dancers too and dance before the king and queen; they will cover us with jewels, we shall dance so beautifully; and then we can be rich, and live here forever."

He had hardly spoken before something went "Ping, ping" against their breasts, and the two little swallows dropped breathless from the branch where they were

THE·KING·AND·QUEEN·

perching. There were no birds allowed in the king's garden, so the gardener had shot them with his pea-shooter; but, seeing they were strange birds, he took them at once to the palace.

"Send for the bird-stuffer!" said the queen. "They are just what I want for my new hat."

So Bud and Sis were laid, side by side, on their backs, upon a shelf in the anteroom, and left for dead; but the pea-shooter had only stunned them, and Sis had heard every word, so she pecked Bud till he awoke and told him all. In a trice he had taken one of the moon's tears—for the beads shrank with the children and never left them; there was no water in this room, but a little lamp burned over the door, so he flew up with the bead in his beak and burned it.

"Dancers, that is what we shall be now!" cried he. "Dancers to the king!"

Their wings fell off immediately, and they felt themselves growing taller than they had ever been before.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "how beautiful you are!"

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "it is you that are beautiful!"

When the bird-stuffer came to skin the swallows, he saw before him the loveliest youth and maiden that ever yet were seen. Their skin was as white as new milk, their eyes were as blue as the sky in June, and their hair was the color of flame.

"Who are you?" cried the bird-stuffer.

"Please, sir," answered Bud politely, "we are strangers who wish to dance before the king."

"Ho-ho!" thought the man, "I shall get a reward for this!" So he fetched his trumpet and told the children to follow.

V

The court had finished supper, and was assembled in the Hall of Wonders. "Too-too-roo-too-roo-too!" went the trumpet. The crowd fell apart and Bud and Sis, blinded by the splendor of what they saw, found themselves in the presence of the king.

"My liege!" cried the bird-stuffer, "I bring your majesty the Marvel of the World. What is my reward?"

The king took aff three rows of emeralds and threw them at the man, who bowed and left the hall hastily.

"Who are you?" asked the queen, while hundreds of eyes stared, amazed at the beauty of the children.

"We are your dancers, madam," replied Bud.

"Dance. then!" cried the king.

The floor on which the children stood immediately began to rise; they found themselves alone on the island in a sea of upturned faces, and the air was quivering with unseen music. Poor little Sis folded her hands together; a great fear seized her lest she might not know how to dance. But the music was so lovely and so enticing that soon her feet began to twinkle and her arms to wave about like water weeds in a stream; her hair, too, began to dance all alone, now as if blown by the wind, now encircling her with snake-like ringlets; and her body, never still, bent and swayed and swung to and fro, as wildly as a reed in the gale, as gentle as a spray of blossoms in the breeze. She felt that Bud was dancing with her; sometimes their hands met, or their arms entwined; now and again he caught her round the waist and whirled her into the air like an autumn leaf. She danced on and on until nothing seemed above or below her, and the lamps became glittering streams of light that enlaced her as she whirled free of the earth; the murmuring of the crowd told her that she was dancing as no mortal maid had ever danced before.

Suddenly there burst from that sea of faces the roaring and howling of an awful tempest, and she fell, hit by something hard and cold. What was it that hit her? Again. . . . again. . . . She raised an arm to shield her face, while her cries were drowned in the clang and clatter and jangle of the jewels that rained upon her from every side.

"O Bud!" cried the poor little dancer, "save me! save me!"

Still they fell—chains of gold, ropes of pearl; diadems of diamonds, until the children lay buried beneath a glittering mound.

SHE·DANCED·ON·AND·ON·

VI

It was night when the king returned to the dark and silent hall, secretly, bringing with him a lantern and the grave-digger.

"Dig out these dancers," said he; "you shall have a hundred rubies if you dig them out alive."

So the man took his spade and shoveled away the jewels until the poor children were released. They stood up hand in hand, and Sis was crying. "I want a wife for my son," said the king. "For what sum would you sell your sister?"

"Sell my sister?" cried Bud. "Sell my sister?"

"You shall have half my jewels and half my kingdom," said the king to Sis then, "if you will marry my son."

"O, sire!" replied she, "your son is a stranger to me. How can I marry without love?"

The king looked puzzled.

"What is love?" asked he. "I offer you every jewel known to me; is love the jewel of your country? If so I shall send my merchants to buy me a shipload, and you shall have it all."

Bud and Sis burst out laughing. "You cannot buy love," said they.

Now the king had never seen anyone laugh before, and it made him very angry; so he blew his whistle for the guards and sent the poor little dancers off to prison.

Prison was dark and cold; the children sat down upon the stones and put their arms around each other.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "I wish we were by the fire at home."

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "it is very lonely here!"

And they both thought of the shepherd's wife who had loved them.

The fire-sprite could not help them now; the moon's tears were round Sissy's neck, but there was neither fire nor water in the dungeon.

"How could we get away?" asked Sis, "without a hole to fly out of?"

"There is a hole," replied Bud, "there is the key-hole; we could get out if we were spiders."

They hugged each other a little more closely, and when presently Sis began to cry, Bud was not ashamed to cry with her.

VII

Then a wonderful thing happened. They heard a curious hissing sound; one of Bud's tears had fallen upon his sister's neck, and wetted a bead.

"Quick!" cried Bud, "we will be spiders now!"

> "Moon's tears, moon's tears,
> Wait again a thousand years—
> Water drown, and frizzle fire,
> Give me now my heart's desire!"

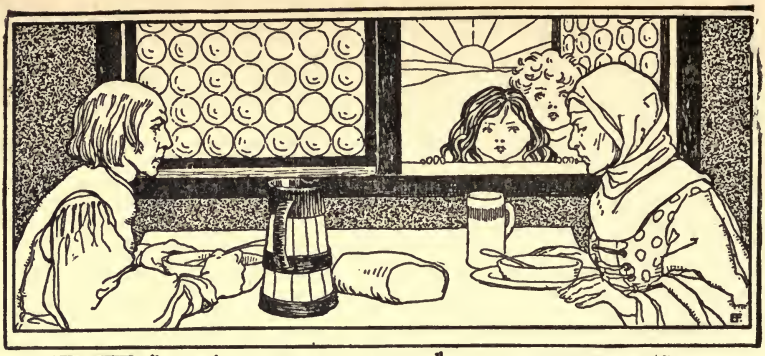
Instantly they began to shrink.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "I believe I can see in the dark!"

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "I see an enormous hole in the door, but it's very high up."

They had eight legs apiece now, so they soon scuttled up to the key-hole and let themselves down on thick ropes of their own spinning. The passage looked so high that they could not see the roof; it was as wide as a great river, and the two little spiders hastened along, keeping close to the wall. They had not gone far before they saw a band of giants coming in the distance.

"Let us climb upon them," said Bud, "that they may take us out into the air."



"SHE'S BEEN CRYING" WHISPERED SIS

The guards grew larger and larger as they drew nearer, until, when they stood to talk a minute, nothing was visible to the spider-children but the enormous heels of their boots, which seemed to stand as high as houses. On to one of these Bud now pushed his sister, and while the man strode along the passage and up the stairs, they both had time to climb up him.

"What's this tickling my neck?" said the guard. But by the time his great hand appeared, the spiders had reached the brim of his hat, which blew away as soon as ever he reached the yard. Before he could pick it up, Bud and Sis were safely lodged in a chink between two stones.

So far all had been well, but there was neither fire nor water in sight, so the poor little things, after a short rest, trudged off in search of the garden. It took them a whole day to find the fountain, and the sun was setting when at last the moon's tears gave them their swallows' wings again. Although it was almost dark, they could not sleep in this city, where love had never been; so they flew by moonlight to a wood, and there roosted in the shelter of green leaves.

Each morning they started early on their flight to the highlands where home lay. They did not often speak, for they were very tired; but when they spoke it was of sheep and shepherd, of the cottage, of the hearth, and of the shepherd's wife.

VIII

At sundown on the seventh day they beheld the wood where, long ago it seemed, they had rambled on their cat-night. No swallows coming from over seas had ever been so weary.

"O Bud!" cried Sis, "I think I hear the ripple of a brook!"

"O Sis!" cried Bud, "give me the beads." And before the sun was out of sight, there beside the brook, close to the tree where the shepherd had first found them, they became little children again.

"This time," said Sis "we shall be our own selves forever!"

The beads were still in Bud's hands; there were just three left.

"We would better keep these," said he; "we may want them again." And in spite of his sister's prayers he put them in his pocket. Then they started hand in hand across the meadows, cheered by one dis-

tant speck of light that twinkled in the gloaming.

The shepherd and his wife were having supper when the children stood on the chopping-block outside the window, and looked in.

"She's been crying," whispered Sis.

"There's bread and milk for supper," whispered Bud. And, holding his sister by the hand, he opened the cottage door.

"Mother," said he, "are there any dumplings left?"

Which cried and which laughed most, no one could ever tell, for they all laughed and cried together. The shepherd forgot to fetch the birch, as he had always meant to do, and the children, upon their foster parents' knees, supped happily in their dear home.

That night when all was dark and still, Sis waked to find herself alone in the oak chest; Bud was gone, and the little girl's heart began to throb with fear. She sat up, but before she had time to follow her brother, she heard him clambering up the side of the bed.

"O Bud!" she whispered, "why did you open the back door?"

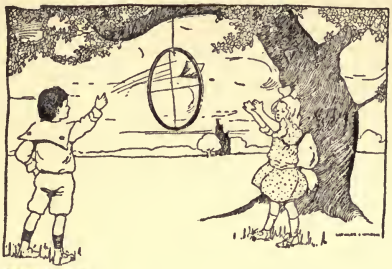
"To throw the moon's tears into the water bucket!" said he.

BED-TIME

DEAR child, if you would well-bred be,
These simple rules learn carefully:
In going to bed, be sure with care
Your clothes to hang upon a chair.
Your tie or ribbons smooth and fold
So they'll be fresh e'en though they're old.
Brush well your teeth: like shining pearls
Should glow the mouths of boys and girls.
Wash face and hands; smooth out your hair,
And kneel to say your evening prayer.
Then prancing into bed you go—
A well-bred child from crown to toe.

KATHARINE
NEWBOLD
BIRDSALL

BEAN BAG GAMES



BEAN bags are splendid summer companions. When you tire of other sports, or have to keep in the shade or on the piazza for any reason, make some bean-bags and try the following games.

A good size for the bag is six inches square. Any scraps of gingham or strong muslin will do to make the bags. If your material is thin, use it double. Stitch together carefully with a "backstitch," or by machine, leaving half of one side open to put the beans in. If you have no round white beans in the house, they are easy to get from the grocer, and very cheap. A pint will make two good bean bags. Carefully overhand the hole together.

Three-Cornered Catch

Or it may be four or five-cornered, depending upon the number of persons playing. For the three-cornered game two bags should be used, the players to stand in a triangle as far apart as they can throw quickly and well. Throw to the person on the left as quickly as possible. The object is to get two bags at the same time to one person, which makes him lose ten points. A poor throw (less than three-fourths of the distance to the catcher) loses five for the pitcher. A poor catch on a throw *more* than three-quarters of the way loses five for the catcher.

The game is won by the one who has the lowest count when the players are tired. Four persons, or, in fact, any number, may play; increase the number of bean bags as the number of players increases.

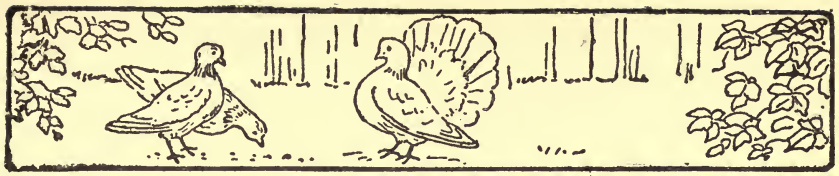
Hurdles

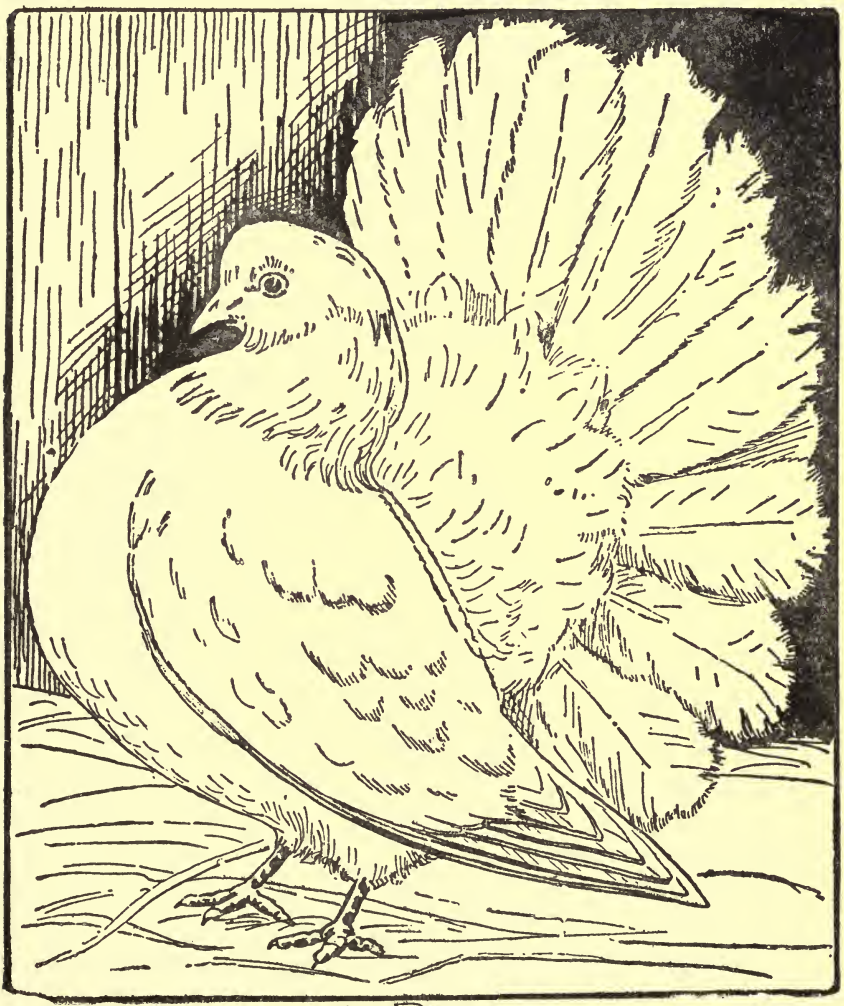
Tie a cord to one corner of a bean bag. The players form a circle about the Ringmaster, who holds the cord and swings the bag in a circle on the floor or grass. Each player in the ring must jump over the bag as it reaches him. Those who do not jump quickly enough are "counted out" and must leave the circle. It takes practice to swing the bag well, also to jump quickly and with judgment.

Hoople-Hop

Tie strings across the hoople to make four equal sections, and hang the hoople from the limb of a tree, or in a doorway. The object is to stand nine or more feet away and throw the bean bag through each of the four holes, to the other player, without touching either the hoople or the cord. A count of *ten* for the thrower is made for each successful throw; *five,* if the bag goes through, but touches somewhere. The catcher counts *ten* if he catches the bag when it hits the hoople or string (as this makes its direction waver, and so it is harder to catch). The catcher counts *five* when he catches a clear throw (on which the thrower counts *ten*). The thrower becomes the catcher after the thrower has had one try for each space. The game is two hundred. Any number may play by taking turns, each being pitcher and catcher an equal number of times.

The game may be made more exciting and harder by making the spaces in the hoople half-size, or in eighths.





A Pigeon.

JOHN-A-DREAMS

By LOUISE OCTAVIAN

LITTLE John Carleton was so absent-minded that no one ever knew what he was going to do next. "A regular John-a-dreams," declared papa. And the school-boys were tired of shouting after him:

"Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son, John,
Went to bed with his stockings on.
One shoe off, one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son, John."

But, oh, dear me! This dreaming John did far worse things than going to bed with his stockings on. He was always thinking so very hard about something else that he never had any thoughts left for the thing he was doing, and thus many and varied were his mishaps.

One Sunday morning papa and mamma had company, and the children were going to church alone.

"Now, Bert," said mamma, "don't wiggle. And Edith and Dottie, remember not to whisper. And O John-a-dreams, please, please try just this once not to do anything dreadful."

"Yes, ma," said John-a-dreams.

"Better take a nap, Johnnie," said papa. "Sleeping dreams are safer than waking ones."

"Yes, pa," said John-a-dreams.

The church was warm, and the sermon very long. Just in front of John sat a little old lady, who looked as though she might be a very nice grandma.

"I wish I had a grandma," thought John, sleepily counting the buttons on the back of her cape.

Pretty soon the old lady began to nod gently. John yawned and tried to count the beads on her bonnet. Ten . . . twenty . . . thirty . . . forty . . . forty-five . . . forty-six . . . forty-seven . . . John-a-dreams and the little old lady were both asleep.

For a little while they slumbered peacefully, then John-a-dreams began to dream in earnest. It was twilight in his dream, lovely, and cool, and still. He was out in the garden watering the nasturtiums. The new moon was shining over his right shoulder.

"I will wish," said John-a-dreams.

Suddenly it grew darker, and a cold breeze rustled through the bushes. John-a-dreams felt queer and shivery. Then *something* came round the corner of the wall—O such a strange *something!* A wee, fantastic thing it was, and John-a-dreams thought it must be a hobgoblin, whether a he hobgoblin or a she hobgoblin he could not tell, but a hobgoblin it certainly was, and coming right after him. He tried to run, but was unable to move. Nearer and nearer came the hobgoblin. John-a-dreams screamed wildly and hit it in the head with the watering-pot.

Then the minister stopped preaching, the girls in the choir giggled, and the whole congregation stared in amazement at the Carleton pew, for John-a-dreams had knocked off the little old lady's bonnet!

Then the cross old sexton came hurrying down the aisle, and carried him, still half asleep, out of the church.

"O John-a-dreams! John-a-dreams!" sighed mamma, when she heard the dreadful story.

"Papa said sleeping dreams were safe, but they aren't," sobbed John.

Then, to everyone's surprise, there came a note from the little old lady inviting John to tea.

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go!" cried John in dismay.

"But you must," said mamma, "and you must apologize just as nicely as ever you can."

So at five o'clock a very dejected-looking boy knocked at the old lady's door. And, O, what a jolly old lady she was! And what a merry, merry time they had! They sat down to a little round tea-table covered with all sorts of goodies. There were tiny, sweet biscuits, and delicious little cakes, and star-shaped cookies! There was honey! There was jam! There was fragrant black-currant tea! Before he knew it John was telling his dream about the hobgoblin.

Then how the old lady laughed. "Now let me tell you *my* dream," said she, "for *I* was asleep too, and surely *I* am old enough to behave better. I dreamed I was taking tea with a nice little old man. We were telling each other story after story of long ago times, and having such a cozy, comfortable meal! Then I got up to fill the tea-kettle, and the little old man hit me in the head with a pink frosted cake!"

"That was when I hit the hobgoblin!" cried John.

"Yes," laughed the old lady, "that was you hitting the hobgoblin."

"I'm so very, very sorry, ma'am," said John, remembering his apology.

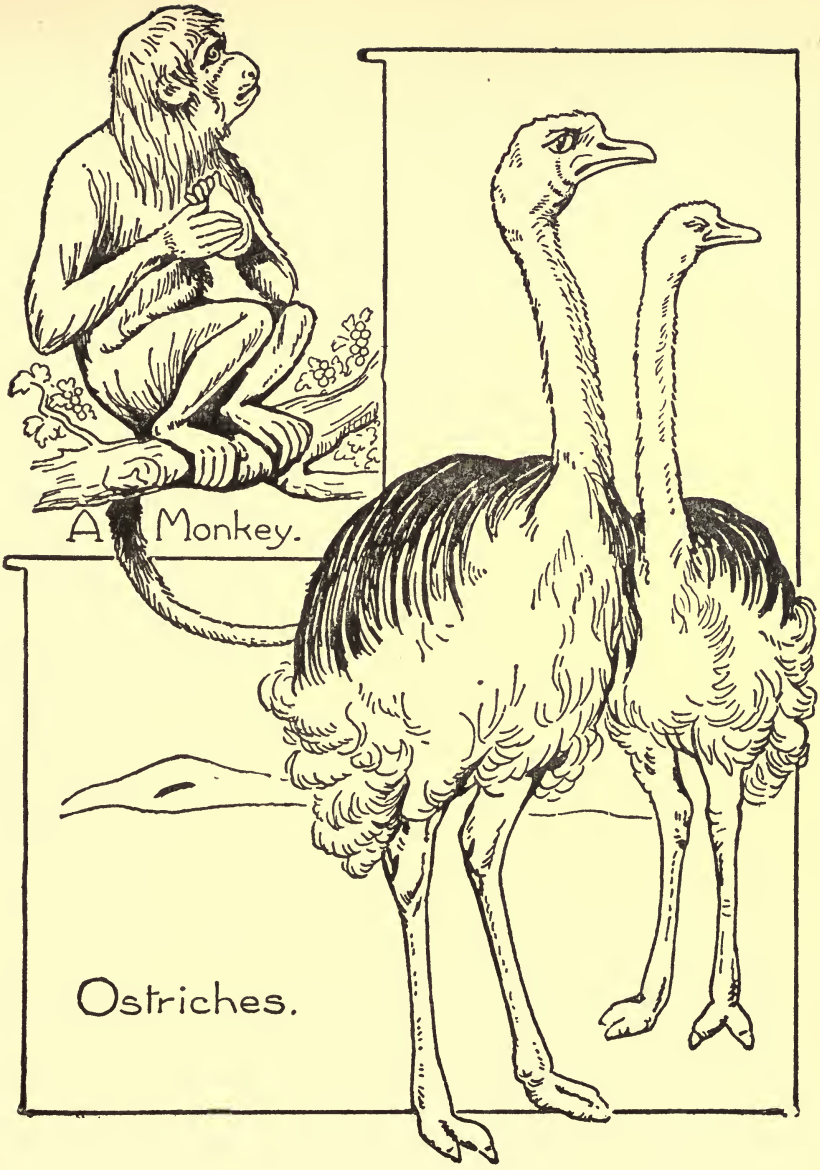
"O, it didn't hurt the bonnet a bit," said the nice old lady, "and next Sunday I'll try to keep awake."

"So will I," said John-a-dreams.

THE MAJOR'S FOURTH OF JULY

Grandpa is so feeble he walks with a cane,
And last Fourth of July he sat aching with pain.
You would never suspect he had fought in the war,
When he asked what we wanted those firecrackers for.
But our mother remembers when Grandpa returned
From the war, with a medal his gallantry earned;
There it hangs with his musket and sword on the wall,
With the Star Spangled banner draped over them all;
And the neighbors call Grandpa "the Major" since he
Fought so bravely to make this "the land of the free."
But poor Grandfather fretted that Fourth of July,
And declared with a sigh that he didn't see why
This particular day two such sensible boys
Should insist upon making a deafening noise;
Saying, as for his part, he expected to *choke*
With the horrible smell of the powder and smoke;
And then he declared that he didn't see why
Boys should make such a fuss about Fourth of July.
Mother smiled as she tenderly patted his head,
"You and I may escape all this tumult," she said.
"You shall tell me a story of days long gone by,
And we two will forget it is Fourth of July."
Still, dear Grandfather watched us prepare for the fun,
With our crackers and matches and little toy gun;
Then when Tom fired a cracker and I gave a shout,
With the first smell of powder came Grandfather out;
And the way that he marched up and down made it plain,
That "the Major" was fighting his battles again.
"Hip, hurrah, lads!" he cried, as he joined in the sport,
"Reinforcements have come, don't surrender the fort!"
Touched a match to our crackers and fired the whole lot!
As he asked us, "Is *this* all the powder you've got?
Right about! Forward! March! Get some more, double
quick!"
Was the Major's command as he flourished his stick.
"*I'll* show you," he said, with a flash of his eye,
"How patriots celebrate Fourth of July!"

MARY A. POWERS.


A Monkey.
Ostriches.

CHIP AND MUNKEY

By KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL

HIPPY wagged his beautiful tail as he frisked about the cage.

"I do declare!" he exclaimed, stopping to daintily eat a piece of nut-meat which a certain curly-haired little girl had thoughtfully dropped in a few minutes before. "I do think we have been shamefully treated. Not that I blame Miss Curly Head a bit, for she's a dear, sweet little human being, and she has been very kind and considerate. But if *I* had been building a cage for you, my dearest Munkey, it should have been made of pure gold."

"But you would not have built me a *cage,*" chattered Munkey. "You would have built a nest—a soft, warm nest in a tree, where we would have been safe from horrid barking dogs. And we would have been happy and free to wander over the whole wide world, had we wished."

"And then," whispered Chip, drawing close to Munkey's warm, furry side, "and then we should have cuddled close together at night, all warm and cosy. And who knows but that before long some dear little bright-eyed babies would have come to cuddle there with us?"

"Oh, who knows!" sighed Munkey. "I should be ashamed—so ashamed—to bring children up in a place like this," she continued. "Why, it is a disgrace to a family of well-bred Chipmunks to live here."

Chippy scratched his head thoughtfully, then wiggled his curving tail in delight.

"I have it—I have it!" he cried gleefully. "Let us move out, my dear."

"Move out!" cried his wife, stopping her dusting (which she accomplished with her tail). "This is no time to be joking, husband—I am feeling very blue."

"We will escape," chirped Chippy, kissing his little wife. "This house, my dear, is not a regular squirrel house. It is only an old hoop skirt that belonged to little Miss Curly Head's grandmother when she was a young lady. Think of walking with a wire thing like this fastened to one's waist! How awkward *you* would find it, my dear!"

Munkey shivered.

"Miss Curley Head has fastened other wires over open spots to keep us safe in here—but I have just made a discovery. *My dear,* there is a hole at the top!"

Mrs. Chipmunk turned her bright little eyes upward; sure enough there was the hole! She and Chip both scrambled up to investigate, and found it quite easy to poke not only their inquisitive little noses through, but their bodies and furry tails too.

Such a frisky, jolly time they had in the old attic, rummaging among old clothes and furniture, and exploring every nook and cranny in the place. They even scented out a bag of nuts left from the fall gathering and helped themselves liberally. At each sound on the garret stairs they scurried back to the old hoop skirt and dashed inside, pretending they were still humdrum squirrels and had not discovered the wonderful doorway to freedom.

"How lively they are!" cried Miss Curly Head. "I almost think I hear them

scurrying across the floor before I open the door."

As the spring days warmed, and the birds caroled love songs to their mates, little Curly Head would open the window to give them air, and then often forget to close it. So spruce little Chippy and his dainty wife with great heart-throbs of delight climbed to the sill. There before them in all the glory of its spring splendor and the freedom of nature, lay the great world they had almost forgotten. That one sight gave the little couple the desire to travel and find a home more suited to their freeborn tastes, and so they planned to run away from Miss Curly Head. Night after night when human folk were dreaming in bed, Chippy and Munkey industriously carried nuts and seed from the bags in the garret, out to the roof, down a convenient cherry tree by the house side, across the lawn and the old stone wall, to the shelter of the chestnut tree on the hill. There they prepared to live; they built their cosy home just big enough for two, and perhaps some hoped-for little visitors, and laid in a good stock of food. And all this time Miss Curly Head thought they were behaving as well-tamed little chipmunks should!

Then one bright day, early in the morning when the sun but not Miss Curly Head had risen, Chippy and Munkey said goodbye to the old hoop-skirt home and started off, to return no more.

"I have left a loving kiss with the old lady andiron for dear little Curly Head," sighed Munkey as she scrambled up to the sill. "I hate to have her think we do not love her and are ungrateful for her care; but we love liberty as much as she does."

"We are freeborn," added Chippy, "and free we will live."

So little Miss Curly Head found the

old hoop skirt cage empty when she came to feed her pets that morning, and search as she would about the garret, not a sign of them could she find. Crying bitterly she ran downstairs to tell the sad loss and bury her head in mother's lap for comfort. Mother went up to the garret to help in the search.

"Why, my little girlie!" she exclaimed when she saw the old hoop skirt cage. "There is a big hole in the top, dear. I wonder they have not escaped before." Then, looking out the window on the roof she saw a stray nut lodged in the rain leader.

"Ah!" exclaimed mother, "they have gone back home to nature, dear. We must not cry, for they have gone where they came from. It would have been cruel to keep them longer."

It was some time after that little Miss Curly Head discovered her old pets in the chestnut tree, gay and happy and free.

"We will let her see we remember her goodness," said Chip. "Let us go quite close—and——"

"And," whispered Munkey, her little heart overflowing with happiness, "we will tell her that in our cosy nest are beautiful babies, the like of which have never before been seen!"

They thankfully picked up the food little Miss Curly Head threw to them, and came quite near to her.

"It seems as if they tried to tell me something, mother," cried the little girl.

"Wait and watch," said the wise mother.

It was not long before the darling chipmunks were brought out by Chip and Munkey for Miss Curly Head to see—such little beauties!

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the little girl. "I would have let them go free long ago if I had known they would be so happy."

THE CIRCLETS

HERE we have the Circle Children
And the Circle dog and cat,
All the way from Circle City,
Where the folks are round and flat.

They are coming on a visit,
And have promised to be good;
So let's greet them in a spirit
Of kind "ko-mic-kin-der-hood."

FREDERICK WHITE

DARK PONY

A BED-TIME STORY BY CHARLOTTE FLACK

ONCE upon a time there was a pony named Dark, who every night took little people to Sleepytown.

One night as Dark-Pony started off, he met a little boy named Noddy, who called out:

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
Please let me go!"

So Dark-Pony "whoa-ed," and Noddy hopped up on his back, and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Soon they met a little girl whose name was Niddy, who said:

"I'd like to go too;
Please take me with you!"

Dark-Pony stopped again and up jumped Niddy behind Noddy, and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

By and by they heard a little dog barking:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!
Please take me now!"

So Dark-Pony waited while Noddy jumped off after little doggy, which he tucked under his arm, and then away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Next they met a little black pussy-cat, who cried:

"Me-u! me-u!
I want to go too!"

When Dark-Pony stopped, off jumped Niddy and picked up pussy-cat and held her in her lap as away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

As they were passing a farmhouse, out from his coop flew Mr. Rooster crowing,

"Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!
Won't you please to take me too?"

When Dark-Pony stopped for Mr. Rooster, he flew up and lighted on Dark-Pony's back behind Niddy, and then away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

When Mrs. Hen saw Mr. Rooster riding away, she flew after, calling:

"Cluck! cluck! cluckity cluck!
Take me for good luck!"

Then she flew up behind the rooster and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Pretty soon in the road ahead, waddling toward them, nodding his head, came a white something who to Dark-Pony said:

"Quack! quack! quackity quack!
Room for me on your back?"

Guess what it was! Yes, a duck—and when Dark-Pony stopped, it flew up on his back and there was just room for it then to sit close up to Mrs. Hen, and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

As they were riding through the wood out jumped a little gray squirrel from behind a tree, and called to them merrily:

"Please look and see
If there's room for me."

Now Dark-Pony couldn't see, but Noddy saw where there was room for one more, and that was in his pocket, as "snug as a bug in a rug." He tucked in the squirrel after giving him a hug, and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

A little further on as they were looking down, they saw a little quail all dressed in brown, who ran toward them whistling:

"Bob-White! Bob-White!
May I go to-night?"

Dark-Pony was very kind and good and liked to take as many as he could, but already there were eight passengers, and where to put the ninth was a puzzle. Finally Mr. Rooster solved it by kindly offering his broad back as a seat for the little quail, who very gladly accepted it—and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Pretty soon from the top of a tree flew a big bird as black as could be. Straight towards them as they rode along he swiftly flew, singing this song:

"Caw! caw! caw! caw!
Is there room for one more?"

Now certainly it did not seem so, but Niddy feeling sorry for the crow, who longed so very much to go, kindly to it said, "You may sit here on my head."

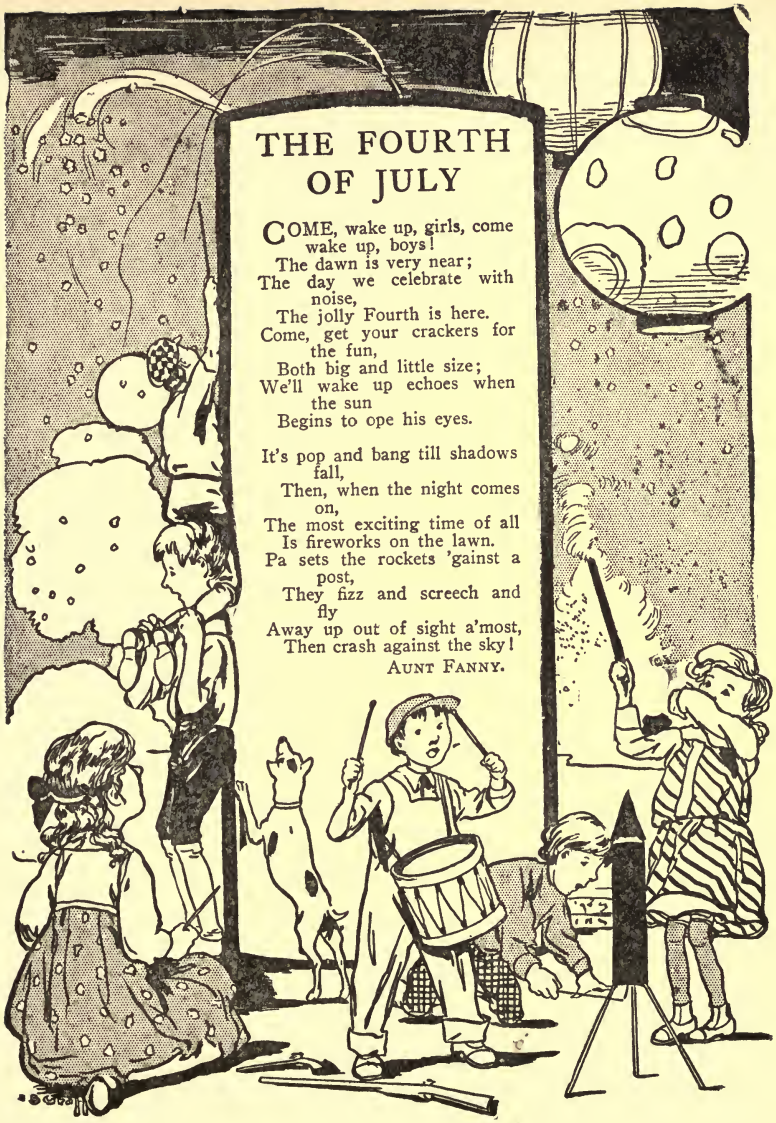
But Dark-Pony said: "Oh, no! on *my* head you may go, right between my ears, you know."

Sure enough! There was just room for the black crow, and away they did go—galloping—galloping—galloping.

What a happy company were they; each one of the ten in his own way, humming a song as they galloped along.

Soon the song grew soft and low; slowly now did Dark-Pony go.

Finally every eye was closing and by the time they all were dozing, Dark-Pony with head bowed down, passed thro' the gates of Sleepytown.



THE FOURTH OF JULY

COME, wake up, girls, come wake up, boys!
The dawn is very near;
The day we celebrate with noise,
The jolly Fourth is here.
Come, get your crackers for the fun,
Both big and little size;
We'll wake up echoes when the sun
Begins to ope his eyes.

It's pop and bang till shadows fall,
Then, when the night comes on,
The most exciting time of all
Is fireworks on the lawn.
Pa sets the rockets 'gainst a post,
They fizz and screech and fly
Away up out of sight a'most,
Then crash against the sky!

AUNT FANNY.

SUSAN'S MANNERS

By ELIZABETH C. WEBB

THERE was once a little girl, and her name was Susan. She was good on Tuesdays and Fridays, and bad all the rest of the week. And her mother often used to say: "Oh Susan, Susan, why can't you *always* have on your Tuesday and Friday manners?"

Susan said, "I can't wear my best manners every day, or I'll wear them all in holes."

So her mother sighed, and said, "Yes, I suppose you are right, but I wish I knew a place where I could buy manners that were made out of sail-cloth, or awning material, or something that would wear well."

When Susan wasn't wearing her Tuesday and Friday manners, she kept them in a paper box in her top bureau drawer. But one day she forgot to put the box away, and left it on the floor. Bridget thought it was meant to be thrown away so she carried it off to the kitchen with the rest of the rubbish, and burned it up in the fire next morning.

BRIDGET BURNT THEM UP

THERE WAS SUSAN, JUGGLING

That day was Friday, and Susan's mother had been looking forward to it since Tuesday. But when she came down to the breakfast table there was Susan trying to do juggling tricks with the cups and saucers. Susan's mother sank into a chair.

"Susan!" she cried. "I thought it was Friday!"

"It *is* Friday," said Susan, still playing with the breakfast dishes.

THE NEW BOX WAS PADLOCKED ON

"Then where," said Susan's mother, "are your manners?"

"Bridget burnt them up," said Susan. "I'm so glad. Now I don't have to behave any more," and she threw a breakfast plate at the chandelier.

As soon as Susan's mother had finished breakfast she put on her bonnet and tied the strings firmly under her chin, put her umbrella under her arm and went out.

"I can stand it," she said, "when Susan is good two days in the week, but if she's *never* going to be good—" and Susan's mother shook her head and walked faster. At last she came to a little brown house, and she rapped at the door with the handle of her umbrella.

"Come in," said a voice, and Susan's

mother went in. The room was bright and cheery, and before the fire sat a little old woman in a white cap with pink bows on it. She was Susan's fairy godmother and it was she who had given Susan her manners.

Susan's mother sank into a chair and sighed. "Susan's manners got burned up this morning," she said.

"How careless!" said the little old lady.

Susan's mother shook her head. "I don't know what I'm ever going to do," she sighed.

There, there," said the little old lady, jumping up and running to a cupboard. "Don't you fret. I'll give her some manners finer and better than she ever had before."

"O, please don't!" cried Susan's mother "That was just the trouble. The manners she had were so fine that she couldn't wear them every day. But if you have some manners that are both good and strong I should be extremely grateful."

"I've just the thing for you," cried the little old lady, and she came out with a box of manners in one hand and a small chain and padlock, like a bracelet, in the other.

"There now," she said, "you put these manners on Susan, lock them on with the padlock, and keep the key."

So Susan's mother did, and from that time on Susan was the best behaved little girl in town. She was so polite that she always courtesied whenever she spoke to anybody, till at last it got on her mother's nerves so that she had to unlock the padlock and let her out once in a while.

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES

POSTERS cover every space.
In the very air
Is a glad anticipation,
Throwing off of care.

Children saving pennies up,
Parents yielding sway,
Everybody looking for
The great
big
day.

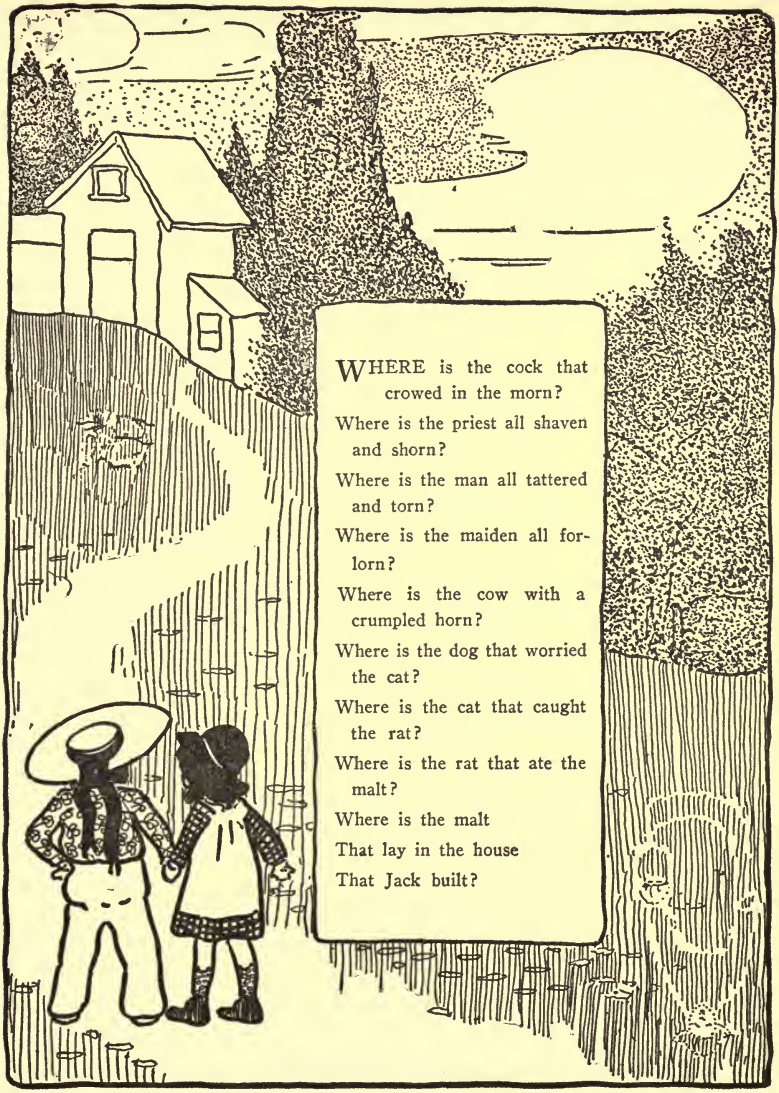
Youngsters playing hooky
When the day comes round,
Peeping underneath the tent,
Flat upon the ground.

What a round-eyed wonder,
As within we go.
Ohs and Ahs exclaiming,
At the glittering show.

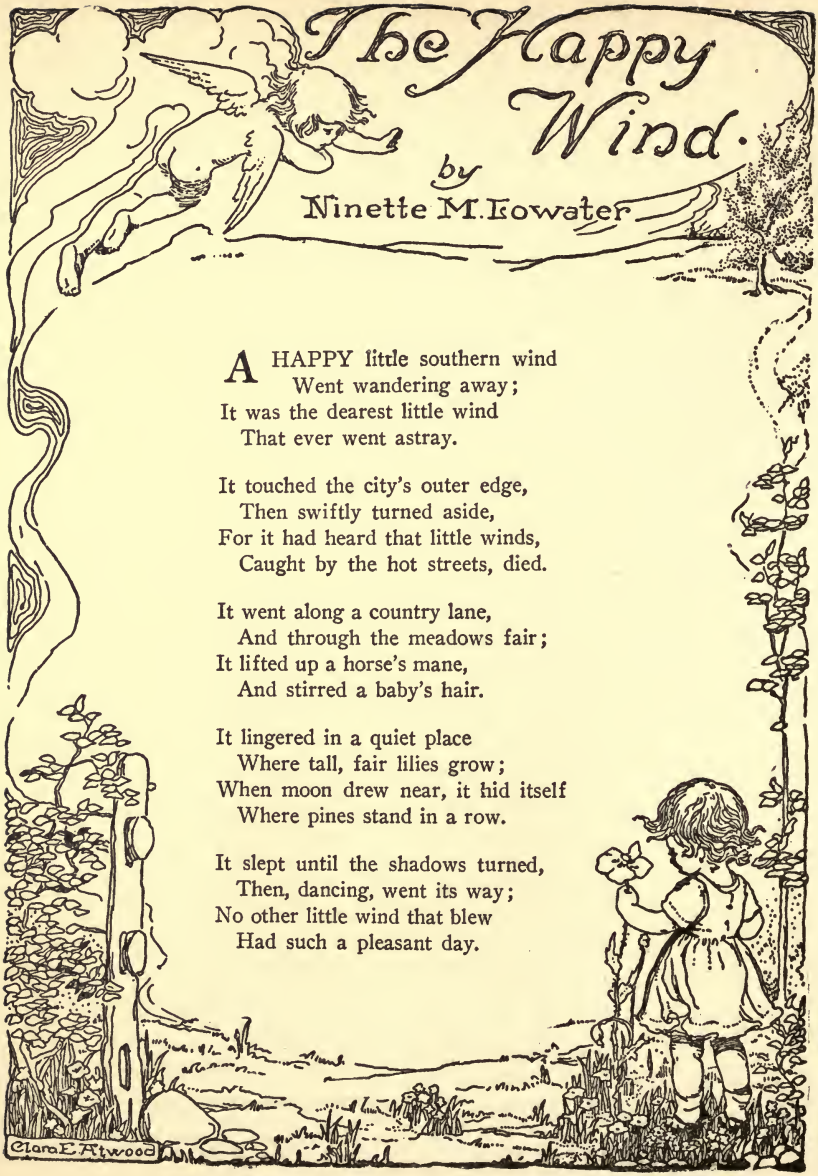
Band is playing gaily,
All the latest airs,
Horses prancing, jumping, dancing,
Singly and in pairs.

All is wild excitement,
Why, the very town,
Once a year is turned completely
Down
side
up.

NELLIE C. T. HERBERT.



THIS IS THE OLD FAMILIAR HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE RHYME ARE HIDING. FIND THEM


The Happy Wind.
by
Ninette M. Rowater
A HAPPY little southern wind
Went wandering away;
It was the dearest little wind
That ever went astray.
It touched the city's outer edge,
Then swiftly turned aside,
For it had heard that little winds,
Caught by the hot streets, died.
It went along a country lane,
And through the meadows fair;
It lifted up a horse's mane,
And stirred a baby's hair.
It lingered in a quiet place
Where tall, fair lilies grow;
When moon drew near, it hid itself
Where pines stand in a row.
It slept until the shadows turned,
Then, dancing, went its way;
No other little wind that blew
Had such a pleasant day.
Clara E. Atwood

A NOVEL BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By MARION WATHEN

DOROTHY and Arthur wanted to give their little sister May a birthday present. It was such an interesting one when completed that I must tell you about it, so that you can make one like it should you care to do so.

It was a picture book, a very original picture book, made by themselves. They purchased a pretty blankbook, with a plain red cover, and on the cover in pretty gilt letters (cut from gilt paper and mounted with paste) was the little girl's name—"May."

In the corner of each page was pasted a large letter, beginning with A, cut from bright red paper. These letters were arranged alphabetically through the book. Each page contained a pretty picture of something beginning with the letter on the corner of that page, and underneath, or about the picture, was written a line or a rhyme referring to that particular picture. All the pictures and rhymes had, of course, some reference to May, who was to receive the book, and sometimes the pictures and rhymes were rather amusing.

The rhymes were all composed by Dorothy and Arthur, children of ten and twelve years. The first page contained a very comical picture of a boy, supposed to be Arthur himself, and had this line accompanying it: "A is for Arthur, the brother of May." The second page had a picture of a woman baking bread, and beneath it: "B for the bread May eats every day." The C-page had a picture of a beautiful college, and "C for the college where May wishes to go." For D there was a little girl in the act of eating a large doughnut, and the words: "D is for doughnuts; she loved them, you know." The next page had a large elephant with "E is for elephant, at the circus she saw," beneath it. "F is for Fred, her new brother-in-law," with a picture of a very handsome young man, adorned the next page. For the G-page it was "G is for golf, she drove past the links;" and for the following page, "H for May's house, so handsome, she thinks." And so on.

Needless to say that May was delighted with this gift, and had lots of fun over it.

TO WHIT, TO WHOO

GOOD Mr. Owl, pray tell me why
You always say, "To whit, to whoo."
If you're so very very wise,
Why can't you tell us something new?

My little girl, I will indeed
Be glad to tell you something new,
When you can tell me what I mean
By my remark, "To whit, to whoo."

HARRIET NUTTY.

THE LITTLE MERMAID AND THE STAR

By ELIZABETH WEBB

THERE was once a little mermaid who sat by the salt seaside, and sang as she dabbled her fingers in the water. She would have dabbled her toes too if she had had any toes to dabble. But she had just a tail, a shiny, scaly, twisty green tail, and as she did not have any toes, she didn't have any stockings to put on or any shoes to button. She didn't have to go to school either, or to study lessons, or to do anything at all except comb her long hair; and as a mermaid's hair never gets snangles in it, that was easy.

You would have thought that with such a pleasant life she would have been a very good, amiable little mermaid; but she was not. She was just as naughty and mischievous as she could be. She teased the other mermaids and snapped seaweed at the gentle jellyfish to frighten them, and put pepper in the crab's tea; till all the sea creatures would run or swim or scuttle away as fast as they could whenever they saw her coming. At last one day the little mermaid was left all alone by herself on the rough, round, rugged rocks with nothing to do and nobody at all to play with.

She didn't like it a bit. But she pretended she was having a lovely time and sang little songs to herself, just to show any of the sea creatures that might happen to be swimming near that she didn't care; and she threw shells and white pebbles into a clear pool between the rocks, and watched them sink slowly down till they touched the silver sand and sent it spurting

upward in a cloud through the still water.

But the sea creatures had all gone off to a picnic, so they didn't put their heads up, and the little mermaid got desperately tired of trying to pretend she was happy when she wasn't. She sang all the morning, and all the afternoon till the evening came and the earth grew quiet, and the stars came out one by one.

Now the little mermaid knew that it was getting very late, and that she ought to have been in bed long ago, and that her nurse was probably swimming all around looking for her, and that her mother was worrying, and that therefore she ought to go home right straight away. But she didn't. She was a very naughty, mischievous mermaid. She stayed just where she was and went on singing. She knew she was naughty and she rather liked it.

She had never been out so late before, so she had never seen the stars in all her life; and when they began to twinkle here and there in the sky she was charmed with them and she clapped her hands with delight and called up to the stars:

"Come down, come down, and play with me!" But the stars only twinkled knowingly and didn't come an inch nearer. Then the little mermaid saw one bright star that seemed more beautiful to her than all the rest, and she called up to it: "Come down, come down, you bright beautiful star! Come down, come down, and play with me!"

But the star only called back through the still air: "Can't, I'm busy."

That made the little mermaid cross. "Silly thing," she pouted. "What does he mean by saying he is busy?" And she called up again.

"Oh, bother, you're not doing anything up there except just twinkling. Come down and play with me; you don't have to twinkle."

"But I *do* have to twinkle!" cried the star. "I ought to twinkle."

"Provoking thing!" said the little mermaid to herself. She wanted that star because it was bright and pretty and because she couldn't have it—mostly because she couldn't have it.

But aloud she said: "There are such a lot of stars that no one would miss you."

Then the star glowed with the thought of his own goodness. "No," said he, "I ought to stay up here and help make the sky look pretty for the moon, and if I ought to stay, I *ought* to stay. Isn't there anything *you* ought to do?" he asked severely.

"Well," said the little mermaid slowly, "I ought to go home, I suppose."

"Then," said the star, "go!"

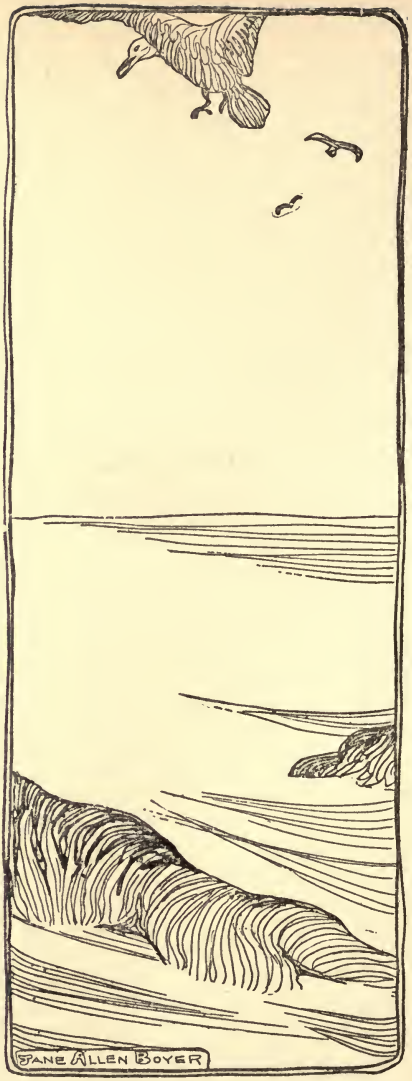
"But I don't want to," cried the little mermaid, "I'd much rather stay out here."

"Nonsense!" said the star. "If you ought to go you ought to go."

"I believe you are right," said the little mermaid sweetly. "Good-night!" And she slid off the rocks and swam away under the sea.

"What a good, reasonable, little mermaid!" said the star. He didn't know her, for as soon as he wasn't looking that mermaid swam right back to the rocks and spread a net all made of seaweed over the pool where the star's reflection lay. "Now," she laughed to herself, "that star can't get away. I will have it to play with in the morning." And she swam back to her home under the sea, where her nurse gave her a good scolding and put her to bed.

But in the morning she found the pool quite empty. The star had taken his reflection with him when the day came and he had to go away. It was just as if you tried to catch anyone by holding to their reflection in the mirror. Then the little mermaid sat down by the side of the



pool and wept. Then she thought for a long time; and that evening she slipped away from her nurse and went again to the rough, round, rugged rocks to wait for the star.

"Ah, there you are, you pretty star!" she called as soon as she saw him. "Do look into the pool and see how very beautiful you are this evening."

And that star was so pleased with what she said that he forgot all about his duty to the moon, and he leaned so far over to see his reflection that he lost his balance and fell right out of the sky. Down, down, *down* he shot through the black night, leaving a bright train of sparks behind him; faster and faster, till he fell with a splash and a sizzle into the pool.

As soon as he touched the water his light went out, for he was bright only because he did his duty; and when the little mermaid reached her arm down to pick him up, all she found was *a dull grey starfish.*

He was not a bit interesting. All his pretty sparkle was gone. The little mermaid was very much disappointed in him, so she left him lying on the rocks and slid off into the water, to see if she could find another jellyfish to tease.

MARJORIE MAY'S LESSON

OH, Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie May!
You never must sulk in work or in play,
'Cause 'tisn't the way a dollie should grow,
It'll keep you from knowing the things you should know,
And drive all the happy right out of your heart,
And keep you from everything lovely, apart.

Come Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie May,
I know you can see that this beautiful day
Is here just on purpose to teach you to know
That when the sun shines it makes everything grow
In just the right way. There's a sun in your heart
If you'll let its bright shine reach into each part
Of your mind, and beam out of your pretty blue eyes,
'Twill make everything bright from the earth to the skies!

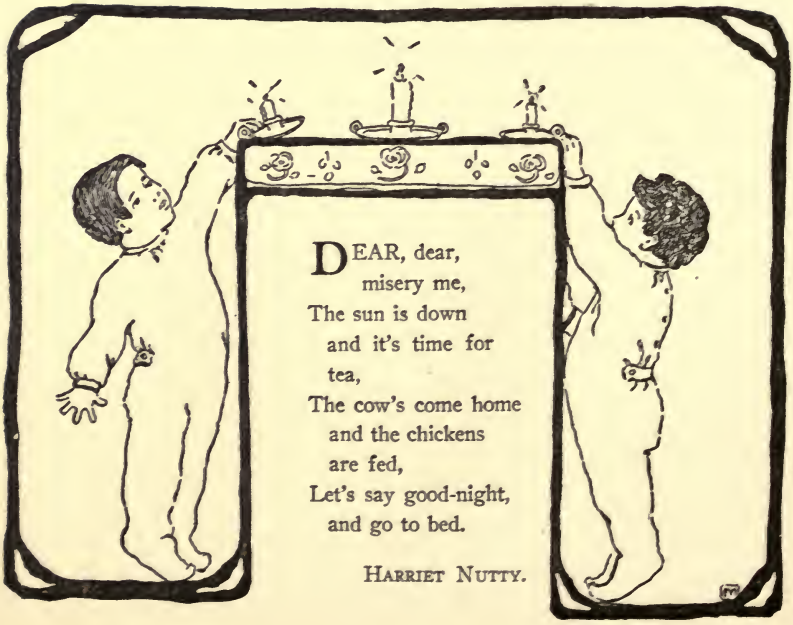
HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

POOR DOLLY

ONCE a little dolly,
Left up in a tree,
Cried out after Polly:
"Do come back for me!"

Oh, how scared was dolly
There the long night through,
All forgot by Polly,
In the dark and dew.

GRACE MAY NORTH.



DEAR, dear,
misery me,
The sun is down
and it's time for
tea,
The cow's come home
and the chickens
are fed,
Let's say good-night,
and go to bed.

HARRIET NUTTY.

A QUESTION

WAY up in the Polar-Bear Country,
Where the ground is all covered with white,
Where the people use reindeer for horses,
And a day is as long as a night,
And each day is as long as a half-year,
D' you s'pose that a small boy would say,
"Pack *every*thing, please, mother darling,
I'm going to visit all day"?

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

CONTENTMENT

IN summer when 'tis very warm,
And all the folks complaining go,
It's then I like the wintertime, —
Brave winter with its ice and snow.

And when the blustering blizzards rave,
And it is cold as cold can be,
The very hottest summer day
Is not one whit too warm for me.

In spring I like the bracing fall;
In autumn love the gentle spring;
So you may see, the whole year 'round
I'm satisfied with everything.

A NEW AMBITION

WHEN I'm grown up, I think I'll be
A landlord; for then—don't you see?—
I'll own a lot of houses fine,
And on each one I'll put this sign:
TO LET, STEAM HEAT, RENTS ARE NOT HIGH.
FOLKS WITHOUT CHILDREN DON'T APPLY!
And I shall ask of those who call,
"What, *seven* children! Is that all?
I hope they make a lot of noise;
I want some lively girls and boys."

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

THE Country Mouse—she was really a little girl, and her name was Ellen—sat on the door-sill, and looked out at the green fields that stretched to the foot of the tall, misty hills beyond. If she had spoken her thoughts aloud, she would have said, "Here I am, shut in, with nothing to see but cows and chickens, and nothing to do but pick berries or go fishing. It is all stupid, and I wish that I lived in the city." She did not notice how beautiful the buttercups were, growing so thick that they made the meadows yellow; she had seen them all her life; and as for berries—why, anyone could pick berries! That was nothing.

Now, was it not strange that just at the same time, the Town Mouse, Louise, was looking at a long line of brick houses, with never a tree in sight. There was only a starved grass-plot in front of the dusty block. And *she* thought, "How pleasant it must be way up in the country where there are fields and rivers and mountains. I could take off my shoes and stockings, and wade in the brook just as my father said he used to do, and there would be flowers to pick, and no policemen to tell you to get off the grass." Out in the street a hurdy-gurdy was playing bright tunes, and children were dancing. Further off, a hokey-pokey man rang his bell, and other little girls ran to buy the cool, sweet stuff.

But the Town Mouse sat still and cross Yesterday she had been taken for a ride on the swanboats in the Public Garden, but any one could do *that,* she said to herself.

You see, each Mouse wanted what the other had; and what was very strange, each got a chance to try the one thing she most wished for. To the farm-house came a letter, asking the Country Mouse to come to the city for a week with her aunt; and the Town Mouse's grandmother wrote for the little girl to come and pay a visit to the country place where her father was born. Sometimes pleasant things that one does not expect really do happen.

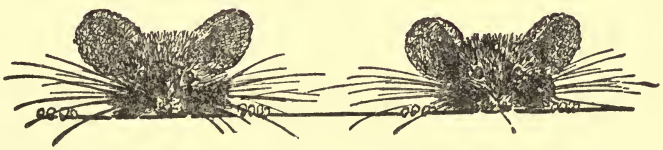
Louise and Ellen both danced with joy, when the letters came—one on the brick sidewalk, the other in the green fields; both thinking of the pleasures that were in store for them.

Do you want to hear what happened, and how they really liked the things they had most wanted?

The Country Mouse looked out of her one window, and thought that all the houses seemed very close together. And why was there no grass, and what were all those people doing in the street, and wouldn't they stop walking soon, so that she could go to sleep? And that night, after she had gone to bed, the cars kept clanging by the house so steadily, and with such a noise, that she jumped up thinking something must be on fire. The hand-organs were nice, and sometimes such cunning monkeys came with them; but there were no animals that lived near her except some cats that ran quickly along the alley fence, so quickly that no one could make friends with them. Would you believe it, the Country Mouse very soon began to think that green, daisy-dotted fields, with the high hills skirting them, were not so bad after all.

Now, all this time the other Mouse, the Town Mouse, you know, had been playing in the meadows. Once a cow chased her, and that made her want to go back to the city. She was lonely, too, she who had always had so many little playmates, for the next farm was four miles away, and it was hard for children to see each other in haying time. At night, when the whip-poor-will began to sing, and the frogs croaked in the pond, the Town Mouse crept to her window and looked out. It was all so still that the tiny noises which would have been lost in the city seemed very big indeed. And down those hills, all white with moonlight, wild animals might walk, and there would be no policeman to stop them!

So both little girls were happy when the trains puffed their ways home with them. They were satisfied; Ellen with the wide, quiet country, Louise with the big, noisy city. Each place has its own pleasures, you know, and that is why this story is as true as the old fable, and much better, for in that, you remember, it was only the Country Mouse who was content to go home.



Santa Claus's Scout

ON Christmas Eve, when the lights are dim,
But eager eyes with excitement shine,
The Sandman steals from the chimney-place,
And glancing round, makes a backward sign.

He dips his hand in his pouch of sand,
The silver grains flinging far and wide;
And listens, then, for the drowsy sighs
That come when eyes under lashes hide.

He softly tiptoes from crib to crib,
And sifts the sand in a tiny heap;
Then up the chimney he gaily calls,
"Come, Santa Claus, they are sound asleep!"

EUNICE WARD.

THE REAL PRINCE

By BERTHA E. BUSH

THERE was great joy in the kingdom of No Man's Land, for the longed-for heir had been born. The bells rang all night. Cannon boomed, and the whole country was wild with happiness. There was a particular reason for this joy. King Sensible the First had been hoping for an heir for twelve years; and the whole land had been troubled for fear the kingdom would go to his brother, who was a very bad man.

Some of the wise people of the land did not share in the joy, but shook their heads gloomily.

"He will grow up a spoiled boy," they said. "He is the only prince and, of course, he will always have his own way in everything, and everyone will bow down to him and flatter him."

King Sensible the First heard of this dismal prophecy, and as he was a very wise king, he soon thought of a remedy. He sent all over his kingdom to find the boy babies that had been born the same day as the little prince. There were five of them in all. He had them all brought to the royal nursery and dressed exactly as the little prince was.

"You must treat all the five babies exactly alike," he said to the attendants. "You must never let them or anyone else know which is the real prince. Then my son cannot be spoiled by his royalty."

After that you may be sure the nursery of the palace was a lively place. Five baby carriages stood in a row at its door. Five pretty white and gold beds stood in it, four at the corners and one in the middle. Five baby jumpers hung from the ceiling, and five high chairs were arranged along the wall. Five white-capped nurses fed and bathed and cared for the five babies; and five bottles stood in a pan of hot water on the stove until they were heated to exactly the right temperature.

But if the nursery was lively when the babies wore long clothes and slept almost all the time, it was still more lively when they began to get around. What plays they had, the five together! What fights they had, too, sometimes, when they pulled each other's hair and slapped and even kicked and punched each other. And then the whole five were spanked and put to bed.

You see King Sensible the First meant

WHAT PLAYS THEY HAD, THE FIVE TOGETHER!

that his son and heir should be wholesomely brought up. His head should not be turned with flattery and adulation because he was the prince. "Better that no one in all the kingdom knows he is the prince!" he said. He forbade the nurses to show by look or word which of their charges was the royal heir. Indeed he tried to make them forget it, and, for that reason, often changed the babies in their beds and changed about the nurses who cared for them, till not one was sure which was the royal child.

"It would be well if I should forget which he is, too," the king said heroically. You see he was such a good father that he would do anything for the good of his boy. He did not think such a thing could be possible; but he did not know how much alike five babies of the same age, dressed and cared for just alike, could look. Before the first year was over not even the father knew which was the true prince. The mother would have remembered, I think, but she died shortly after the little prince was born.

Now, of course, the good King Sensible did not mean that this should last forever. The true prince must certainly be known when the time came for him to mount the throne. So he secretly took the child to the court magician, and this wizard put upon the little arm a strange mark shaped like a crown which should remain invisible for seventeen years and then appear. So the good king felt perfectly happy and secure. But he did not know that his wicked brother had afterward bribed the magician to put the same kind of a mark on every one of the babies.

When good King Sensible the First died no one knew which of the five princes was the true prince, but the king proclaimed in his will what the court magician had done, and the people were content to wait till the princes should be seventeen. But when that time came, behold the same kind of mark appeared on every one of the five young men!

The dead king's brother pretended to be very angry at what he called the trickery of the magician. He stormed and raged, and sent messengers everywhere demanding that that trickster should appear and settle the matter. But he took great care that the magician should be where he could not answer the messages. Then he made proclamation that, since the true heir could not be known, he himself would reign as king until the magician should be found and the puzzle explained.

The five princes were justly indignant, but what could they do? They did not know which should rightly be king, and there could not be *five* kings. They discussed the matter for three days and three nights, but came to no decision. At last the slowest and gentlest of the princes spoke.

"It seems to me that there is but one thing to do," he said. "We must prove by our actions who is the real prince. The real king's son should be the most kingly."

The rest turned upon him in scorn. "You may be sure that *you* are not the real prince," they said.

The slowest prince sighed. He was used to their ridicule, but it always hurt.

"I suppose not," he said, gently still. "You may count me out. But one of us five is the king and it is only right that he should have the throne. We must make some plan to give it to him. Let us leave it to the people of the kingdom and give them a year to decide which is the most kingly."

They grumbled and mocked, but after all they did as he said; they were quite

apt to do this. He was always the butt of the five, for he was, as he said, the slowest of them in every way, and never asserted his right as the others did; but he thought everything over carefully and decided what was right to do, and he was as determined as he was slow. Nobody counted him in the contest to come. He was thought stupid and awkward, and he himself joined in the universal opinion.

"It is of no use for me to try to prove myself king," he said with a sigh. "I will put in this year of probation in studying the things that will best help me to serve my country in a subordinate place, for surely she needs the service of all her sons, high-born and low-born, in these troublous days."

They were, indeed, troublous days. The dead king's brother, who was regent and bound to get glory for himself, had taken the whole army and gone out to invade a neighboring kingdom. Strongholds were weakened, the people were oppressed, and the whole land was full of fear and misery.

The other four boys did not think much of this. They set themselves to winning the hearts of the people, each one hoping to be chosen king when the year was up.

One of them was known as the handsomest prince. He had a thousand suits of clothes made for him, each more beautiful and costly than the last, and showed himself daily in pageants and processions. All the people shouted in acclamation when he appeared and many said, "Surely he is so beautiful, he will be king."

HE STUDIED HIS COUNTRY'S HISTORY

The second prince was known as the strongest one. He arranged athletic contests and astonished everyone with his feats of strength. The third prince was called the brightest one. He spent his days in hunting up arguments, and proved by logic to everyone about that he was the king's real son. The fourth prince was known as the most charming one. and he

went about from house to house making friends with everyone and promising great gifts and rewards when he should be king; but the slowest one did none of these things. He felt as the others said, that it was useless for him to think of being king. So he put his time into study. He studied his country's history. He studied his country's laws. And especially he studied about her defenses, the weakest places and the strongest places, and the condition of the army, and the best plans for its campaigns. He pored hours over army tactics, and spent hours more in drilling a company of home guards, who needed a leader and were glad to get even the slowest of the princes.

So the year went on; and just at the end of it, awful news came. The schemes of the bad regent had failed. Instead of conquering the kingdom he had invaded, *he* had been conquered. His army was cut to pieces, and he was killed. The enemy was now advancing into the kingdom, burning and pillaging. Something must be done at once.

But what *could* be done? The army was shattered. The generals were all killed.

"We will have to buy off the enemy," said the handsomest prince, and set about at once collecting all his fine suits and all the treasures of the palace to offer as a ransom.

"No, we must fight them and drive them back," said the strongest one.

"But we have no army," said the councilors despairingly.

"Then we must raise a new army," said the most charming one.

"But who can be their commander?" said the councilors. "None of us know anything about army tactics.

"We must study them," said the brightest prince; and straightway he sent to the library for a thousand volumes on the subject. But they knew well that the enemy was advancing so swiftly that the palace might be burned over their heads before the first book was read. Then the slowest prince stepped forward.

"I think I can lead the army," he said. "I have studied army tactics and plans of campaigning all the year."

And he led the army to victory. Under his command the enemy was driven back and the land once more made safe.

"This prince is the rightful king," said all the people. "He has the very spirit of the old king, his father; and, now that we regard him closely, we see that he looks just like him. He is our king!" And he was crowned on the field of battle.

Strangely enough, just then the old magician appeared again. He told what he had done and explained that he had made the marks for the other four babies just a little different from that of the king's son; and the right mark he found on the slowest prince's arm. But by this time no one called that one slow. They said, "How deliberate and sure he is! What admirable qualities those are! It is indeed just as it should be; and we should have known that he was the rightful king even if the magician had not come."

BOBBY'S THANKSGIVING

"I CANNOT see,"
Said Bobby Lee,
"Why I should very thankful be.
I think it is a funny way
To have just *one* Thanksgiving Day,
For many things might chance, you see,
To spoil your fun," said Bobby Lee.
"But if we had a week or two,
I would enjoy it through and through."

"One single day!
It does not pay,
For it might rain—'tis oft the way—
And all our plans would be upset
If everything were soaking wet.
And if a team were playing ball,
We couldn't see the game at all.
But if we had a week or two
We would enjoy it through and through."

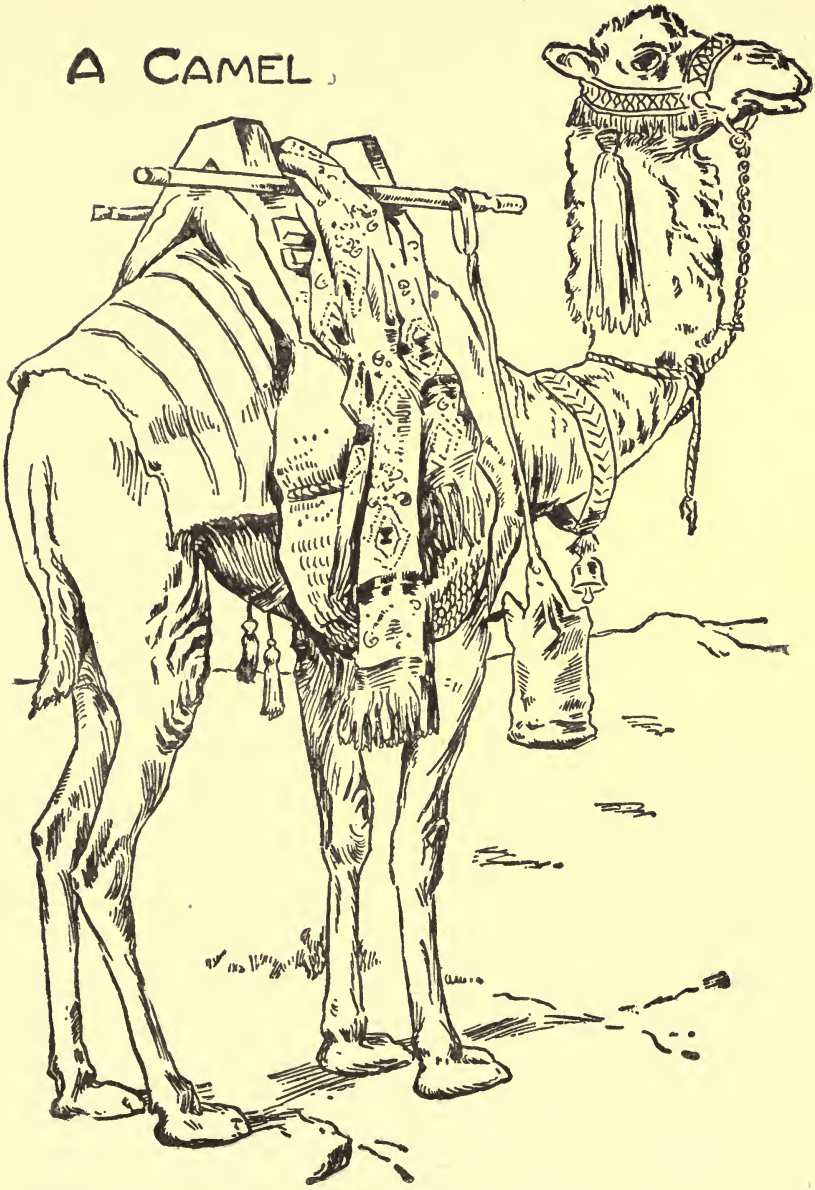
"It seems to me,"
Said Bobby Lee,
"Thanksgiving's an uncertainty.
The President may say it's so—
But that don't make the thing a 'go.'
The only certain thing to me
Is dinner time," said Bobby Lee—
"But turkey for a week or two
Would make me tired through and through."

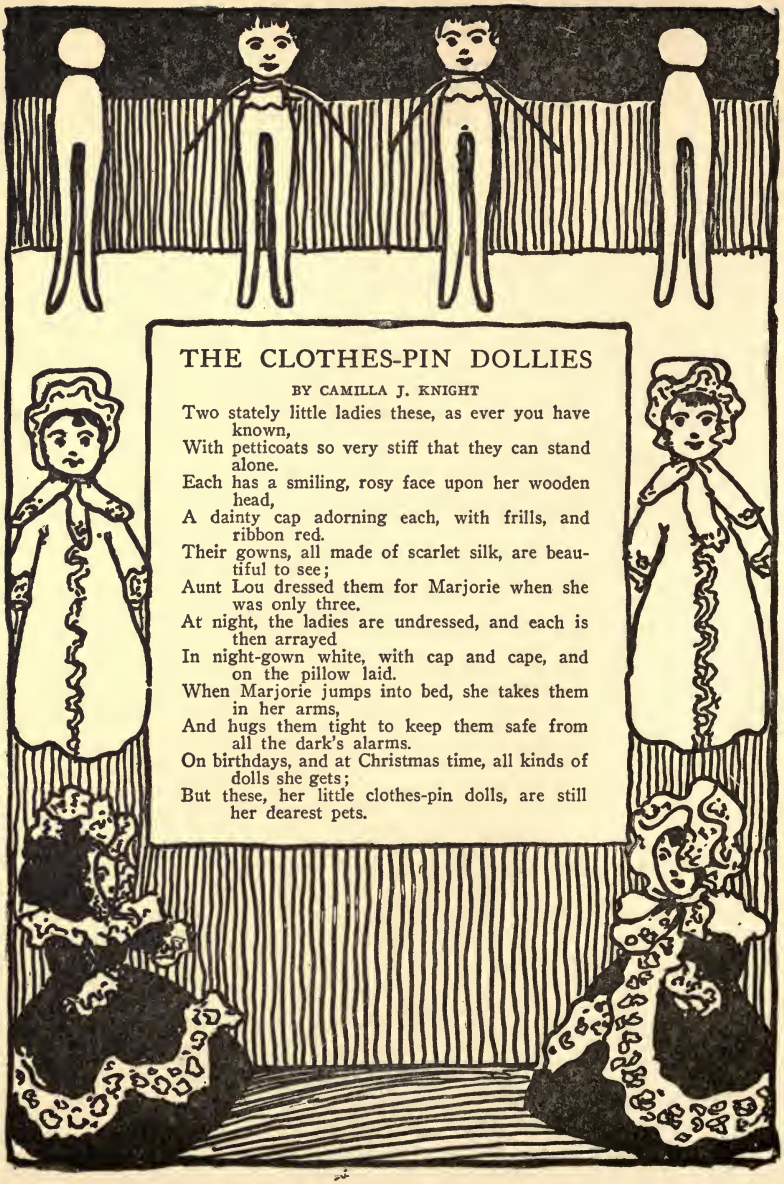
NUTS TO CRACK

IN Autumn there are nuts to crack,
Of every size and kind,
Hazelnuts and hickory,
And chestnuts you will find.
And if around the nursery fire
You sit and crack and eat,
And joke and spin a merry yarn,
'Tis happiness complete.

But there are other nuts to crack,
Quite different, you'll find,
From hazel nuts or hickory,
Or any other kind.
Geography, Arithmetic,
These nuts are hard, indeed,
And Spelling is another nut,
And there's to write and read,

And History and Grammar, all
These nuts are good to eat;
Though hard to crack, you'll find in each
A kernel sound and sweet.
Indeed, a bag of nuts is hid
Behind each school-room door;
Be sure you've cracked them, every one,
Before you ask for more.


A CAMEL.



THE CLOTHES-PIN DOLLIES

BY CAMILLA J. KNIGHT

Two stately little ladies these, as ever you have known,
With petticoats so very stiff that they can stand alone.
Each has a smiling, rosy face upon her wooden head,
A dainty cap adorning each, with frills, and ribbon red.
Their gowns, all made of scarlet silk, are beautiful to see;
Aunt Lou dressed them for Marjorie when she was only three.
At night, the ladies are undressed, and each is then arrayed
In night-gown white, with cap and cape, and on the pillow laid.
When Marjorie jumps into bed, she takes them in her arms,
And hugs them tight to keep them safe from all the dark's alarms.
On birthdays, and at Christmas time, all kinds of dolls she gets;
But these, her little clothes-pin dolls, are still her dearest pets.

SAT THERE AND DISCUSSED IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

LITTLE MISS GOOSEY

By KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL

NOBODY knew her by any other name. She was a little girl with great inquisitive blue eyes and a shock of curling brown hair. She wasn't pretty; she wasn't clever; she wasn't anything but just "Little Miss Goosey." Her name was Grace Ursula Carter, after her two grandmothers,—and her initials G. U. C.—and there you have it—Goosey! Perhaps it was too bad for her mother and father not to think of those initials. But they didn't until after she was christened, and then it was too late to change.

Little Miss Goosey lived in the country—not the great lonesome country where there are miles of woods and fields without any houses, but in a large country town which we may call Pinkieville so that you will never guess its real name. And by all the townspeople—for the Carters were well known—she was called Little Miss Goosey. I do not believe any of them knew her real name; or if they did, they had forgotten it. They thought it fitted her at times, for she had such queer thoughts! I doubt if they were more queer than other people's thoughts, only other people have a way of keeping their queer thoughts to themselves; Little Miss Goosey hadn't. But this isn't telling you about the Sheep Hill Tragedy at all.

Little Miss Goosey's grandmother and grandfather lived still further out in the country on a large farm, every inch of which Little Miss Goosey loved. The biggest thing on the farm was Sheep

Hill, even bigger than Mine Hill which was itself wondrous to behold. The little girl never knew just which spot was the dearest, but one of her favorites was the very pinnacle of Sheep Hill. Here she was contented to sit, quietly watching the clouds forming into queer shaped animals in their sky-blue bed; trying to see just a bit farther over Snake Hill in the distance, to catch the dim outline of the Catskill Mountains. Real true mountains they were, such as she had never seen near by. Of course Storm King was a huge mountain; and Schunemunk a terrible place where rattlesnakes and huckleberries grew; and Anthony's Nose across the river she had once plainly seen from the boat. But these must all be little knolls compared to the Catskills, for the great Catskills were in her geography marked something like the minister's mustache.

It was on the very top of Sheep Hill one Saturday that Bob found her. She was wondering where the wind lived when it was at home, which reminded her that late that afternoon her father and mother were expected at the farm, and with them a little girl from England who was her father's ward. She must remember to get back to the house in time to be dressed before the train arrived. Company came seldom to the farm.

Bob leaned his head over her shoulder and kissed her left cheek just under her eye. Little Miss Goosey was used to this form of greeting, but when he repeated it three times she stopped thinking her queer thoughts and turned around.

"You dear old fubsy thing!" she cried, putting her arms about his shaggy neck. "What is the matter?"

Bob barked twice and without any hesitation Little Miss Goosey replied:

"Oh, are they? Well, never mind, Bobsy. I'm not afraid of all the sheep and the old black ram, so long as you are here. They will go over toward the cornfield when they see you."

So Bob and his mistress sat there and discussed important questions, till it was later than either of them knew. Suddenly Bob growled, and Little Miss Goosey, turning around, saw that they were almost surrounded by sheep. In the foreground was the ferocious old black ram. The only point of rescue was down the steep face of the high hill.

Of all the animals on the farm, Little Miss Goosey feared the black ram the most. Even the cross-eyed bull and the ring-nosed white pig with the eleven little ones, were gentle in comparison with him. Her eyes grew big with watching him edging nearer and nearer, and she grabbed Bob's neck. Bob barked.

"I'm afraid it's the only way," said Little Goosey, "but you must come too, Bobsy. I've heard Pops tell how he used to go down Sheep Hill when he was a boy. You and I will outwit the old ram. Come on, Bob."

Little Miss Goosey sat sidewise on the brow of the hill: Bob did likewise.

"Now—one, two, three—go!" she called, forgetting her fear of the old ram. Then, laughing gaily, she started rolling down the steep incline!

The old black ram stood on the precise spot where Little Miss Goosey had been a moment before. The sheep crowded around him, peering curiously down the hill.

If the old black ram could have spoken he would have exclaimed, "I didn't think they dared!"

Round and round and round she went, over and over, faster and faster. Not

a single breath was left in Little Miss Goosey's body, and Bob had not fared much better. But Little Miss Goosey was winning in the race; she was rounder and bouncier, and Bob got tangled up in his legs. It was that which stopped him short. He was a sadder and a wiser dog than when he started; also more bruised and breathless. Little Miss Goosey was still rolling, though the steepest part of the hill was past; faithful Bob, shaking each one of his four legs to see that they were not punctured, limped after her.

If Little Miss Goosey had had an atom of breath left to think with, or had been able to see, she would have decided to change her course, for she knew as well as Bob that straight ahead of her was "Buzzards Bay," which was her name for a great hornets' nest in the road-corner of the big field by the little pond.

Now, if suddenly a chubby giant should roll down upon your house, breaking every rafter in it and even crushing some of your family, wouldn't you consider you had a right to defend yourself in any way, even to biting? Well then, you can hardly blame the hornets for treating Little Miss Goosey as they did. The nest stopped her rolling somewhat, but not enough to keep her from going on a few feet further, directly into the little swampy pond beyond.

BOB REACHED THE SPOT ALMOST AS SOON AS SHE DID

Bob reached the spot almost as soon as she did, and getting her belt in his teeth, promptly pulled her out of the water. The mud bath had helped to disperse the hornets, and the water helped Little Miss Goosey's breath back again. She gasped as Bob affectionately licked her face.

"I didn't let Little Miss Goosey know I was off to meet the train," a white-haired man was saying to three passengers in his wagon, as they drove by Sheep Hill, "because I knew she would be disappointed not to come with me. Hello, what has Bob cornered by the fence?" The farmer stopped old Billy Denton, the chestnut horse, and Bob gave a joyful, muddy bark of relief at seeing someone to help him.

It did not take Mr. Carter half a minute to jump from the wagon, and vault the bars. In another half-minute a muddy bundle was sobbing in his arms, and a lame dog was delightedly wagging a lame tail.

Instead of showing the little English girl the beautiful playhouses under the hickories down the lane, and in the old Jersey-sweet tree; down by the stone wall near the house, and beneath the locust trees on South Hill, Little Miss Goosey lay on pillows in the fourposter bed in the great southwest room where she was born ten years before. She kept very, very still for some days, for it hurt to move. And the only way she could entertain her visitor was by telling her wonderful tales of things that were happening in the wall paper.

A SURPRISE

THE lollypops all popped one night,
Without a word of warning.
The candyman was so surprised
To find them, in the morning.
They overflowed the showcase quite
And almost filled the shop.
The weather was so warm, you see,
They simply *had* to pop!

GRACE STONE FIELD.

THE CIRCLETS OFF TO SCHOOL

THE Circlets, in September,
As the time for school drew near,
Made all their preparations
In a manner somewhat queer.

THE children practiced circles
And succeeded very well,
While the kitten studied cat-ching,
And the dog wrote dog-gerel.

IN DRUMTOWN

By JOSHUA F. CROWELL

WHEN Harry was four years old, he wanted to know what was inside his red drum. He cut it open, but the sound flew out so quickly he could not catch one glimpse of it.

When he was five, he had a yellow drum; and when he was six, he had a tin one; but both of these were used up, in the right way—by pounding them.

There never was a boy any fonder of the rub-a-dub-dub or the tum-tum-tum of a drum than Harry.

When he was nearly seven, he went with his father and mother to make a visit in Drumtown.

The first day he saw thousands of drums of all sizes and colors and prices and styles, for he went to the factory and saw them made; but he was disappointed in not hearing any.

"I thought, papa," he said confidentially, "that there would be an awful racket in this town; but all the men are so busy, and all the boys are playing games, and nobody seems to care about drums but me. Just think, papa, if all the big and little drums we saw to-day were pounded at once, what a grand noise that would make!"

"I think," said his father, "you would be the only one to like it; this seems to be a very quiet place, and if you stayed here a year, you might not hear the noise of a single drum."

"I wish," said Harry, as he was get-

ting ready for bed, "I had a thousand drums right here, so I could pound them now. What a noise it would make! All the people would think it was Fourth of July come too soon!"

"I think," said papa, "you would not have arms enough to strike more than two at a time."

"I wish," said Harry, "I had a hundred arms, and every arm was a hundred times as long as it is, and every hand had five fingers, and every finger had a drumstick tied on, then I would flourish all my arms and wiggle all my fingers, and bang all the drums at once."

"Well," said his father, "if you will go to sleep now and dream about it, I will take you to-morrow to the factory, and if by that time you have managed to grow the 98 other arms you want, I will buy the proper number of drums."

Harry slept like a top—or like a drum-top—or tight as a drum—in spite of the fact that all night long he dreamed of the rub-a-dub-dub of the little drum, the rum-a-tum-tum of the middle-sized drum, the pr-r-r-r pr-r-r-r of the fine snare drum, and the bum-tum of the big bass drum.

In the morning he saw some boys playing soldiers, in the street near by, to the tune of a fife.

He called after them, "Where's your drum?"

The boys stopped. "What drum?" said one of them.

"Soldiers always march to a drum," answered Harry.

"Is that so?" said another boy. "I didn't know drums could be played with. I thought they were made to sell."

All the other boys thought the same.

Harry was surprised, but he soon found that he was the only boy in that town who had ever owned or whacked a drum; he was also the only boy who cared anything about it. You see, all the boys' big brothers and sisters and fathers and uncles and grandfathers, and some of the mothers and grandmothers, made drums, or parts of drums; all the warehouses were stored full of drums; all the teams carted drums to the station; and all the freight trains that left were loaded with drums. All the forest that grew on the hillside was cut and made into drum barrels; all the sheep that grazed in the meadows were turned into drum-heads.

Why! every chicken in town made two drumsticks!

All the paint that came in barrels and carloads was for painting drums, and all the money that was earned and spent was made on drums!

Drums were as common as—as grass; and not a boy in Drumtown—or a girl either—ever thought of having a drum, or pounding on it.

Soon, a very strange thing happened to Harry. He changed his mind about drums!

When he had been in Drumtown three days, he played soldiers with the other boys without a drum, and liked it about as well! And when his father presented him with a fine large, red, shining one, with flags and banners painted on it, he said:

"Thank you, papa; pack it in the trunk till we get home. I'd be ashamed to hit it even once in Drumtown it's such a quiet place!"

DINAH

THE STORY OF A PREHISTORIC PET

By ELIZABETH WEBB

POSSIBLY Cousin Jem told the most marvelous tales you ever heard. Certainly the children would look at him in wide-eyed wonder and delight when he told of his own adventures or of those of his friends.

One rainy day the "three terrors," as he called his little cousins, found him in the library.

"A story! A story!" they cried, rushing upon him.

"What kind of a story?" asked Cousin Jem good-naturedly.

"Oh, *any* kind!" cried the twins.

"A 'normous one!" corrected Danny. "The most 'normous one you know."

Cousin Jem scratched his head thoughtfully. "All right," he said. "I have it."

"Is it *true?*" queried Danny.

"You ask a great many questions," said Cousin Jem. "Wait till you hear it and judge for yourself."

This is the story Cousin Jem told!

They were building a subway, which you all know is an underground tunnel under the street where Teddy and Freddy and Neddy lived, and every day after

school the three little boys would go and stand on the edge of the sidewalk and watch the men at work. Now they were standing there on the 39th of Novembuary of this very year, when Teddy, who was looking down into the subway, saw all the workmen suddenly drop their picks and shovels and begin to run wildly in all directions, like ants in an ant hill when you stir it up (which you must not).

"My goodness gracious me!" said Teddy to Freddy and Neddy, "what makes all those men run so fast? Just look at them!" And Freddy and Neddy looked, and saw all the workmen running out of the tunnel, looking terribly scared. They all scrambled up out of the subway to the sidewalk, and ran away down the street, just as fast as if they were running to catch a train.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy were very much astonished, but before they had time to run away, too, the earth yawned and the street under their feet shuddered and shook so that all the little pebbles began rolling down the sides of the subway. And then the earth yawned again. It was a very loud yawn. It was about seventy-five times louder than any yawn Teddy or Freddy or Neddy had ever heard.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy looked down into the subway where the sound came from, and there they saw something coming out of the dark, black tunnel.

They were so astonished they just stared (which was very rude, and their mother had always told them they must not). What do you suppose it was? It was the very biggest animal they had ever seen. It looked like a lizard, and it walked like a kangaroo, and it was all covered with scales like a fish. As it came slowly, slowly out of the dark, black tunnel it rubbed its eyes with one of its forepaws and yawned and yawned, and between its yawns they heard it saying sleepily, "Yes—yes—I'm getting up—I'll be ready for breakfast—in—about two minutes——"

Then all at once it caught sight of Teddy and Freddy and Neddy as they stood together on the sidewalk; and in a minute it was wide awake, and it said all in one breath, "Hello what's your name where do you live and how old are you?"

"My name's Teddy Tuttle. I'm eight-and-a-half, and I live right in that house there," answered Teddy promptly, for it was a very large animal.

"Well," said the creature, "I'm an extinct animal. My name is Dinosaurus, only they call me Dinah for short, and I *did* live in a beautiful prehistoric cave down there, only those bothersome workmen came and dug me out, and my age is—let me see. What year is it now?" and when Teddy told him, "You don't mean it!" he cried. "Why, I was seven when I went to sleep and that was in—goodness gracious me, why, I'm ten thousand and seven years old! Well, I *have* had a nap! My, but I am hungry! I haven't had anything to eat for ten thousand years."

"Oh, you poor dear Dinosaurus!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy. "Haven't you had anything to eat in ten thousand years?"

"Why, how could I?" asked the Dinosaurus in a grieved voice. "*You* can't eat when you're asleep, can you? But," he continued pensively, "I'm not asleep now and if you *should* ask me home to lunch with you——" and he looked up at them with an engaging smile.

"Yes, do come!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy all together.

"Thank you," smiled the Dinosaurus blandly. "I believe after all I will."

"Only," said Teddy, "you could never get through the basement gate. I'm afraid you will have to go down the side street and a little way along the back street, and climb over the fence next to the one that's just been painted. Then you will be in our back yard and we can pass you your lunch out of the dining-room window. You are tall enough to reach that easily."

"Is there a good bed in your yard?" asked the Dinosaurus as he climbed out of the subway.

"There's a flower bed," said Neddy (he was the youngest), "only we aren't allowed even to step on it, and if you were to go to sleep on it—my!—you would be sent straight to your room and wouldn't have any dessert for supper."

At this the Dinosaurus looked troubled. "I will be very careful," he said. "Now you run along and tell your mother I'm coming. And have something good for lunch," he called back to them, as he disappeared around the corner.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy ran in at the basement door and up to their mother's room. "Oh, mother!" they cried all together. "Do come and look at the Dinosaurus in our yard."

"We found him in the subway!" cried Freddy.

"Yes," cried Neddy, "and we asked

him to come and live with us, and he said he would. Do come and see him!"

Their mother looked from one to another of the three boys and then she said very, very gravely, "Theodore and Frederick and Edward" (she only called them their names when they were naughty), "do you mean to tell me that you have invited a Dinosaurus to come and live in our back yard?"

"But he is a *lovely* Dinosaurus!" they all cried together.

"Well," said their mother doubtfully, "we must see what father says about it."

Father said a great deal about it when he came home, and he got down a big wise book and read all about the Dinosaurus. And Teddy and Freddy and Neddy stood around him and cried together, "Oh, father, *please* can't we keep Dinah for a pet?"

At last after father had read all there was to read in the great wise book, he closed the cover and said, "Very well, boys, you may try it for a week, but we can't have a Mesozoic reptile living in the back yard all the time." He had just found those two big words in the great wise book and he was very proud to be able to say them.

So Teddy and Freddy and Neddy ran gleefully down into the back yard where they found Dinah standing in the middle of the grass plot (he had been very careful not to step on the flower beds).

As soon as he saw the three boys:

"What's that?" he said pointing to one of the clothes-posts.

"Why, a clothes-post, of course," said Neddy.

"Don't like clothes-posts," said the Dinosaurus, and he bit it right off and swallowed it.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy, "you *mustn't please.* We're *never* allowed to eat the clothes-posts."

"Well," said the Dinosaurus grumpily, "it was in my way. How can I sleep comfortably with those four great sticks sticking up in my bed? But," he continued, with a lofty wave of his paw, "we won't say anything more about it. Let us change the subject. What are you going to have for lunch?"

"Soft custard," answered Freddy.

"How nice!" said the Dinosaurus. "I just love soft custard. Do run in, Freddy, and bring me five or six barrels of it, please."

"Five or six what?" gasped Freddy.

"Barrels, of course," said the Dinosaurus.

"I do not believe," said Freddy doubtfully, "that mother has five or six barrels of it."

"Very well," said the Dinosaurus, graciously, "bring me all you have, and tell the cook to make some more."

And that was just the way he talked all the time he lived in the Tuttles' back yard. All day long he kept the cook busy making soft custard for him and all night he slept on the grass plot and snored with such loudness that nobody for blocks around could sleep. So when the end of the week came everybody was delighted, and father ran down into the yard right after breakfast to say good-by to Dinah—and Teddy and Freddy and Neddy came too.

"Well, Dinah," father began, "we're so glad you have such a fine day for traveling. Good-by. We're sorry you can't stay longer."

The Dinosaurus opened his eyes sleepily. "Don't distress yourself," he said politely. "I'm not going for three or four thousand years. In fact I don't know that

I shall *ever* go. I'm so comfortable and happy here——" and he shut his eyes and smiled contentedly.

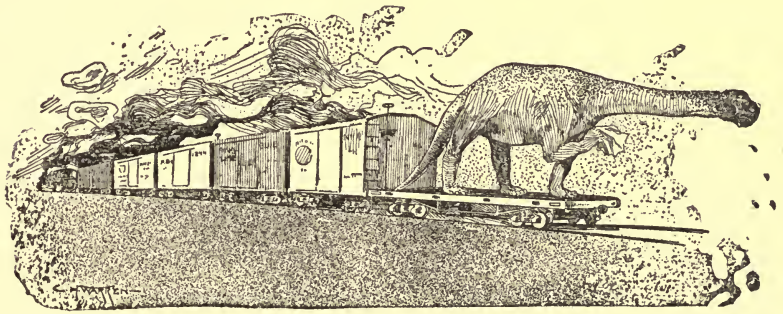
"Yes," said father, trying to be polite, "I know you are, but, you see, the neighbors don't like your staying here and they say if you don't go straight away they will send a policeman here to arrest you as a disturber of the peace of the community" (father liked to use big words) "and they would put you in prison and give you nothing but bread and water to eat."

The Dinosaurus sat up and his eyes grew round with fright. "Would they really?" he asked.

"I'm afraid they would," said father seriously.

The Dinosaurus stood up in a hurry. "I have just remembered a very important engagement," he said. "Good-by, boys. I must go at once," and then he looked over the back fence. "Oh, my goodness gracious me!" he cried, "there's a policeman waiting in the back street now!" He rushed toward the side fence, and he was so big and heavy that the fence went right down before him; and so did the next and the next just like a row of card houses. And when he reached the corner he looked back and saw Teddy and Freddy and Neddy running after him. And he turned up the side street and ran and ran just as fast as if he were running to catch a train. An he *was* running to catch a train! And he reached the railroad track just as the express train with a flat car on the end of it was pulling out of the station. And he ran and gave one big jump and landed right on that flat car!

And Teddy and Freddy and Neddy reached the station just in time to see, in the distance, the Dinosaurus waving them good-by with his pocket handkerchief.



AN AFTERNOON CALL

An old witch went a-walking,
And called upon a hag,
She hung a bonnet on her head,
And 'round her neck a bag.

To hear those two a-talking
Was funny, I declare,
But I couldn't tell you what about,
Because I wasn't there.

HARRIET NUTT.

THERE was once a Prince, and he lived long and long ago in the Midway Islands. His kingdom was called the Midway Islands because they lay in the wide blue sea between the Land of Content, where sunshine and happiness dwelt, and the Country of Dissatisfaction that was full of the unpleasantest things you can think of. Now when the North Wind blew from Dissatisfaction it brought with it ugly, cold, cross fogs, and wrapped them around the Islands like a thick, close cloak; and the dampness got into people's bones, and made them so ill-natured that even now when grown folks are out of sorts they say they have "the vapors." But when the soft South Wind came, it spread all around it light and pleasantness, for in each sunbeam was a little messenger elf sent by Fairy Sunshine to iron out the frowns that the fogs had left. And these busy elves worked so hard and faithfully, singing all the while such a droll ditty about the Land of Dissatisfaction, that the children began to smile, and then to laugh and finally ran about the streets echoing the chorus,

"Oh, an evil Land is Fuss and Fret,
Ruled by their Majesties, Pout and Pet,"

until they quite forgot that the damp mists had ever locked them in and made them unhappy.

Now the people in the Midway Islands might have had the sun and the flowers and the songs all the time if they had really wished for them; but when the light was there they were too busy enjoying themselves to urge the elves to stay, and of course elves are too well-bred to stay in any place unless they are especially invited. And when the fogs came back, the Island folk were too hurried scolding and grumbling at their bad luck to think what the cause really was.

One day the cross fogs stayed so long that they got into the Prince's naughty bone, so that when the wind freshened and blew thousands of the Queen's messengers to the Islands, the Prince, instead of running to meet them, went into the garden to hide. Now the Prince really wanted to go back to the happy streets that were filled with music and laughter, and he knew that he did, and that made him crosser than ever. So he kicked away at a pretty pink rose bush, and trod four of the buds into the ground.

Unfortunately for him these roses had been planted by Fairy Sunshine herself, in the hope that the people might come to love the sun and the flowers so much that the ugly fogs would never come back; and she had sent her own especial Rose-elf to watch over them. But the Prince did not know this—perhaps he would not have kicked quite so hard if he had—and the sullen look was still on his face when the Rose-elf popped out of her bush in a great rage.

The Rose-elf has a temper as sharp and prickly as her thorns when she is provoked. "You unkind Prince to undo all my work when I am trying to help you, and bring the sunshine to you!" she cried.

"Sunshine! I don't want sunshine here!" growled the Prince. Indeed the fog must have taken tight hold of his naughty bone.

The Rose-elf looked at him in grief and surprise. "I'm sorry," she said, "but anyone who says such a thing as that must go where there is no sunshine and stay there until he knows what it is to miss it. Four years you must stay there; a year for every rose you have ruined."

With that she whistled the South Wind who ran swiftly over the hills to do her bidding, singing a soft little song as he came. And the Wind gathered up the Prince in his strong arms, and bore him struggling over the blue sea to a land no one had ever heard of, and popped him down in the dungeon of a thick gray castle.

The room he was in was not even light enough for him to read a story book, but it was the light that comes at noon on a gray day; and it never brightened and it never waned. At first, the Prince was just as cheerless as his room, but, by and by, when weeks and months had passed, he began to grow restless and lonesome. At first he said: "I would not mind seeing a little sunshine, just for a change," and then, "Perhaps the sun is really pleasanter than the fog." And at last he pressed his face against the glass, and looked out into the grayness, crying, "Oh, if Fairy Sunshine would only send me one little sunbeam messenger!"

The next morning there was a tiny, flickering ray resting on a small green plant that seemed to have sprung up in the night. The Prince was so glad to see the sun and the plant that he watched them all morning. Each day the sunbeam grew brighter, and the plant became larger and taller, until the Prince grew to love them both dearly, and to watch with happiness the plant turning to the sun, and the rays caressing the green, glossy leaves.

He kept on loving the plant, and the sun rose more and more every day. One morning he was awakened by the bright-

est night he had ever seen. The room was full of sunshine, and around the plant a thousand little sun-elves were clustered. The plant had bloomed in the night, and the single blossom that rested like a star in the green leaves was the most beautiful flower in the whole world. It had the color of the rose, with the sweetness of the violet, and its petals were glossy like the tulip, and glistening like the lily.

And there, patting and pulling its petals into place, just as a mother pulls out the lace frills about a baby's neck and wrists, sat Rose-elf, as pink and as pretty as ever, and not at all cross. She called the Prince to her, and said very kindly, "The four years are up now, and because you have learned to love the sun, the Flower of Content has bloomed. And because you understand the language that the plants speak, you must go to another country where there are no flowers and show the people how to make them grow, and you must take the Flower of Content with you."

Then again she whistled to the South Wind, who hurried to do her bidding, humming the same song; and he picked the Prince up in his strong arms and bore him away to the Porcelain Land, where the people were very unhappy, although their country was the pinkest and whitest and neatest and sweetest country ever seen. They were sorrowful because no flowers would ever grow there. Try as hard as they might they could do nothing because there were no lanes nor gardens in Porcelain Land; only neat, white-tiled streets and courts, and beyond the city lay miles and miles of clay that they dug and baked and made into porcelain houses and furniture. The only flowers that these Porcelain People had were the little stiff buds and blossoms that were painted on their chairs and plates and houses—everything they had was made of porcelain—but these were very unsatisfactory, for you could not pick them, nor smell them, and they were not at all like the real roses and violets that we have. They were just like the flowers on your mother's best dinner-set, and those, you know, can never be plucked.

The people were all so unhappy in their blossomless land that the King had promised his daughter, the Pretty Princess of Porcelain Town, to whomever could, should or would make flowers grow in his kingdom. Now a great many princes and lords and duke and peasants, too, had tried hard to do this, for the Pretty Princess was very pretty indeed, prettier than any porcelain shepherdess you ever saw. They all failed, but they were not beheaded, for the King would not cut off their heads because he was a tidy King, and said it would make such a mess in his snow-white streets, so he only sent them away, and kept on feeling blue.

So when the King saw the beautiful flower with the sunlight on its leaves he ordered the Prince to be brought to him that he might look at the blossom. Then he offered the Prince a stupendous amount of money, but the Prince refused to sell the Flower of Content, and told the King who he was and why he had come.

Then, in truth, there were great rejoicings, for as soon as the people heard that the Prince had been sent by the Sunshine Fairy to help them, they knew that something must really come of it. And something did, for the Prince, after laying his cheek against his dear flower and whispering to it in a strange tongue, called together the cleverest porcelain workmen, and told them to make deep clay pots, hundreds and hundreds of them; and this

was the beginning of the flower-pots we use in our homes now. Then the Prince whistled up the South Wind, and sent him hurrying over hill and dale to bring back loads of earth in his strong arms. And then he bade the workmen fill the pots with this earth, and in each pot he planted a seed of the Flower of Content. The next morning all the seeds had sprung into tiny plants and so wonderful was the magic of the flower that, though all of the blossoms were beautiful, each was different.

The proud King embraced the Prince and gave him his daughter, the Pretty Princess of Porcelain Land, and the people were all so happy over their posies that they danced in crowds around the palace and sang songs about the brave, kind Prince who had brought the Flower of Content to them.

Then the Prince and the Princess were married with all the small sunbeam fairies for attendants, and the Rose-elf for maid of honor; and the South Wind came and whisked them away in his strong arms to the Midway Islands, the Prince's kingdom.

Here the Prince also planted seeds from the Flower of Content, and from these seeds sprang up the same lovely blossoms, and ringed the people round with a wall of beauty and perfume, so that the ugly vapors could never come near them again.

And here the Prince and the Pretty Princess made their home, now called the Isles of Happiness because the people all loved the sunbeam messengers so dearly.

THE FAIRY EYE-GLASSES

By PEARL PRUIT

WHEN Alma Hunt awoke on her seventh birthday the first thing she saw was a row of seven little candles placed on the foot of her bed. They were burning cheerily and helped her to get up earlier than was her custom in cold weather, and she surprised her parents by being the first one down to breakfast.

After breakfast Alma's mamma gave her a tiny box, and hastily opening it she found a beautiful gold thimble. Most little girls would have been delighted with such a nice present, but, as Alma expressed it, she "hated" sewing, and now she knew that her mamma intended to give her sewing lessons very soon.

With a scowl of discontent on her face Alma left the house and went for a walk in a clump of woods near by. This grove was a favorite haunt of the little girl, and she always went there when she was extra cross.

Alma had just seated herself comfortably on a fallen log and was beginning to wonder when mamma would give her the first sewing lesson, when she beheld an object before her that surprised her so that she came near falling from her seat.

There stood a little man, no taller than her thumb. He was gorgeously dressed. His tiny trousers were of soft green moss; his cloak was made of cloth that the silk-worms had woven; and his cap was fashioned from a buttercup petal.

What surprised Alma most was the gloomy expression upon the small face. Almost before she knew it she exclaimed: "Why, what is the matter? Can I help you in any way?"

The little man was much surprised at being addressed, as evidently he had not noticed Alma before, but after surveying her a few minutes he said: "Well, I do wish I could get someone to help me. You see, I am king of the fairies, and we have planned a fine ball for to-night, but the court ladies can't find anyone to make their dresses, and they declare they won't attend the ball unless they have new ones. I assure you we gentlemen are in despair. Can you sew, and do you think you can

make the fairies' dresses?" he asked eagerly.

The question almost took Alma's breath away, but she decided to try, as she was sorry for the little king.

"Where will I get material for them?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll manage that," responded the little man, and he disappeared in the forest before Alma could say another word. He soon returned, however, with his arms full of beautiful fabrics for making fairies' clothes. There were rose-petals of all colors, butterfly wings, cobweb-lace, dewdrops, and ever so many more pretty things.

Alma began to think it would be great fun after all, even if she did dislike to sew. "But what am I to sew with?" she asked. Again the king went into the forest and came back with all the implements for sewing. The thimble was exactly like the one her mamma had given her that morning, and Alma flushed guiltily as she took it.

The scissors were made of tiny grass blades, the needle of a sharp seed, and the thread was silk from a spider's web.

"Now," said the little fellow, "I guess we would better make the queen's dress first. It must be of purple pansy petals, trimmed with cobweb-lace and dewdrops."

"Oh, how lovely that will be!" exclaimed Alma; and she began to unwind some silk to thread her needle. It took some time to do this as the needle was very fine, but at last she succeeded, and began to sew, talking all the while to the fairy. Suddenly, looking down at the work, the little man exclaimed:

"Oh, what long stitches you are taking!"

Alma blushed to the roots of her hair. She had always been in such a hurry to get through her sewing that she had not learned to take short stitches, and to be reproved by such a tiny person was very humiliating.

"Oh, I forgot the stitches were for fairies," she stammered.

"Never mind," interrupted the king. "I'll get you some fairy glasses; I think they will help."

"Indeed they do," said Alma, when they were firmly fastened on her nose. After this the work progressed nicely.

When the dresses were finished the fairy plucked a large leaf, laid the dainty garments on it, and pinned the covering together with a thorn. After he had done this he turned to Alma with a courtly bow.

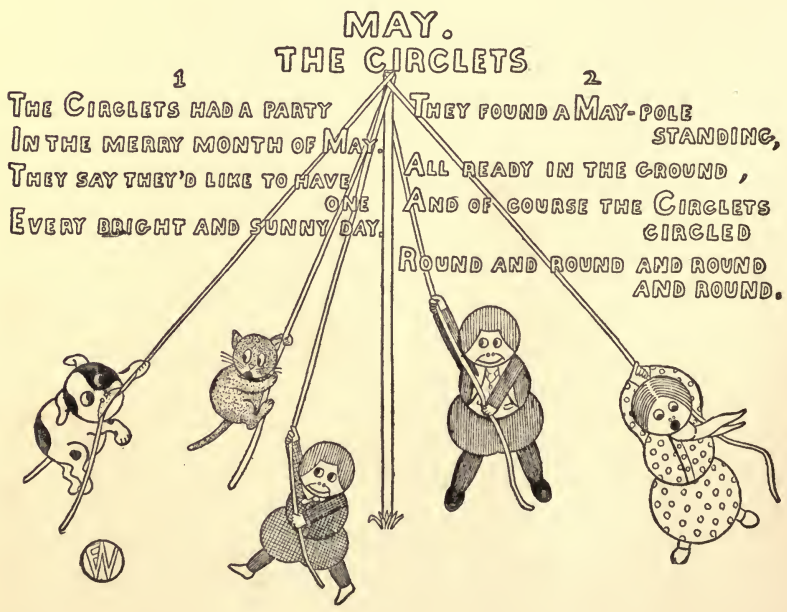
"I'm sure all the fairies would like you to attend the ball, but I'm afraid you are too large," he said regretfully. "We will repay you some day, however," he con-

tinued Then turning toward the forest he uttered a low call. Immediately four beautiful butterflies fluttered down. Taking some silk from a spider's web near by the fairy king, who seemed quite able to do all his own work, soon had his team harnessed to the load of dainty dresses. He bade Alma good-by, and climbing on his load was borne swiftly away.

Alma watched until he was out of sight, then she started up and rubbed her eyes. As her hands fell in her lap she felt something hard, and putting her hand in her pocket drew out the gold thimble that her mamma had given her that morning.

"It's just like the fairy king's," she mused. "I wonder if I really saw him or if I dreamed it all," and she was very thoughtful all the way home.

When she reached the house she told her mother about her strange experience, and added: "Mamma, I'm going to learn to sew neatly, and whenever I work I will pretend I have on those fairy glasses, so I will make short stitches; but I'm glad I don't have to make my stitches quite so short as when I was making the fairies' dresses."



THE VAN NESS FAMILY

By EDNA A. NEEDLES

MISS ELEANOR BLYTHE, the new boarder at Brown's Mountain House, left the porch and the hammock where she had been enjoying the wide-spread view, and entered one of the many delightful trails that led into the redwoods. The path she chose was one she had seen little Helen Brown take earlier in the morning, and soon she came upon the child seated on a stump, gazing intently into a big box which rested upon another taller stump, and talking earnestly to herself.

Coming nearer, Miss Blythe discovered that the box Helen sat before was really a doll-house. The dolls, however, were nothing but little rolls of white, dressed in cotton frocks.

At the sound of approaching footsteps Helen started and looked around. But the gay friendliness of Miss Blythe's smile reassured her, and the real understanding and sympathy in her voice, as she asked, "Could I play with you for a while, Helen?" completely won the little girl's heart.

"I'll be so glad to have you," she replied wistfully.

"Tell me about your family," said Miss Blythe, sitting down on a moss-covered stone

"Well, this is Mrs. Santos, and this is Mr. Santos,"—Helen held up the two largest of the homemade dolls. "And these,"—she displayed half a dozen smaller ones,—"are their children. The Santoses are of a nice old Spanish family, but they are very poor, and are all taking care of this house until the real owners come back. When the real owners come, the Santoses will have to go away. But the real owners are splendid people and have lots of money, so they will pay the Santoses for keeping this so nice, and will build them a dear little house near this one."

"Who are the 'real owners?'" asked Miss Blythe with deepening interest.

"The Van Ness family. They are in Europe now. They have been traveling for years. There is Mr. Van Ness, and Mrs. Van Ness, and Arthur and Evelyn (Arthur's twelve and Evelyn's ten) and Ruby and Pearl, and little Freddy and the baby. It's a lovely family. Oh, I do so wish they could come home!"

"And why can't they?" asked Miss Blythe.

"Why, you see," explained Helen sadly, "they are real dolls in a store somewhere, probably in San Francisco, and we never can go there, it's so far away. They

don't keep them in San Ramon where mother buys her things, so sometimes it looks as if they never could come home. But then," she continued, her face brightening, "I have a good deal of fun with the Santoses. They got a letter yesterday saying Mrs. Van Ness was better—she's been very sick—and they think now surely Mr. Van Ness will bring her home, so Mrs. Santos is having the whole house cleaned."

The doll-house proved upon close inspection to be made of two boxes, one set upon the other. Upstairs were two bedrooms. Here small pasteboard boxes served for beds. In each bed was a beautifully made little mattress, pillows, sheets, tiny quilts and pretty white coverlets.

"Mother helped me to make them," said Helen.

The carpet upstairs was a piece of blue checked gingham, and the walls both up and downstairs were papered in a plain buff color.

"I pasted the paper on and nailed the carpet down," Helen said with some little pride. "Father put the walls in," and she pointed to the pasteboard divisions between the two bed-rooms, and between the living-room and kitchen, "and made the windows for me, but I put the curtains up."

The white cheesecloth curtains were very pretty. So, indeed, was everything about the little house. The living-room boasted a fireplace; a pictured fireplace, cut from a magazine and pasted to the wall. Helen had painted some red flames in the grate, and it seemed to her nothing could be cheerier. On the floor were the dearest little red-and-black and blue-and-white knitted rugs, the work of Grandmother Brown's hands, and for tables there were boxes covered with dainty white cloths. A number of beautiful shiny horse chestnuts, drawn cosily up before the fire, represented antique walnut chairs.

In the kitchen a big black spool with a pencil stuck into it, made a very good stove and pipe, and on the kitchen table were a number of acorn cups which served nicely for dishes.

Miss Blythe and Helen became very dear friends, and every day they spent some time together at "Hidden Villa," for that was the name of the Van Ness' forest home.

One day Helen brought out a little covered basket, and shyly displayed its contents. It was *full* of small doll clothes. "These are for the Van Nesses," she explained simply.

There were long trailing house dresses for Mrs. Van Ness, frocks and aprons for the girls, and cunning white garments for Freddy and baby Dorothy.

"I didn't make anything for Arthur and his father," she confessed, "for I didn't know how."

After that, Miss Blythe helped her make clothes. Several suits were made for Mr. Van Ness and Arthur, and then they began making party clothes for Mrs. Van Ness and the children.

The day before Miss Blythe went away, they fixed up a little home for the Santos family near Hidden Villa.

"I feel very sure," said Miss Blythe, "that the Van Nesses will soon be here, and we want to have everything in readiness for their coming."

The next morning she was whirled away in the stage, and Helen, a very disconsolate little figure, stood looking down the winding road until the last cloud of dust had rolled away. Then, trying to comfort herself with the thought of the

letter that was to come, she walked unsteadily toward the house. She could not see very well, for in spite of herself the tears would come.

For the next few days, her mother kept her busy huckleberrying. Ordinarily she enjoyed this very much, for the huckleberries were thickest down a deep and beautiful canyon where ferns and the sweet scented *yerba buena* grew among thickets of snow drops and wild roses. And even now she forgot her loneliness a little in planning to bring Miss Blythe down here some time during the coming summer.

The evening of the third day, the lumberman who usually brought the afternoon mail up the mountain, handed Helen a letter and a package.

"HIDDEN VILLA," THE HOME OF THE VAN NESS FAMILY

"Dear little friend," (began the letter), "Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness and the children have returned from abroad. I found them staying temporarily in a store here in the city. The travelling suits they are wearing I made for them when I was with you, evenings after you had

gone to bed. I knew the Van Ness family when I found them, because the clothes fitted them so well. Hoping to see you all next summer,

"I am lovingly yours,

"ELEANOR BLYTHE."

The Van Ness family!

Helen gave a little inarticulate cry of joy as she bent over the box in which they lay, and it was with trembling fingers that she lifted them out.

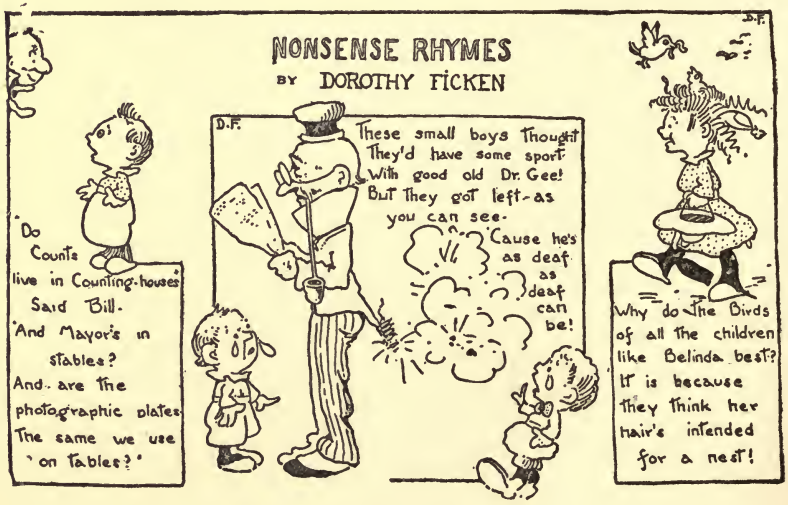
Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness were slender dolls with china heads and cloth bodies. The rest of the family were bisque with jointed arms and legs and very plump bodies. Evelyn and Pearl had long flaxen curls, but Ruby's hair was black and hung in a braid. Mr. Van Ness and Arthur wore light grey suits, the rest of the family, however, were dressed in heavy white linen.

Helen took them all in her apron and started down the trail toward Hidden Villa.

"There will be time to show them over the house before dinner, won't there, mother?" she called back.

"Yes, dear heart," her mother replied, 'and be sure you bring them up to spend the evening."

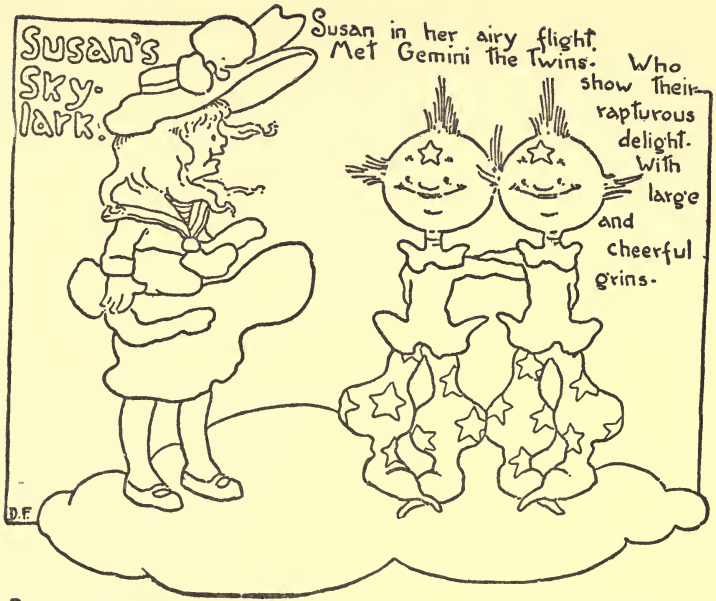
And so, at last, after long wanderings, the Van Ness family entered the ancestral home.



PHOEBE GREEN

SO this is little Phoebe Green,
The image of her Pa.
Come, tell me how you are, my child—
Tut, tut! how shy you are!

"I am not shy," lisped Phoebe Green,
"But it so plainly shows—
I knew *at once* you were the Wolf
Dressed up in Gran'ma's clo'es!"


Susan's Sky-lark.
Susan in her airy flight
Met Gemini the Twins. Who
show their rapturous delight.
With large and cheerful grins.
D.F.

Susan flying thro the air, thought nothing could be finer—
Susan's Sky lark
She visited the Major Bear.
And little Ursa Minor
D. Fiske

GREAT EVENTS

"I'VE traveled in Europe," quoth Evelyn Mae;
"We all lived abroad for a year";
The others just sighed in an envious way,
And some of them murmured, "Oh, dear."

Said Dorothy Jane, "I have never been *there*
But I've been to Niagara Falls,
And *that* is important; you look everywhere
And see only water, like walls."

"It must have been lovely," said Rosalie Jo;
"One time *I* was down in a mine,
'Way under the earth, and we all had to go
In a car, on a sort of incline."

Then Jack declared loudly the best time that he
Ever had was, when he and Joe Small
Went out on the trolley last summer to see
The "Giants" and "Yankees" play ball!

"Oh, that isn't anything!" cried Mary Ruth.
"You just ought to go to the Zoo!
They have animals—bears, lions, camels—in truth,
Every kind, and some other kinds, too."

Said little John Henry, "Now I know a thing
Much better than all of the rest;
Yes, better than Europe and Niagara Falls;
'Tis Buffalo Bill's Wildest West!"

"*I* rode on an engine with papa one day,"
Said Margaret Milly, with pride;
"The wind was so strong I almost blew away,
And had to hold on to the side;

"And, Oh, but it jolted!" Then Babykin Lou
Interrupted, with eyes very bright,
But a serious voice: "*I* did somefin', *too*
I stayed up till 'leven one night."

THE FRETFUL THERMOMETER

"DEAR me!" quoth Thermometer
In querulous tones,
"How this shocking bad weather
Gets into one's bones!

"My constitution's not strong,
So 'tis not at all strange
That I notice the weather
And feel every change.

"Pshaw! how some cranky folks
Do fuss and complain!
I declare I'm quite sick
Of the tiresome refrain!

"It's nothing but 'weather
From morning till night;
Now 'too cold,' then 'too hot'—
It's never just right!

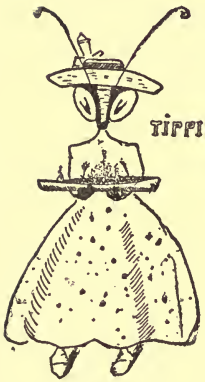
"But bless me! 'tis useless
To try to please all;
While one begs me to rise
Someone else cries: 'Please fall!'

"All the world seems to fret,
And alas! I'm distressed
To find that I'm growing
As bad as the rest!"

LEILA LYON TOPPING

THE ANTS OF ANTIC

By JOSHUA F. CROWELL



I

THE dear little ant named Myra was having a party in the best sand parlor of her ant-hill home. Many charming lady ants were present, all seated on pebble chairs around a nice stone table. Tippie, the little waitress ant, was bringing in the lunch of caterpillar pie and beetle stew, but just as she reached the table her poor little tired arms gave out, and she dropped the pie and the stew, too; the pie broke in two, and the stew flew.

Said Myra, "Oh! Tippie, how could you?" Tippie shed a tear or two, and perhaps 172, and then replied:

"I am tired. I have worked six days without resting, and my feet are all curly, they are so tired. I wish I was the sluggard, that had to go to the ants, and not a poor ant that has to do all the work, besides having sluggards coming on at any time."

With these words she ran away. The ant ladies all arose and bowed politely, and left. Myra was alone. It was three o'clock. Myra took the chairs one by one and carried them through the hall and the pantry, down the stairs, through the cellar, up the stairs, through the back pantry, through the upper hall and all the bedrooms, up the attic stairs and down again, and finally through the front door, and tossed them on a big heap of sand called "The Ant Hill." It took time.

When it was done, she brought them all back again, through the same rooms, up and down, and in and out, and round about. This took more time. Myra was pleased at what she had done, so she did it all over again.

It was now six o'clock. The sun was setting. Tippie was already asleep and dreaming of sluggards.

Myra was not sleepy a bit, so she began to clean house. She took up all the floors and carried them outdoors, she took down all the walls and put them in the halls. Next she put everything back as it was at first.

Then the sluggard came. He rapped at the door, and said, "I have been sent to the ant, to watch his antics. Are you willing I should watch you?"

Myra smiled sweetly. "I am willing. I will clean the house again."

And she did.

II

Little Tippie Ant was up early. She had rested so well, her feet were not at all curly. It was a busy morning for

Tippie; she must dust and clean the three best rooms, prepare the dinner, and carry three hundred and fifty-seven loads of sand up eleven pairs of stairs, all before noon. But she could do it, and she did.

Miss Myra Ant was busy, too. Company was coming—her three aunts on her mother's side. She must go for them. They lived in another ant-hill house, nine rods away.

They could have walked easily in ten minutes, but Myra dear thought it much nicer to go for them in the coach. This was a peanut-shell. Mr. Grasshopper was the horse. He was very frisky and jumped this way and that way. Myra was very proud of her driving, and tried to keep her steed in the nice straight road. But when she arrived at her aunts' she looked behind, and the track looked like the mark in the picture.

"I know," said Myra to herself, "I could do better if I had a horse without jumps; this one means well, but he's green, oh, so green!"

Aunt Annie Ant was ready, waiting. Aunt Fanny Ant was nearly ready, Aunt Hannah Ant was not ready at all.

Said Aunt Annie Ant, "Is that a safe horse? He looks bony."

"He brought me here safely," said Myra, "in two hours."

"Oh!" said Aunt Fanny Ant, "he must be gentle. Slow and sure is the kind I like."

They were soon seated in the coach, and were off. 'Twas a nice ride. At every corner all the Aunt Ants braced their feet, held their breaths, shut their eyes, and waited for the jump, and the bump. There were ninety-one corners. At the ninety-first, Mr. Grasshopper horse gave the biggest jump, the coach upset, and they were all spilled right into the front hall.

What a fine time they had! They went into all the rooms, up and down the stairs, opened all the closets, went here and there and everywhere, and looked in here and peeped in there. All too soon, Tippie said:

"Dinner!!!!!"

III

It was a fine day for the picnic—the sugar picnic. This was a special Antic, planned by Miss Myra Ant in honor of her three Aunt Ants.

How pleased they were, and excited, too! How many times they ran up and down stairs—forty-one at least, getting ready. Aunt Hannah Ant was last; she was always that, she was older and bigger and not quite so spry as the others.

But they were all kind to her and waited, although it was pretty hard for ants to wait. At last they started, each carrying a large pail made of a beggar-tick seed. "If we drop the pails," said Myra, "they will stick to us."

They traveled along beams, knot-hole tunnels, around a chimney, under some carpets, over some dishes, up the slender legs of a table, to the very top.

There was the sugar! They all plunged into it and ate of it; they smiled at it, and rolled on it. They danced and pranced, they frisked and they whisked, they skipped and they tipped.

"How do you like it?" said Myra.

"It's tip-top," said the Auntie Ants.

Said Tippie, "I think it's Tippie-top, too."

Scoop!!! Something happened! They were all suddenly lifted with a heap of the sugar and dashed into a great yellow cavern.

"I know what's the matter," cried Tippie. "Follow me, quick, quick!" Tippie ran, they all ran, quick as a wink.

When they were safe at home, seated in the most comfortable chairs, fanning themselves, Myra said, "Now, Tippie, explain."

"I will," said Tippie. "We were all scooped, by something called a lady. The yellow cavern was a dish. If we had not run, we should now be baked in a cake. My grandmother, great, great, great, great came very near to being baked."

"I have heard," said Myra, "that those terrible beings called people have picnics, too. Our beautiful picnic was spoiled by one of them. I wonder how they would like to be scooped through the air and landed, they know not where!"

Said Tippie:

"They have just such troubles,
With auto-mo-bubbles!"

IV

Tippie went to drive home the cows. There were seventy-seven, each of a beautiful green color, and each named Aphis. The pasture was in a rose-bush, but Tippie could not get them all, for some had wings and flew away. Instead of milk, they gave honey. Ant cows are made that way. It is the best way for the ants.

Tippie brought in the nice, fresh, foaming, warm honey-milk and the Aunt Ants each had a glass before going to bed. Aunt Hannah Ant had two.

Myra could not eat, she was too busy. She was trying to learn to be a butterfly. She had the Cyclopedia Bright-Antic-a. This told all about butter. Also all about flies. Myra made notes, as follows: "Butter, something made from milk. Fly, an insect."

"Now," said Myra, "I am an insect myself, and have plenty of Aphis milk; the question is, how much of each to mix." It was a hard problem. Myra added long columns of figures, then subtracted them, and multiplied them, and divided them by every number she could think of, but the answer would not come. She worked all night.

Morning came, as usual; the sun arose; the cows were milked; the Aunt Ants were up; Tippie had breakfast; still Myra

AUNT HANNAH ANT

worked; she was trying decimal fractions now.

Breakfast was served, the Aunt Ants ate, Tippie ate, too. Dinner passed, tea-time came, and Myra was still at her problem. Myra called her Aunt Ants to her, and addressed them thus:

"If I could flutter, then I might fly. If I were butter, then I might try to be a butter-fly. Or, in other words, if butter could butter, I might try to fly."

Then something happened to Myra. She did not fly, she swooned. and no won-

der! She had worked too many hours without rest or food. They put her to bed. Aunt Annie Ant warmed her feet, and Aunt Hannah Ant stood around and said, "Do this, do that."

Myra was well again next day, and her Aunts gave her some advice. Said Aunt Annie Ant, "It is better to have a sensible ambition than a foolish one. If you should study until you were black in the face (you are almost that now), you could never fly."

Said Aunt Fanny Aunt, "You must never get so interested in study that you forget to eat and sleep. Creatures called boys and girls never do."

Said Aunt Hannah Ant, "Take my advice, and just be nice."

Then Tippie came in, and said, "There's an agent here with a new book."

"What is it?" asked Myra.

"'The Perfect Ant,'" said Tippie.

"I will buy a copy and study it!" exclaimed Myra.

She did.

V

It was a beautiful harvest moon. Myra thought so; the Aunt Ants thought so, and Tippie also thought so, too. The sky was robin's-egg blue. The grass was emerald hue, and fresh with sparkling dew. Everything looked new, while every flower that grew, and every bird that flew, and every wind that blew, sang of the good and true.

The Aunt Ants said they must go to their own home to-day because winter would come soon.

"I wish you would stay with me all winter," said Myra.

All three said they would, so that was settled.

"Now we must get our harvest home," said Myra, "and you must all help." They worked hard, bringing grains and fruits from the fields, and filling pantries, closets, and cellars.

Upstairs and down they went, out and in the door, rushing here and rushing there, carrying heavy loads, hurry-hurry, scurry-scurry, up and down, in and out, over and under, and around about.

By set of sun their work was done.

"Now, when winter comes," said Myra, "we will have plenty; if we empty all the store-rooms, we can eat the furniture in the dining-room." True! For the dining-table was a dried mushroom, the chairs were wheat kernels, the sideboard a cracked nut, and the dishes which they called cut-glass were really grains of sugar.

"But," said Aunt Hannah, as she toasted her feet by the blazing fire, "why did Tippie fill the seventh drawer of the ninth bureau in the third closet from the corner of the hall, with prickly nettles?"

"We may need them," said Myra.

It happened next day, at forty-three minutes and nineteen seconds past thirteen o'clock, thus wise:

The ant-eater came. He put his tongue right through the front door and licked all the pictures off of the wall of the hall. He was gigantic. The Ants of Antic were frantic.

That awful tongue came again. This time it took all the furniture in the hall, and the little twisty, twirly end went into the sitting room and caught Aunt Hannah by the hair. But that was really lucky, for Aunt Hannah's hair was a wig. It came off.

"Dear Aunt Hannah, your wig is gone, but I am so glad you are left," said Myra.

"I must do something." Suddenly she did.

She went to the third closet from the corner of the hall, opened the door, went in, counted the ninth bureau from the left, opened the seventh drawer from the bottom, took out the prickly nettles, and threw them all over the hall.

Just in time, too. The ant-eater's tongue came for the third time. It took all the nettles. It never came any more.

But winter came! The Aunt Ants lived with Myra till spring. When they went home, they tipped Myra well. They tipped Tippie, too.

Through!!!

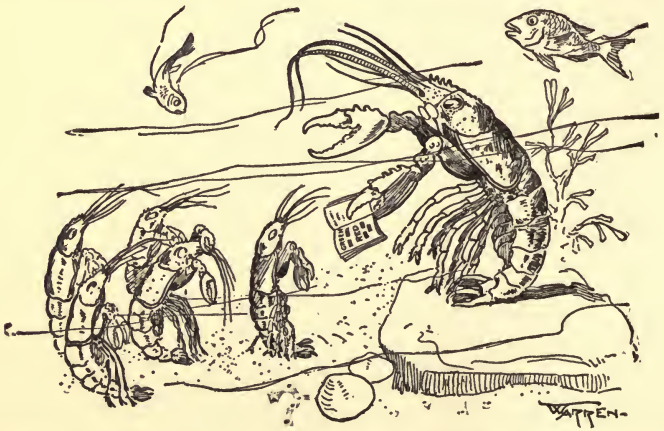
PROFESSOR MUD-TURTLE'S SAFE AND SELECT SWIMMING POOL

LELIA AND LULIA LOBSTER

By JOSHUA F. CROWELL

LELIA and Lulia went to school in the sea-weed room of the salt sea pool. Mr. Bobster Lobster was the teacher. He stood on a big flat stone and taught them the song of the sad sea moan. After that, the lessons came. Lelia and Lulia were in the first grade in color. The first day, they learned one color. Each one of the class had to think of something green and make a complete statement.

Said Cilli-Billi, "The sea is green."



Said Lelia, "I'm green."

Then Lulia's turn came, but she could not think of anything green, so she waved her eyes in their handles from side to side; but she was so confused to have them all staring at her, she could not see anything except the teacher. So she said timidly, "Mr. Bobster Lobster is gr-r-e-en."

He was, but he didn't like to be told of it. He clacked the jaw at the end of his claw and Lulia was the most frightened little lobster you ever saw. She cried real wet, salt tears all the way from school, but when she reached home, her mother reprovingly said, "It is foolish, my dear, to cry, for the ocean is full of the very wettest, saltest tears, and yours are useless. If you must cry, go up on the dry land and water the parched vegetation."

Then the mother served each of her little daughters with a pearly shell plate full of delicious dulce, and Lulia was soon as happy as Lelia.

The next day at school, they learned another color. "Red," said Mr. Bobster, "is the dread color. You may not understand it now, but it always comes to you after you are boiled. My advice is, to shun red."

Lelia and Lulia attended school every

day and they soon learned everything that lobsters should. They practised sea-weed and rock hiding, claw and tail swimming; they grew skilled in water flitting and mud sitting; they learned the art of crawling without sprawling, and trawling without falling.

One day, when they were quite big and strong, they took a long, long crawl from their home, out—out—into the deep, deep sea. They passed thro' many sea-weed fields and under the shadow of some mighty rocks. They admired the lovely gardens of delicately colored sea-anemones, and, at every step, they took in good long breaths of the nice fresh—(I mean salt)—water.

They had a beautiful walk and were just on the point of turning back toward home, when they espied a new and strange object made of laths and netting.

"It looks," said Lelia, "like a new kind of home."

It was the lobster pot, although they knew it not. Then they both smelled the delicious odor of a well-prepared lunch.

"Let us go in," said Lulia, "the door is invitingly open."

They went in and ate the lunch.

Then,—they could not find the way out. They searched everywhere for an opening, but bars of wood seemed to be on every side.

"How we got in," said Lelia, "seems like magic."

"Not to get out," cried Lulia, "is decidedly tragic."

Day went, night came; then at last night changed to dawn, and still the two little lobsters tugged at the bars, and found no way out. When the sun was up they heard the noise of oars over their heads, and the shadow of a great boat surrounded them.

"Perhaps," Lelia said,
"It's the fisherman dread,
Who'll boil us red."
"We're slowly rising up, I fear,"
Said Lulia, "Good-bye, sister dear,
I think the end is very near."

But the fisherman, when he had raised the lobster pot to the boat and opened it, looked disgusted. "Two, and both too short." So saying, he took Lelia and Lulia and dropped them back into the sea.

How glad they were to be free again!

On their way home, they met Gilli-Billi and told him their story.

"Well! well!" said Gilli-Billi, "I see now that it is better for a lobster to be short, for, if you are not short, you are sure to be-long to the fisherman. You are lucky girls, I think, for if the fisherman was short of lobsters, he would not be long in taking you,—short or long."

That's the long and the short of it!

WHEN I WAS A SQUANTUM WAGON

TOLD BY UNCLE MORRIS CHAIR TO CHARLOTTE FLACK

DO you know what a squantum wagon is? Maybe you do, if you have ever been to Nantucket. *I* didn't know until I heard the mother telling the children about going on a "squantum" in a "squantum wagon," when she was visiting at Nantucket Island.

They liked so much to hear about it, that the mother told it over and over many times, until I knew the story by heart. When she told it she always sat on my lap, you know, with dear little Betty on hers, and Jack sat on one of my arms, while Marjorie sat on the other.

Well, the afternoon she told it for the forty-'leventh time, I thought what a fine squantum wagon *I* would make, and what fun the youngsters would have playing squantum. Instantly my thought flew into Marjorie's mind as I meant it should, and the next minute, off my arm she jumped exclaiming: "Oh Momsky dear! Please sit over there in the rocking chair now, so we can have this (meaning me, you know) for a squantum wagon. Say, Jack and Betty! Don't you think it will be fun to go on a squantum?"

Of course they *did* think so, and away they hurried for their little lunch baskets, Marjorie first asking the mother if they might have truly things to eat.

The mother said yes, as I knew she would, for she enjoys their good times as much as I do.

Then Jack began to do a little planning, for I heard him saying: "Now, Marjorie, while you and Betty are in the pantry getting those baskets ready, I'll go and hitch up Prince to the wagon."

Soon, in he came with his beloved rocking-horse, which he hurriedly placed in front of me; then over to the mother he ran and began to whisper eagerly to her, his blue eyes big with excitement. When she nodded, he gave her a little bear hug, exclaiming: "You are just the bestest mother!" and out he ran into the hall. I was just trying to guess what all that whispering was about, when ting-a-ling sounded the telephone bell, and I heard Jack calling: "Hello! Is that you Clarence? Come down and have some fun! Will tell you about it later. Come in front door, still as a mouse, and hurry!"

Who is Clarence? Why, he is their

cousin who lives just around the corner, and their little private telephone has almost as many good times as I have, I guess.

Well, when the baskets were ready and Marjorie and Betty had put their hats on and had arranged their wraps over their arms—("It's cool down on the beach, you know," Marjorie was saying in a motherly way to wee Betty)—they came back ready for their drive.

And there, looking solemn and sedate, sitting up very straight on the driver's seat, was Clarence holding the reins and trying hard not to giggle, while Jack stood by the wagon politely waiting to help the little ladies in.

But the little ladies just stood still in the doorway and stared in surprise, with wide open mouths and wide open eyes.

The next minute Clarence's giggle got the best of him and suddenly exploded into a great big ha! ha! ha! and Jack called out: "All aboard for South Shore!"

That broke the spell, and across the room ran Marjorie and Betty, and with Jack's assistance they climbed in, each taking an arm for a seat, so they sat facing each other, as you always do in a truly squantum wagon, you know.

Then Jack took his seat beside Betty, and with a jerk of the reins and a duet of "klks," away pranced Prince Pony.

As they rode along, Jack explained to Marjorie how Clarence came to be there, and then Marjorie informed Clarence that they were on the way to the south shore of Nantucket, where they were going to have a squantum at the Life Saving Station.

"A squantum! What under the sun is that?" asked Clarence.

"Why, it's a picnic," answered Jack, "and I guess squantum is the Indianish name for it."

Then Marjorie and Jack, with now and then a word from quiet little Betty, told Clarence fragments of the story, but before it was ended they decided their ride was ended too. Then Jack, pointing ahead, shouted: "Look! there's the beach, and just hear that old ocean roar!"

And then, what do you think they heard? A boom-m-m! boom-m-m that really sounded just like the surf on the sea shore. And while the four sat silently, looking at each other—Boom-m-m-m! boom-m-m-m!! boom-m-m-m!!!—they heard again louder and deeper than before. Then they heard something which explained all—big sister's hearty laugh in the next room, for it was she who was playing the deep, deep, low bass keys of the piano to make the sound of the breakers for them.

Out they all scrambled then, and after tying Prince Pony to the table leg with the reins, away they scampered across the beach (the hall) to the Life Saving Station, which was the play-room.

"Now, it's time to eat!" exclaimed Jack, "and what shall we have for a door-table?"

Marjorie suggested the ironing board, and I knew by the sound that they were tugging it into the play-room, and guessed it would be placed across two chairs and the contents of the baskets spread upon it.

Next, I heard Jack telling Clarence how the obliging crew of the station had taken off one of the big doors to use as a table that day, when mother and all those people from town had their squantum party there, and how two of the men launched a dory in the big waves and went out, way beyond the breakers and caught some great big bluefish.

AWAY PRANCED PRINCE PONY.

"You know," exclaimed Marjorie, "it was the captain's wife who invited all those people, and that's how they happened to go to the station, and why the crew were so nice and obliging."

Then she went on telling how the cook made bluefish chowder that was served in bowls of all sizes and dishes of all kinds, and how the mother ate hers out of a bright tin cup, and that never before or

since had she eaten chowder so delicious.

"Oh dear me!" sighed Betty longingly, "I wish we could have some boo flish showder!"

The others wished so, too, so Marjorie said: "I'll get spoons and cups of milk, and let's break up these crackers for make-believe chowder."

Pretty soon I heard a boy's voice exclaiming: "Um-m-m! this chowder is just jim dandy!"

Then another declaring: "You're right, it is! It's just O. K."

Then a girlish voice pronounced it "simply elegant."

Last of all a dear little, sweet little voice chimed: "I fink it is dust selicious!"

After the chowder was all gone, they pretended their little cakes and sugar jumbles were Nantucket "sponge rounds" and "fried wonders."

"Now, let's go out on the beach, and pick up pudding," proposed Jack, after every crumb had been eaten.

"Pick up pudding!" said Clarence with a laugh, "what do you mean?"

I didn't wonder he laughed, for it did sound quite funny. Marjorie told him Jack meant the white sea-moss which made lovely blanc-mange.

Then began a great rattling around the play-room floor, and I thought it was noisy moss they were finding. It sounded to me like marbles and blocks and horse-chestnuts,—and sure enough! that's just the kind of moss I saw in their baskets, when they came scurrying back to the wagon soon after.

In they climbed, and Jack began his chirruping to Prince, when Clarence discovered something that made him laugh so very hard he almost tumbled out. He couldn't speak to explain, but just pointed

"I FINK IT'S DUST SELICIOUS."

to the table leg. Oh, how tney all laughed until I shook too; for how could Prince Pony prance when he was tied fast, and how could any one drive without the reins he was tied with!

Then with a big shout, they all tumbled out, all running away to play something else—and I was only old Uncle Morris Chair again.

THE CALL OF THE DRUM

"COME—Boys—Come!"
Says the Big
Bass
Drum.

There's a show in town,
There's a funny clown
Riding a bicycle up and down
On the sunny street;
There are thousands of feet
Striking the earth to the merry tune,
And the day is fair and the air like
June!
Then it's "Come—Come—Come!"
Says the Big
Bass
Drum.

"Come—Boys—Come!"
Says the Big
Bass
Drum.

There's a grand parade,
There is music played
By men in uniforms gay arrayed;
There are ponies whose tricks will astonish you,
There are lions and tigers and elephants, too;
There are camels and bears and funny baboons,
A caliope screaming out wonderful tunes
With a "whee-ee—who-o—whoo-oo!"
While the Drum—Calls—You
With a "Bum—Bum—Bum!"
And a "Come
Boys
Come!"

"Come—Boys—Come!"
Says the Big
Bass
Drum.

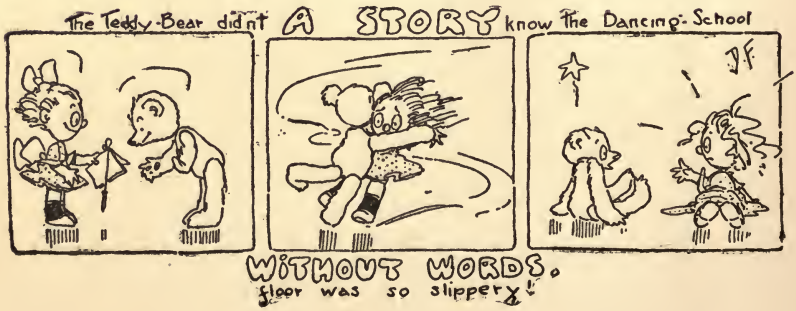
With a dash and a wheel,
And a spring in the heel,
And a laugh for the rollicking joys they feel;
In a rabble and rout,
With a clatter and shout,
The children are dancing and wheeling about.
Oh, hurry! Be quick! The clown is near,
The funniest joker you've seen in a year!
See them Come—Come—Come
To the Big
Bass
Drum!

J. Wiley Owen.

THE GINGERBREAD BIRD

I can
not sing,
I can not
walk, of course
I can not
fly. You
don't
suppose
that I can
see with just
a raisin eye? But really I
am better far, than any bird
with wings; for I am made
with sugar spice, and many
more good things. The
oven turned me nice and
brown, and did the
work in haste, so
take a
bite
from
off
my
head
and see
how crisp
I'll taste.

MAGGIE WHEELER ROSS



THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

By ROSA DODILLTE

Translated by Flora Spiegelberg from the German

MANY, many years ago there lived in a far-off land a young and handsome king. He ruled his kingdom and subjects with justice and mercy, and was greatly beloved by all his people. He took a personal interest in their welfare. Wishing to make sure that his subjects were being justly treated by his officials, he had the curious habit of going unaccompanied among them, wearing a different disguise each time.

On one of the occasions he happened to select a street which led to the outskirts of the city, where the poor people lived. Quite at the end of this street stood a small tumble-down hut, but it was surrounded by a pretty little garden. A strange looking flower of rare beauty and coloring was growing in a carefully cultivated bed in the middle of this garden.

Curious to know the owner of this flower, he promptly knocked at the garden gate, and for a pretext begged the old woman who answered his call to give him a glass of water. A beautiful young girl sat at the window busily working at a piece of tapestry. The king stared at her in amazement; never before had he seen such lovely golden hair nor such a sweet, pretty face.

The king excused his intrusion by saying it was all due to his great admiration of the rare and beautiful flower growing in the garden. He inquired of the young girl if she were the owner of the flower and if she were willing to sell it for a very large sum.

"There is a strange history attached to this flower," she said timidly. "I would not part with it for any price."

The amiable and charming manners of the young king soon gained for him the confidence of the two women, and from the pretty maiden he learned the following pitiful tale:

"This is not my country," said the young girl. "I came from a distant land where my father, the king, ruled over a great kingdom, and I am his only daughter. During the long and unjust wars waged against him, his land was ruined. My father and his good wife, my mother, were taken prisoners and killed by their enemies. It was really a miracle that I was able to escape unobserved with my faithful nurse. As last, after long and weary wanderings and many privations, we found a home and protection with the good people who owned this humble little hut. I am very sorry to say that they died some time ago. Nobody here knows that I am the daughter of a king.

"While fleeing for our lives from my father's enemies, through a dark and dense forest, I was nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and begged my devoted nurse to let me rest for a little while. I had hardly fallen asleep when I was awakened by a peculiar noise which sounded like the moaning of a sick person. Terribly startled I jumped up quickly and called loudly for my nurse Marion, but received no answer. Then finding myself alone in the dense woods I became very frightened, so I folded my hands just

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL SAT WORKING AT A PIECE OF TAPESTRY

as my beloved mother had taught me when I was a little girl, and prayed to God for protection.

"Again in a little while I heard the same moaning and groaning, but this time I took courage and went directly to the spot where I heard the cries. There to my great surprise I found a very old woman lying on the ground and wailing bitterly. She had fallen with her heavy load of firewood and could not rise again to her feet. I quickly took her burden from her back and refreshed her with a cool drink of water. Then I helped her to her feet again and she begged me to accompany her the short distance to her little hut in the woods. I put her heavy load of firewood on my back and led the good old woman back to her humble little home.

"As I was about to leave this good old woman, she thanked me heartily for the valuable services I had rendered her, and then handed me a few flower seeds from a peculiar box, with the following instructions: 'Take good care of these apparently simple little brown seeds and plant them in a garden when you are eighteen years old. A very rare and beautiful flower will grow from them and through this flower you will find good luck and happiness.' I thanked her and hastened back to our resting place in the woods, where I found my good nurse almost beside herself with excitement and despair over my sudden disappearance.

"Many years have passed since then; only a few days ago, on my eighteenth birthday, I happened to remember the instructions of the little old woman I had met in the woods. Immediately I planted the seeds, and behold, from them grew this magnificent flower."

The young king looked for a few minutes admiringly at the pretty maiden, and then said to her:

"Lovely princess, this story of your great suffering and misfortune has affected me strangely. I pray you leave this simple little hut, with its ill-suited surroundings, and follow me to my house. Be assured I mean it well with you. I am richer and of more noble birth than you may imagine. I will gladly fulfill every wish of yours."

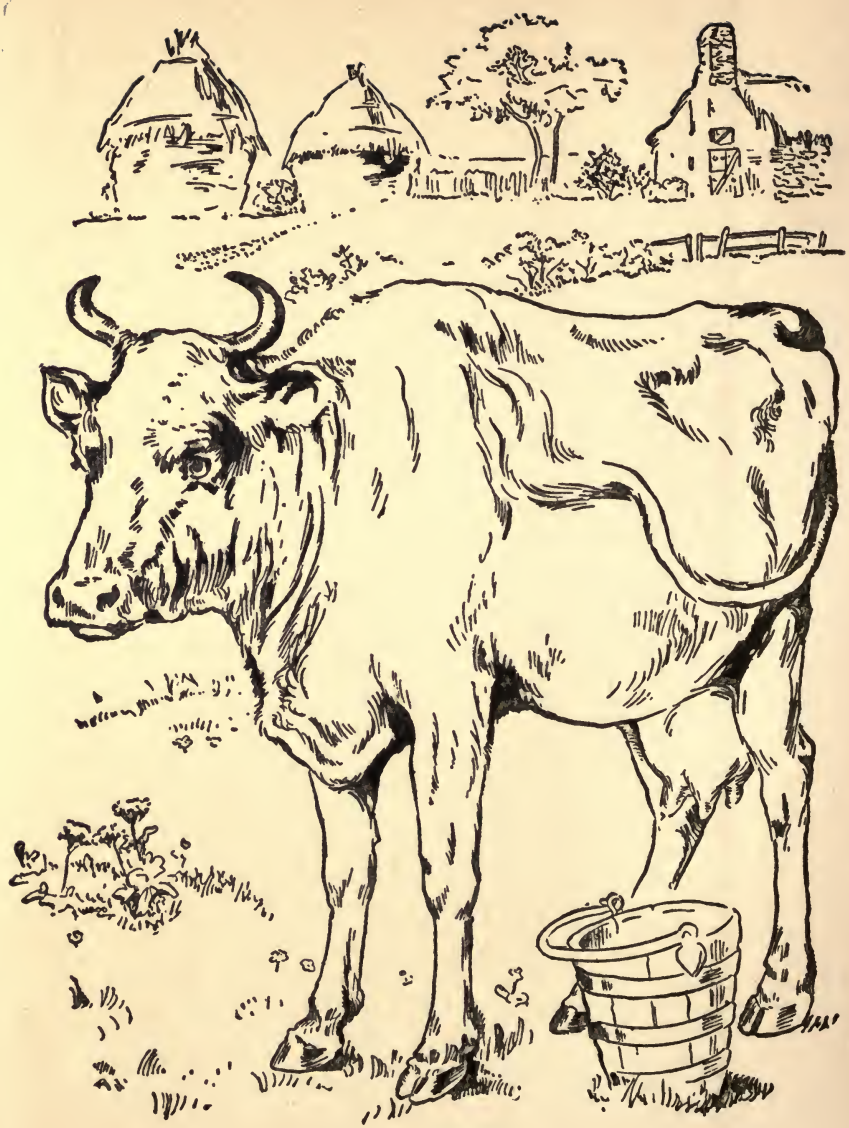
"Thank you for your kindness," she modestly replied, "but I will never leave my faithful nurse Marion. She has always been like a second mother to me, and next to God I owe my life to her."

"Far be it from me to wish to separate you from her," said the king. "I also despise ungratefulness."

After some hesitation the princess granted his request to call for her and Marion within a fortnight. Then the king bade her farewell, and returned home delighted and happy that he had obtained the maiden's promise to accept his invitation.

Only after their arrival at the palace did they become aware of the high and noble position occupied by their protector and benefactor. At last the prophecy of the grateful little old woman of the woods had been fulfilled. The rare and beautiful flower called "Gratefulness" had bloomed at the right time and had brought the king's daughter good luck and happiness.

Soon afterwards the young king chose the beautiful maiden to be his wife. He celebrated their marriage with great pomp and splendor, and all his subjects joyfully claimed her as their queen.



MILKING TIME.

THE TOWN OF HAVEYOUROWNWAY

By JENNIE M. DAY

DID you ever hear of the town of Haveyourownway? No? Then you must let me tell you about it, for I do not believe there is a little girl or boy in the whole country who would not like to live there. I was never there myself, but I know a little girl who was, and she is the one who told me. We will call her Joyful.

Well, one Saturday morning Joyful's mamma said to her:

"My dear, you have been a very good girl this week, both at home and at school, and as a reward you may have a real holiday to-day. You may go where you want to and do what you please."

Wasn't that fine? Joyful certainly thought it was, and she was so pleased that she jumped up and down and laughed with all her might. Then she ran for her sunbonnet, kissed her mother good-by, and went out under the big oak to think.

It did not take her long to decide what to do, for there was the south meadow way over beyond the apple orchard, where she had never been allowed to go. She picked a white dandelion and blew three times and when some of the fuzzy seeds stayed she laughed aloud, because she knew very well that her mamma did *not* want her. It was a longer walk than she had supposed, and when she had climbed the last fence and waded for a time in the deep grass, she found she was very tired.

Presently, Joyful discovered a musical little brook with trees sheltering it on either side and flowers nestling along its banks. She threw herself under one of the trees with a deep sigh of content. She loved to watch the flowers nodding in the gentle breeze. After she had looked at them very quietly for a time a strange spell came over her and she could see things that she had never seen before. She found herself quite surrounded by daisies, great white ones, and they were actually nodding their heads at her and saying, "Good-morning!"

At first she was too much surprised to answer, but in a minute she remembered her manners and answered very politely: "Good-morning, daisies."

Then they all laughed in such a merry way that she was surprised still more; so she turned to a large, beautiful one that was quite near her and said: "Won't you please tell me what the daisies are laughing about?"

"Yes, of course, I will tell you," said the large daisy very sweetly. "We were laughing because you called us by the wrong name. Our real name is *day's eye.*"

"Oh, is it?" said Joyful innocently. "I never heard you called that."

"I will explain it to you," said the little president (for she *was* the president of the daisies, just as Joyful had been thinking). "Our real name is day's-eye, because we are the children of the sun. Of course, you know it is the sun that shines in your eyes and wakes you in the morning."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Joyful eagerly.

"And perhaps you know how hard it is to get your eyes open on cloudy mornings?"

"Yes, I know that, too," said Joyful, smiling.

"But here is something you do not know," said the president with an air of great secrecy. "The day's-eyes will make you wide awake in a twinkling on cloudy mornings, if you only ask them. When your mother calls you and you are *so* sleepy you would give anything if she would only keep still, you must think—

THEY WERE ACTUALLY NODDING THEIR HEADS AT HER AND SAYING, "GOOD-MORNING!"

you don't need to say it aloud unless you want to:

"Day's-eye bright, bring the light:
Bring the light, day's-eye bright."

Joyful repeated this again and again.

"That is right," said the president encouragingly. "Now, there is just one other thing you must remember. If your eyes do not fly wide open after you have said it once, you must say it over and over until they do fly open; and you may be sure—oh, very sure—that they will be very wide open as soon as you make the day's-eye hear."

Joyful thought this was very wonderful indeed, and said: "Thank you, thank you, thank you," over and over again.

Then she remembered how very hard it was sometimes to get out of bed, even when she was wide awake. She wondered if the daisy president could make any suggestions on this point, and turned to ask her, when—what do you think? The daisies had all disappeared and in their places were ever so many johnny-jump-ups.

Joyful was not so very much surprised this time, for she began to realize that she was in a strange country; so she turned to one of the johnnies and said:

"What *shall* I do when I want to get out of bed, and yet don't want to get out?"

The johnny gave his hood a queer little twist and said:

"Why, that is easy enough. My brothers and I can help you out any time. All you have to do is to say, 'Johnny,' and straighten your body out like our stems; then say 'Jump' and sit up in bed; then say 'Up,' and throw your feet out on the floor, and then it's the easiest thing in the world to stand up straight; and there you are, out of bed before you know it!"

"Well, I declare," said Joyful, "isn't that easy! I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, johnny-jump-up."

Then he and all the other johnnies jumped right out of sight.

Then Joyful began to think. "Oh, how I hate to dress in the morning! I just wish some darling flower would do it for me."

Then she heard a chorus of sweet voices, and looking around, what do you think she saw? Why, a whole bed of the whitest, whitest lilies that ever were.

"Oh, you dear lilies, how do you do?" cried Joyful. "Did you come to help me dress to-morrow morning?" for she began to see that this was a country where her wishes came true.

"Yes, we did," said all the lilies at once. "You must do three things, one for each of our white petals. First, you must take hold of your clothes; second, you must put them on; and, third, you must button them up. All the time you must keep singing:

'Lilies dear,
Hasten here;
Lilies white,
Dress me right;
Lilies sweet,
Make me neat,'

and there you are, all dressed!"

Joyful was so busy singing the verses that she almost forgot to say "Thank you," and when she did say it, the chorus answered her from way off somewhere: "Oh, you're welcome," and there was not a lily to be seen.

"Well, I declare," said Joyful wistfully, "now I wonder who is going to help me wash and comb my hair."

"Why, we are, to be sure."

She looked around, but there was not flower in sight.

"Look down at your feet."

And there was the brook, wrinkling itself over the stones as hard as it could to attract attention.

"Will you help me wash, dear brook?" asked the child.

"Yes, indeed. It is very easy. When you have poured the water in the bowl, all you have to do is to dip your fingers in and think how clean and clear I am, and the next thing—there you are, all washed!"

"My, but that's nice," said Joyful. "And can you comb my hair, too?"

"No, we'll do that," said some very fine voices, and then Joyful saw the ferns growing along the edge of the brook. It was very funny—they looked so slender.

"Excuse me," she said, restraining a laugh, "but how *can* you?"

"Why, it's the easiest of all," said they. "All you have to do is to think of us when you take hold of your comb, and the next thing you know, the snarls are all out of your hair and it is braided and tied with a ribbon."

"My, but I'm glad of that—very, very glad," said the little girl. "I'll think of you every morning of my life," and she nodded her head gaily at the ferns, who danced merrily up and down. Then the brook swallowed them and in their places a whole family of blue flags waved and nodded.

"And what are *you* going to do for me?" said Joyful, smiling.

"We'll help you all day long," said the flags.

"All day?"

"Yes. This is the town of Haveyourownway, and whenever there is anything hard to do, all you have to do is to *want* to do it, and we'll help you out. You just make-believe wave one of us in the air, and you'll be surprised to find out how easy it is after that. No one can see us but you, and a make-believe one can never wear out."

"And will you help me do *anything?*"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, then, I think you'd better help me get home in a hurry, for I'm as hungry as two bears and I think dinner must be ready."

So she sprang to her feet, waved one of the flags gaily in the air, and—whisk! She was through the deep grass again. Whisk! She was over the fence. Whisk! She was through the wheat field. Whisk! She was over another fence. Whisk! She was through the apple-orchard. Whisk! She was through the bars, and whisk! she was on the porch, and her papa was tossing her up in the air!

"My, but I've had a good time!" said Joyful.

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